

**PARLEY PETER KUNZ  
HILDA IRENE STOOR  
and Family**

by  
Phillip Ray Kunz  
Joyce Sheffield Kunz  
July, 2010

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



**Parley Peter Kunz and Hilda Irene Stoor Kunz**

# Preface

This book has been written with the intention of preserving information about the lives of Parley Peter Kunz and his wife, Hilda Irene Stoor, their children and their children's children. They have a large posterity who would do well to know something of their wonderful, rich heritage. Parley and Hilda were good, faithful people who worked hard and provided for their family during some difficult times.

War, the Great Depression, illness, and other hardships did not dissuade them from the task of raising a good family. Additionally, they served others, as have their descendents. Parley and Hilda served a mission for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Many of their children served before them and many continue to fill missions.

Education was important for them and they always encouraged family members to seek and obtain good educations.

Additional information about their early history and the roots from whom they came can be found in three books:

Kunz, Phillip R., The Kunz Family: Johannes Kunz and Rosina Katharina Klossner Kunz, Their Ancestors and Descendants, 1988.

Kunz, Phillip Ray, Johannes Emanuelsson Sidback Stoor Johanna Majasdotter Gastgivars Marie Vinberg Isaksson Family, 2000.

Kunz, Phillip R., Elizabeth Boss Kunz: Glimpses of Her Life and Family, 2003.

Kunz, Naomi and Darla McLaughlin, Posterity of Parley and Hilda Kunz, 2005. [This a very fine book and should be a good reference for our families.]

This book is written after the deaths of Parley and Hilda. Some of the material comes from the surviving children's memory and writings. Three of their thirteen children have followed them into the world beyond. There is a chapter for each child, which includes something from each of the grandchildren. The length of the chapters is not intended to represent in any manner the value of that child. It is just that some wrote more and some not so much.

Appreciation is offered to everyone who thought, wrought, spoke, and wrote. Eva Mae Kunz Berry, especially gave great service in typing many of the early accounts from brothers and sisters. Thanks to all of the brothers and sisters and grandchildren for their thoughtful responses.



He that wishes to be counted among the benefactors of posterity, must add by his own toil to the acquisitions of his ancestors.

Rambler

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chapter 1	Parley Peter and Hilda Stoor Kunz	1
Chapter 2	Fern Kunz Galloway	41
Chapter 3	LaRue Kunz Spencer	89
Chapter 4	Geniel Kunz Smith	109
Chapter 5	Carol Mary Kunz Howell	137
Chapter 6	LaVaun Kunz Hansen	169
Chapter 7	Dale John Kunz	193
Chapter 8	Naomi Kunz	219
Chapter 9	Paul Roy Kunz	245
Chapter 10	Owen Lee Kunz	303
Chapter 11	Phillip Ray Kunz	323
Chapter 12	Eva Mae Kunz Berry	361
Chapter 13	Richard R Kunz	379
Chapter 14	Arthur Stoor Kunz	395

## Chapter One

# Parley and Hilda, Our Parents

### Children and Spouses

Fern Kunz 1920-2000  
LaRue Kunz 1922

Geniel Kunz 1924-1991  
Carol Mary Kunz 1925  
LaVaun Kunz 1927  
Dale John Kunz 1929  
Naomi Kunz 1931

Paul Roy Kunz 1932  
Owen Lee Kunz 1934-1994

Phillip Ray Kunz 1936  
Eva May Kunz 1938

Richard R. Kunz 1939  
Arthur Stoor Kunz 1944

Richard Irvine Galloway 1919-1993  
Thomas Eugene Smith 1922-1944  
Vernon Hess Mayfield 1919-1945  
Fred Gortscinski 1917-1957  
Jay Paul Spencer 1923  
Glen Hyrum Smith 1921-2008  
Donovan Virgin Howell 1923  
LaVarr Morrie Hansen 1926-2007  
Rosemarie Klara Steinbrecher 1935-2006  
Fayon Rich Pugmire 1924-1986 div  
Oscar LaVan Hunsaker 1918-1997 div  
Marlene Shirley Stevens 1935  
Ruby Krussel 1937 div  
Janice Shott 1948  
Joyce Sheffield 1939  
Charles Leonard Johnson 1935-2003  
Garylee Berry 1938  
Beulah Roberts 1932  
Sharyn Marie Pugmire 1947 div  
Jane Austin 1941 div  
Linda Lucille Elmer 1952



**Parley Peter Kunz**

Parley Peter Kunz was born October 28, 1894 in Bern, Bear Lake County, Idaho. His parents were John Kunz III and Elizabeth Boss. Elizabeth died during the childbirth of her sixth child, when Parley was a small boy, not quite six years old. Parley lived in the same home in which he was born. He lived in that same home until his death October 17, 1983. He died in the hospital in Montpelier, Idaho a few days following a stroke. He was 88 years of age.

Parley was a farmer and rancher all of his life raising cattle, sheep, hogs, chickens, milk cows and horses. When he was at the dairy in

## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz



**Hilda's early Wayan Home**



**Parley and Hilda's Home In Bern, Idaho**

Williamsburg, Idaho, he was not far away from Wayan, where Hilda Stoor had moved with her family. When Parley was almost 25 years of age he married Hilda Irene Stoor, not quite nineteen years of age, May 23, 1919, in the Salt Lake Temple. They were married and happy to be together for sixty-three years before he died.

Hilda Irene Stoor was born June 8, 1900, in Henry, Idaho, the daughter of John Stoor Sr. and Johanna Gastgivers. Hilda was the last child born to her mother, as Johanna passed away just a few months after Hilda's birth. Hilda was proud of her father, John Stoor Sr., her mother, Johanna, and her step-mother, Maria Vinberg Stoor, who raised her. As she was so young at the death of her mother she often wondered how life would have been with her own mother. Nevertheless, she loved her step mother. Hilda said: "Dr. Ellis Kackley told me that my mother was a beautiful woman and very kind. She died of typhoid fever and pneumonia. Soon after the death of my mother, my father remarried as he had a family of small children to care for. He married Maria Vinberg and she was a lovely woman and the only mother I ever knew. She always worked hard and never complained. She was patient always with us children."

"Our parents taught us to always be honest and live clean lives. They gave us what was best for us. Their values were good and they wanted to pass those important values to their posterity."

Both Parley and Hilda had strong roots. An understanding of our strong roots helps us to establish who they were and who we, their descendants, should be. The strength of these roots brings strength to all of us as family members.

Parley Peter Kunz's parents were both from Switzerland. His father was John Kunz III, the oldest son of John Kunz II and the grandson of John Kunz I, or Johannes Kunz, as he was called in Switzerland. His mother was Elizabeth Boss Kunz. These forbearers were dairy farmers and cheese makers from the high Alps of Switzerland. John Kunz I joined The Church

## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz



**Rosina Katharina  
Klossner Kunz, wife of  
John Kunz I**

of Jesus  
Christ of  
Latter-day  
Saints,  
along with  
his  
daughter,  
Rosina, who  
was healed

from her  
illness by  
Ulrich

Buehler, an Elder in the Church. Their conversion to Mormonism upset their neighbors and friends, including his son, John Kunz II. This son, John Kunz II, then joined with others to dislodge the missionaries from the Schwand, his father's home, but the authority of the father induced him to withdraw, along with the rest of the mob. John Kunz II was bitter about his father, John Kunz I, having joined that sect and was not adverse to letting others know of his feelings.



**Roy Stoor, Johanna Stoor, Hilda Stoor**



**Rosina Knutti Kunz and John Kunz II**

Parley's father, John Kunz III, who was making cheese away from his father's farm, had married Magdalena Straubhaar from Niederstocken, Switzerland. He was invited to listen to the Mission President, Karl G. Maeser, preach in his grandfather's home. He went with the intention of smoking the preacher out. He soon forgot about smoking his pipe, however, as the message President Karl Gottfried Maeser struck an important chord for John III. He and his wife, Magdalena was subsequently baptized in the nearby creek (Maeniggrundbach) which was just below his father's farm. They both became valiant members of the Church.

John Kunz II, perhaps feeling the sincerity of belief of his father, as well as the newly acquired belief of his son, was prevailed upon to listen to the gospel and was converted by Elder Willard Brigham Richards. He soon applied for immigration and brought his family, except for John Kunz II, to Zion in America, leaving his homeland forever in early July, 1870. He was called

## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz

by Brigham Young to go to the Bear Lake Valley to make cheese. They first lived in Ovid, Idaho and then moved further north and founded the town of Bern, Idaho

John Kunz III also emigrated with his wife, Magdalena Straubhaar, and children and his grandmother, Rosina Katharina Klossner Kunz, his grandfather, Johannes Kunz (John Kunz I), had already died in Switzerland. John Kunz III also moved to Bern, Idaho, raised his family there, and was in the dairy business until his death. He had six wives: Magdalena Straubhaar, Sophia Straubhaar, Magdalena Linder, Louise Weibel, Margaret Lauener and Elizabeth Boss, who was the daughter of Johannes and Marianna Gertsch Boss. With these wives he had twenty-five children. Parley was born to the sixth wife, Elizabeth Boss.



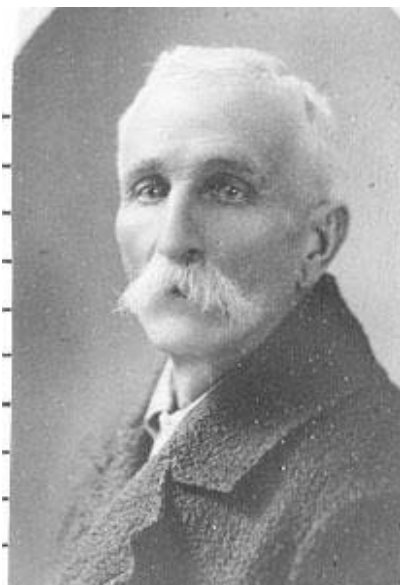
**Parley, Lucy (sitting), Julia, Agnes, Hazel, about 1900 - children of John Kunz III and Elizabeth Boss**

After the conversion and emigration of John Kunz III to Bern, Idaho, he was called to return to Switzerland on a mission. He accepted the call and was involved in the conversion of many people, including the young Elizabeth Boss. Elizabeth Boss was the daughter of Johannes and Marianna Boss, and she would later emigrate and become the sixth wife of John Kunz III.

Elizabeth Boss was born August 14, 1867 to Johannes Boss and Marianna Gertsch, the sixth of their twelve children. She was raised in the village of Gundlischwand, Switzerland. Her father had been baptized into The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Elder Henry Eyring on December 19, 1875. At the time

he was serving as Mayor of the village of Gundlischwand, but he seemed to have kept his baptism quiet.

Elizabeth Boss' mother, Marianna Gertsch Boss, died August 22, 1885, leaving her husband, Johannes, with the children, the youngest of which was Peter, six years old. Johannes subsequently married his wife's young niece, Margaritha Gertsch, and immigrated to Midway, Utah. With this second wife, he had an additional nine children.



**John Kunz III in later life**

## **Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz**

Following their marriage December 19, 1888, in the Logan, Utah Temple, Elizabeth and John Kunz III lived both in Bern, Idaho and in Williamsburg, Idaho during some of the summers. They had six children: Agnes, Julia, Parley, Hazel, Lucy and the baby, Lydia, who died along with her mother in childbirth on May 13, 1900. Parley was then only six years of age. He and his sisters were raised by their father's fourth wife, Louise Weibel, who was not able to have children of her own.

Parley Kunz came from stalwart, faithful stock. His parents and grandparents were faithful to their religious commitments and made strong contributions to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, both in Switzerland and in America.



**Agnes, Hazel, Parley, Lucy, Julia and step-mother,  
Louise Weibel in center of photo**

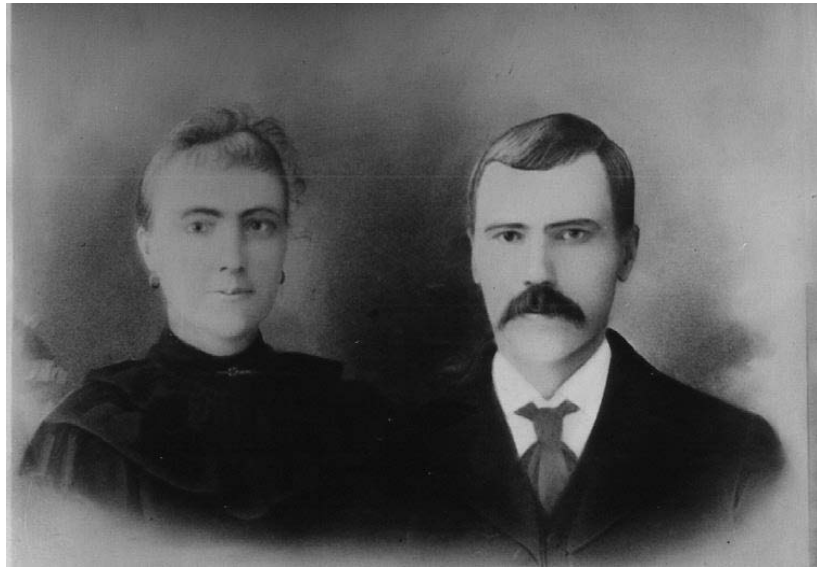


**Elizabeth Boss Kunz**

## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz

Hilda Stoor's parents were people of great strength and determination. They emigrated from Finland, where several generations of the family had lived in the Vaasa Region of western Finland. That area of the country was Swedish, both in language and culture. It remains so today.

Hilda Stoor's father, Johannes Emanuelsson (Sidback) Stoor (hereafter called John Stoor), was born in the village of Portom, Vaasa, Finland February 1, 1863. He grew up helping his father on the farm to provide a living for the family. When he was old enough, he served in the military under the authority of the Czar of Russia, who held power over the country at that time.



**Johanna and John Stoor, parents of Hilda Stoor Kunz**



**Early Photo of Portom, Finland**

Like his father, John Stoor was a farmer, and perhaps worked in the timber as well as other work in order to provide for his family.

Finland is a beautiful country with wonderful natural resources, but like many countries in those times, there were people who wanted to move on to other places to improve their conditions and make a better living for their family. This led to many

citizens of this country immigrating to America and other countries.

Johanna Majasdotter Gasgivars, Hilda's mother, was born 2 August, 1862. She was also born in the village of Portom. Johanna Magadotter Gastgavers mother was MajaGreta Johansdotter, who, according to the church records in the Portom church, was deaf. Johanna's father is not known on any record that could be found. The *Majasdotter* part of Johanna's name indicates no known father from the christening records



## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz

John Stoor, as he was known in America, married Johanna, who was also from Portom. Most marriages, as in other countries, occurred between people living very near one another geographically. John and Johanna were married on the 14<sup>th</sup> of November, 1884 in Portom. . Before John Stoor married, his name was Johannes Emanuelsson Sidback. When he married Johanna Majasdotter Gastgivers in Portom, Vaasa, Finland, he moved into the Stoor family farm complex in nearby Sidback. His wife, Johanna Gastgivers, had already taken the farm name of Stoor, as was common in that time and place, and he took the name of Stoor as well.



**John, Hilda and Marie Stoor  
Vinberg Stoor**

While they lived in Finland they had five children, John, Karl, twins Johanna and Maria, and Mathias. Maria died November 28, 1888, when 3 months old and Johanna died March 13, 1889, less than one year old. They lived in the nearby village of Sidback (John's farm name) where their home was situated on a small farm. Part of their home still stands at Lillmossvagen, Sidback, Portom, Finland.



They lived in a farm area with beautiful fields and forests. The country had been overrun many times by Sweden and Russia and the people were not too well off. Many of the

citizens from there began to immigrate to America, with the

hope of a better life. John Stoor left his home in Finland to find work in Springs, Idaho. He must have had contact with other Finnish people in that area of Idaho. His intention was to save money and then send for his wife and children.

Later on Johanna, who had remained behind with their little children, also applied for emigration and signed away their farm with her X on the transfer document. Apparently she was not able to write and therefore used the common X for her signature.

After what must have been a difficult journey, Johanna Stoor and her three living children, John, Karl and Mathias, reunited with her husband, John Stoor in Idaho. After she joined her husband in Idaho, three additional children, Roy, Emil and Hilda, the only girl in the family, were born. Hilda was the last of Johanna Majasdotter Gasgivers Stoor's family as she passed away October 4, 1900, when Hilda was only *four* months old.

Hilda's father, John Stoor, then married Marie Vinberg, who was also from Finland. She was born on the May 3, 1866 to Isak Jakobsson Vinberg and Margareta Andersson Soderman. After immigrating to Idaho she worked for John Stoor to help care for his small children, Hilda was one year of age when John Stoor and Marie Vinberg were married June 5, 1901.

## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz

With this second marriage came additional children: Anna, Elsie, Edla, Lillian and Vern. Hilda loved all of her brothers and sisters. There was a close relationship in all of the Stoor family until death eventually united them again in another place.



**Anna Stoor, Lillian Stoor, Hilda Stoor, Vern Stoor, Edla Stoor, Elsie Stoor about 1914**

Idaho.

While Parley's family came to America as a result of their having accepted the gospel of Jesus Christ, Hilda's family came to make a better life. Hilda was the first of the family to be baptized as a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Her parents did not join the Church, but Hilda thought they may have had it not been for some people who were "Sunday Saints" only, and did not behave well during the week. All of John Stoor's children, except four from the second family joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. With the construction of the dam Hilda moved to Wayan, Idaho with her family. She attended school there and graduated from high school.

Following Hilda's marriage to Parley, life was wonderful for them but not always easy. Raising their thirteen children was not an easy task during the depression and in the following years, but the family never went without, as Parley and Hilda were both very resourceful. Parley was a good provider and much of the food came from the farm. Early on Hilda also helped with the work on the farm, but continued making clothing, quilting and putting up food.

John Stoor and his family lived in the town of Henry, Idaho. From there they moved to Wayan, Idaho. John Stoor obtained his own sheep and cattle and land by his hard work. He was an honest man and well respected by the people of the county. He was elected as a County Commissioner in Caribou County,



**Back: Anna Stoor Kunz, Edla Stoor Whitehead, Roy Stoor, Emil Stoor, Hilda Stoor Kunz Front: Gus Stoor, Matt Stoor, John Stoor Jr., about 1920**

## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz

Parley Peter Kunz's early life was chronicled by his sister, Lucy Kunz Hansen. She wrote that "Parley grew up at Bern, Idaho in a prayerful home that taught him that the gospel was his most valued possession. He attended school at Bern and graduated in May, 1913. He spent his winters at Bern attending school and helping his father, John Kunz III. He worked on the farm, milking cows, hauling hay and doing the chores before and after school. In the summer time he went to the dairy at Williamsburg, Idaho with his mother Elizabeth. Following her death he went with his step-mother, Louise Weibel Kunz. Parley helped milk cows and make cheese. He liked to hunt sage hens and pheasants and many a good meal was enjoyed from the lovely meat he brought in.

"One time when Parley was a very small boy, Father [John Kunz III] sent him to drive some rams to Slug Creek where Brother and Sister Schmid [Karl August and Anna] lived. (They were the parents of Aunt Annie, Aunt Mary, Uncle Rob and Uncle August Schmid.) On the way the rams ran away clear across the valley. [Father told me that he tried to get them to cross the river and they would not go, but followed the stream down the wrong side, which moved them far away from where he was to take them. - By Phillip] He followed them but could not head them in the right direction. Night came on. He saw a cabin and he got the sheep bedded down around the cabin. He unsaddled his horse and tied it up and prepared to stay for the night.

"He went inside the cabin and lay on his blanket. In the meantime Father, John Kunz III, and Mother [Louise Weibel Kunz] and the family drove with teams to Slug Creek and when we arrived Parley was nowhere to be seen and no one had seen him. It was dark, coyotes were howling everywhere. All the cowboys on the ranch took lanterns, mounted their horses and joined Father in the hunt. Mother and we children were left praying at home. In the wee hours of the morning they found Parley who had awakened and soon he and the rams were safe at the ranch with Bro and Sister Schmid serving him a steaming hot breakfast. Everyone's prayers were answered.

"Parley had many experiences at the dairy. One time he took the cows to the pasture. He came back fast and told Father there was a bear down there. Sure enough a few minutes later a huge mother bear and two cubs were seen running toward the mountains. The men on horses took after them but all for nothing. The bears could run faster.

"It was Parley's job to go and tell the sheep men to stay off our pasture for our cows. One time a Mexican pulled a gun out and told him to go home. He did - fast.



*my old home at the Dairy. at  
Williamsburg Idaho.*

## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz



**Former Bern Bishops: DelMar Kunz, Dean Kunz, sitting:  
Robert Schmid, Parley Kunz, Orlando Kunz**

"After father [John Kunz III] died, Parley sold his land at Williamsburg and made his home in Bern, where he now lives. He is the father of 13 children and he and Hilda Stoor Kunz have done a splendid job raising their wonderful family. They are all living and are respected in the different places where they live.

"Parley has fulfilled every call made of him by the authorities placed over him and has lived a good exemplary life for his family to follow.

"He has worked in all the organizations in the Bern Ward and was Bishop of that ward for nine years. He was set apart as Bishop on July 13, 1930 with David Buhler and John S. Kunz as counselors and Robert H. Kunz as clerk and was released on Dec 17, 1939 when Orlando Kunz was sustained as Bishop with Able Kunz and Edwin Alleman as counselors and Walter Buhler as Clerk. We hope his life will be long and pleasant among his family.

Parley told of an early experience in Williamsburg.

"I'll just tell you that story yet. Some of these people haven't heard it. We were living in the Upper Dairy, and in those days, the sheep men would bring their camps and park them at our dairy at Williamsburg. They would bring their wives out and their children and would stay for ten days a month in the summertime. We kind of had a little town almost - all the dairymen and sheep men and wives.

"This woman, Mrs. Chauncey Frost, got sick in the sheep camp by our dairy. Chauncey Frost had a good fresh horse and said, 'Would you go down to Soda Springs or to Henry and call Dr. Kackley and have him come out as quick as he can. Don't spare the horse!'

"I got on the horse and rode to Henry. Jim Chester called Dr. Kackley and told him the condition and to come to Henry. When he came to Henry, there was a team waiting to change and a fresh team was put on the doctor's outfit. This fellow said, 'I know where the Upper Dairy is, I'll drive him out.' I said, 'I'm supposed to take him out.' He said, 'No, you are a kid. I know where the upper Dairy is and I'll take him out.'

"They went out to the Upper Dairy and they got lost; hunted around; and couldn't find it. There were no street lights. This was in the middle of the night.

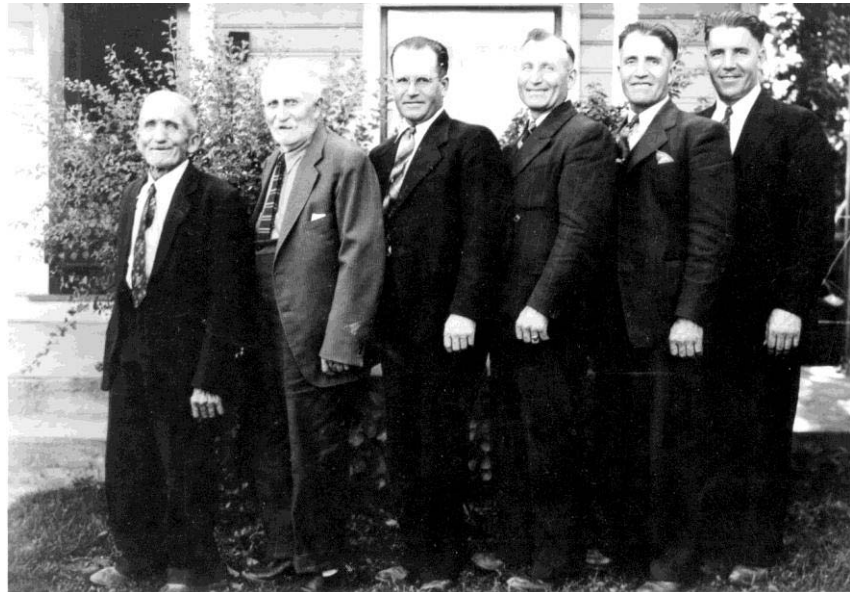
"Well, anyhow, they monkeyed around until daylight. When it was daylight, they could see where the dairy was. He came down to the dairy and operated on that man's wife in the sheep camp while my mother gave her the chloroform. He saved the woman's life.

## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz

"I rode my horse 20 miles from the dairy to the Henry Store and that is where I called the doctor. My horse was pert near the color of white socks when I got to Henry. I never spared the horse. I went as fast as that horse could go. That is why I wanted to go. I knew the place as good as anyone. The older man said, "I know where the Upper Dairy is." But he fooled around for a long time trying to find it.

"I stayed in Henry and in the morning rode back home. I was about 15-years-old at this time. Mrs. Chauncey Frost lives in Ogden. I can give you her address - 331 Perry Ave. I could remember her address. We played together just like the kids here do. They wrote home continually. Chauncey Frost had a son, George Frost, and daughter, Pearl. Chauncey was a well-to-do sheep man."

Parley Peter Kunz was born in the family home in Bern, Idaho on October 28, 1894. He was the only son of John Kunz III and Elizabeth Boss, both born in Switzerland. His older sisters were Agnes and Julia and his younger sisters were Hazel, Lucy and Lydia. Parley was just a little over five years of age when his



**Brothers: Johnny, William J., Heber, Parley, Abel, George Kunz**

mother, Elizabeth, died on May 3, 1900 giving birth to Lydia who also died on the same day.

After Elizabeth Boss Kunz died, Parley Peter Kunz and his sisters were raised by another wife of Grandfather, Louise Weibel, "Aunt Lou," as they called her. She was not able to have children of her own and assumed the task of mothering this family. Father probably had a pretty normal boyhood for that time. He went to school in "Lower Bern." Parley would hitch up the team and drive himself and others to school, unhitch and feed the horses and then go to school. At that time, they had to help chop wood and start a fire in the stove to warm up the schoolroom. Eventually, 1919, a brick school was built in Bern.

Parley tells of a time when he and his brother, Able, were noisy during the family prayer. Instead of giving them a licking, their father told their mother to pack their clothes and send them away from home as he didn't want boys like that who would disturb their family prayer. Their mother did so and sent them on their way. They left amidst lots of tears. They walked for a while and then sat down and cried. Their father, John Kunz III, relented and allowed them to come home if they would promise to change their behavior.

## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz



*Back: LaVaun, Dale, Naomi, Paul Front: Geniel, Fern holding Owen, Carol, LaRue*



**Bern, Idaho School Dist No. 13**

## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz



**Moving to Williamsburg in the spring was about like this**

The Kunz's had dairies out in Williamsburg, Idaho where Parley Kunz would work in the summer. Some of their recreational activities were held in conjunction with the people in Wayan, Idaho. That provided an opportunity for Parley and Hilda to meet each other. After their marriage, they spent their entire lives in Bern living in the same house in which Parley was born. They had a farm and at various times they raised hay, grain, horses, cows, chickens, pigs and sheep. More significantly, they raised thirteen children, all of whom lived to adulthood, married, and had families. Parley had actually been promised when he was set apart as Bishop of the Bern Ward that if he would always obey the Word of Wisdom all of his children would live to maturity. That promise was fulfilled as the first three children of the family to die were Geniel, age 67, Owen, age 60, and Fern, age 80.

Hilda writes of her early life, “The first thing I remember of my life was out at Henry, Idaho. We had a big home and I have a lot of memories of the rooms and how they were fixed. Emil started school and I guess he must have been 6 years old. He started walking and I put a bonnet on my head and I started down the road with him because I wanted to go too. I had to come back home and I felt so bad.”

“We made our own butter, cottage cheese by letting the milk sour and putting it on the stove, and our own bread. I was the oldest sister, and I remember when we weren’t very big, we



## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz

would stand on a chair by the table and helped mix the bread.

“Father was about the size of Parley, 140-145 pounds. He was a tailor in the old country before he came to the United States. He started a coat for someone and I remember seeing it hanging in the closet before we moved to Wayan.

“Father was strict. He was ready to play games with us, but if we did anything wrong, we got chastised. We received a paddling if it was too serious. He didn't let anyone adopt me. Mrs. Albert Raymond in Wayan also wanted to adopt me. I was only 4 months old when Mother died so I don't remember anything about her.

“We had no place to go as children when we were growing up. School was 6 - 8 miles away and in the winter we went by sleigh when the roads were good and stayed home when the roads were bad. I remember my brothers playing the violin but I don't remember having any serious illness or any broken bones. We had a few colds and mild cases of measles and mumps but they were never serious. We would cord wool for all our quilts, pull wool to make it fluffy after washing, and do embroidery work. We quilted a lot at home. It was fun when Father and my stepmother would tie a quilt and we would play under it. Father would stand and help tie the quilts.

“The first thing I remember sewing is my first doll dress. Father cut it out for me and I sewed it. I can still remember the dark black dress with a little white flower in it. I guess I had a doll to put it on, I don't remember.

“When the sheep would go through in the spring, we younger ones would always go out to the road and wait for the pet lambs we would get. We finally had enough pet lambs saved for Father to sell and buy an organ. I always liked music. We learned to play the organ without any teachers. That was a talent that was given to me and I didn't make use of it like I should have. [Mother played for various meetings at church during her lifetime and was very talented.]

“I enjoyed school. I hated to see school let out in the spring of the year for the simple reason that I knew when school was out we would have to go out on the farm and ride the disk, follow the harrow, and burn sagebrush. When I graduated from 8<sup>th</sup> grade, my Father bought me a pretty white eyelet dress, kind of like eyelet lace. I wish I would have kept the dress.

“We drove an old horse hooked to a two-wheel cart with one seat. Two or three of us would get in the cart. The horse was slow and ornery. We finally put a pin on the end of a stick and when she would slow down we would give her a poke. It is a wonder we didn't get our heads kicked off but we got where we were going ok.

“At Christmas, we would get a little box or a book and usually a rock candy (hard, clear sugar-like candy.) Once in a while we might get an orange or an apple if the folks got into Soda Springs before Christmas. Mother always had a lady come in and make our dresses for Christmas. My dress was pretty red velvet. My stepmother didn't sew very much. I never figured others had nicer clothes than we did. We had friends and good times at parties.



## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz

“I don't remember any special presents or cakes on my birthday. When anyone got married, there was always a big party and a nice white cake with lots of good cream on it. When my brother, Matt got married, I remember the five gallon can of ice cream they put in a big tub with snow on top and how they had to turn it by hand until it froze. That was the biggest affair that I can remember.

“My stepmother had a piece of wedding cake in an old trunk. I don't know whether it was made here or in the old country. It use to be so nice to open that trunk and smell that cake. We never dared eat it but we always enjoyed the smell of all the spices in it.

“I was only four or five years old when my older brother got married. I remember the big wedding cake they had on the table. Of course, we had to go to bed in the other room. We had to sleep on the floor wherever we could find a place to sleep while the party went on.

“We had a lot of baseball games. The girls would get together and play a team from Star Valley. We would ride a horse several miles so we could go practice. I played outfield and we always played a game on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July. On the celebrations for the 4<sup>th</sup> of July, we had foot races, 3 legged races, ball games and dances at night. We had lemonade to drink and once in a while there would be cherries. My, those cherries were good. When we were little we would sleep on the benches while the older people danced. As we got older, then we would dance. I won lots of foot races. We would get money for winning and we'd spend our money at the stand buying candy, lemonade, or oranges.

“On the 4<sup>th</sup> of July, my brother, Emil was hunting for something in the wood box on the porch and struck a match. He must have thrown it in and went up to get the cattle on the hill because when he came back the house was burned down. The family was to the celebration and no one was home. They were able to save a few chairs. I remember the rocking chair they saved with finger marks on the back where they had grabbed it while it was still hot. Quite a few men came to help build the new home.

“We had to live in a little two room cabin when we first moved to Grays Lake. I remember calling it the two-room junk house. We lived in that quite a while until our home was built.

“One day Roy, Emma, Anna, Elsie and I went huckleberry picking. We got up to the huckleberry patch and there were some people that had been up there picking and camping. We spied their bucket in the tent already picked and thought we would get huckleberries in a hurry. We filled our buckets and went home. A little while after we had been home, here came those people. They had followed our tracks. They came in and told the folks what had happened. Of course, Father gave them every berry -- even the ones we had picked. He didn't spank us or anything, but we knew what it meant to take something that didn't belong to us.

“Before I was married, I worked outside the home a little bit. When Sam Sibbets' wife was sick, I worked there doing the housework and cooking. When Lawrence Jensen's wife had a baby, I helped them too. Bishop Ephriam Schneider was a good Bishop in Wayan. His wife was Primary President and she held Primary after school at the school house. We enjoyed staying to Primary once in a while. I never remember attending MIA.

## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz

“Bishop Schneider came to our house often. He had quite an influence in my life. One Sunday Dad took me to Sunday School and the Bishop told the story of Joseph Smith, I remember that story and how it impressed me. I enjoyed all the stories of the gospel and although I didn't know much about the church except the association I had with the people, I was baptized by Bishop Robert Schmid in Montpelier, Idaho January 23, 1919, when I was almost 19 years of age and just before my marriage to Parley.

“I was put in as Sunday School organist and I taught a class in Wayan **before** I was a member. The only lesson book I had was the Bible. Father brought us a Bible so we could read it. I read to the class out of the Bible and told them Bible stories. Some people might have thought the Bishop did wrong putting me in that Sunday School when I wasn't a member. I remember him saying I would not hurt anybody.

“I think Father might have joined if he had lived longer. We went to church every Sunday and he always went with us. I think the "Sunday Saints" had a lot to do with his reason for not joining. He was an honest man and he didn't like those who spoke sermons on Sunday and then did the opposite on the other days -- take your animals or steal something.

“I had an experience going through the Logan Temple after my marriage. I guess I was dozing a little bit in one of the rooms and I felt someone just shake me, right good and hard. It reminded me of Aunt Caddy at the time and the way she would shake you when we didn't do what she thought was right. I don't remember the name of the person I was going through for, but I got that shaking up and from then on I knew we were not supposed to be dozing off at a place like that. We were supposed to be paying attention.

“I met Parley the year before we were married [1918] at a party at Williamsburg -- I think it was a 4<sup>th</sup> of July celebration or a celebration of some kind. He didn't seem to fascinating to me then. I liked Abel, Parley's brother, better at the time. Abel made friends easily. I think I tied a red bandana for fun around Parley's neck that day at some dance.

“I made my own wedding dress and all my girls' wedding dresses. They were all made without patterns. I never learned to use a pattern until later. I used a treadle machine. I made my own quilts when I got married. My Stepmother did a lot of knitting but all that I had, I made myself.

“Before my marriage, they had a party and Parley and I sat on chairs in the middle of the floor around a big round old fashioned tub. We opened our gifts and put them inside the tub. There weren't too many gifts -- a set of glasses, set of sherbet dishes, a broom and probably a rubbing board. My brother, Roy, gave us a set of silverware, Uncle Johnny gave me some sheets, and Bishop Robert Schmid gave us a silver tray. We never got a reception or party -- just a few gifts.

## **Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz**

Hilda was a beautiful seamstress, making many clothes for her children and herself. She made a pair of pants for Paul or Phillip out of corduroy but did not provide a fly in it. One of the little boys cut out a hole to supply bathroom needs. The pants were for Paul or Phillip. Sometimes one boy got the credit for the deed and sometimes the other.

Hilda's hands were never idle. Whenever she rested, even though she felt sick at time, she kept busy. She crocheted, made tablecloths, doilies, dresses, baby clothes, handkerchiefs, afghans, knit slippers, mittens, mitt liners, pillows, dolls, balls, toys, beautiful quilts, baby quilts, rugs, did embroidery work, tatting and so on. She won many ribbons at the county fair for her handwork.



**Bern Dairy: Lynn Kunz in front of dairy. The house to dry (age) the cheese is on the left.**

## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz



**Parley and Hilda 1944 family: *Back row:* Eva, Paul, Dale, Parley, Naomi, *Middle row:* LaVaun, Carol, LaRue, Hilda (holding Arthur), Fern, Geniel, *Front row:* Phillip, Richard, Owen**



***Back:* Parley, Fern, Hilda *Front:* Carol, LaRue, Geniel**

## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz

In addition, Hilda had time to work in the 4-H program, to help with the various community activities, such as the cancer drive, and to work for many years in the Primary, Relief Society, and Sunday School organizations. She was always willing to assist other women in the ward who were quilting.

In her early life, Mother helped with the milking and chores. After having several children, more of her time was taken with care of the children and with the cooking, canning and care of clothing. In the winter, this was a difficult task. She would hang the clothes out on the three lines that had been prepared for drying the clothes. Each line was about thirty feet long. The snow was often deep and she had to move about through the snow to hang the clothes.

When the washing was hung and frozen in the winter, she would then bring everything into the house and work with the warming and further drying with whatever room she could manage.

Father was humble and ever grateful for our mother, Hilda, whom he dearly loved. He never spoke unkindly to her. He tried to give her everything she wanted if it was within his power to do so. Both father and mother were wonderful examples to us children. They were prayerful, cheerful, honest and fun loving. We had good parents.



**Bern from the air**

All of the children shared wonderful, personal experiences with our parents. LaRue said of her father: "Our business experience was the Kit Kat in Montpelier, Idaho. I remember that beer was served in the Kit Kat before we bought it. One of the first decisions father and I made was to not sell beer in the Kit Kat. He remarked that he would rather go broke than cause

harm to one person by selling beer to him. He

gave me comfort and wise council during my loss of loved ones. He had faith when I needed help and comfort with my children. I felt his strength and love."

When Parley was called to be Bishop of the Bern Ward, he accepted this responsibility in a humble manner and we were all very proud of him. A desk was moved into our small living room and our instructions were to not touch anything on the desk. The desk remained there for nine or ten years, until Uncle Orlando became the next Bishop. The desk was then taken to Orlando's home.

## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz

With that calling came other additions as well, such as the casket straps which were placed in the hall closet by the old church history books which were handed down from Grandpa John Kunz III. The casket straps were used to lower the casket into the grave. Caring for the dead, digging the graves and lowering the casket were accomplished by the men in Bern. Prior to a regular mortician and the subsequent embalming of the body, cool clothes were placed on the face of the dead to keep them better for the viewing.



No. 10101

*This certifies that the bearer, Sister*

Hilda S. Kunz

*who is in full faith and fellowship with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, has been duly called and set apart as a missionary of said Church, and as such has authority to preach the principles of the Gospel.*

*We invite all people to give heed to her message.*



25 FPA

*Joseph Fielding Smith*  
PRESIDENT

Feb. 10 19 72 SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

*Hilda S. Kunz*  
COUNTERSIGNED BY MISSIONARY

Expires August 1973

We were all proud when our mother and father were called to go on a six month mission, to Alabama, later in their lives for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Father was a little hesitant to accept the call and offered to pay for a young missionary to go for two years instead. We were so proud when they decided to go. The night before they got on the plane he jokingly said, "I wish they would hi-jack our plane back to Bern."

## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz

We all have happy memories of Rook Games, marbles and wooden tops Father carved from empty spools. Mama and Papa (Hilda and Parley) loved to play Rook and Papa “played to win” and most of the time he did win. Mama would sometimes say, “Can’t you let someone else win once in a while?”

LaRue said, “I remember his tenderness when he carried little frozen lambs or calves in and put them on the oven door to thaw.” Mother was kind and tolerant with this practice, knowing that the life of the lamb or calf was in jeopardy and needed the heat and care. This, after all, was their livelihood.”

One of his favorite sayings was, "There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, it doesn't behoove any of us to talk about the rest of us." Father was always one to speak up for other people who were the object of some unkind discussion.

Geniel was worried about the world coming to an end. She said she was not going to buy another sack of flour. He smiled and said, "If I were you I would buy that sack of flour. I'm sure you will be able to use it."

One night while we were all at the table eating there was a fire in the oven. Mother had been *rendering lard* and left it in a little too long so it got hot and caught fire. Father got up from the table and grabbed a dish towel and opened the oven, grabbed the pan and went outside and threw it down. In the process, he got bad burns on his arm and hand. Mother covered it with soda.

Mother wanted to go to Switzerland with a group of relatives. Father encouraged her to go, along with LaRue, Fern, Carol, LaVaun, Naomi and Eva. They had a wonderful time on the trip. Geniel stayed home and was helpful to visit Papa when the rest were gone.

Papa had dimples in his cheeks when he smiled. At times he had us pull his pretty curly hair when it thinned thinking it would grow. He had a little work purse with the few washers in it and maybe a coin or two. He had a heat lamp and we used that with some oil that we put on his shoulder when his shoulder hurt him. He had blue overalls and how he hated Mom to wash them. He sometimes sent us to bed without supper when we were naughty or made us stand in the corner when we misbehaved.

Parley and Hilda generally had good health. Mother was ill for a while and had to have part of her stomach removed in the Mayo Clinic in Minnesota in 1945. From that time on she would eat often, but very small portions. Her weight remained about the same throughout her adult life. She was a small petite woman. What an accomplishment to have thirteen children and do well to the end of her life!

Father (note that some called our parents Father and Mother and some of us called them Mama and Papa and some changed from one to the other at different times in life) had an operation in Ogden for a hernia. His Doctor didn't dare “put him out” [because of his age and health] and later when the Doctor came into his room and asked how he was doing father said, "Doctor, I

## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz

wouldn't castrate an animal the way you took care of me." He asked Mother if we heard him when he hollered out in pain. We felt so bad. Father had castrated many calves and lambs during his life and was very successful with the outcomes of the operations. We never remember him losing any of the livestock during this procedure. He was skilled.

He would get seasick in a car and heights would make him sick. One time when two of his sisters came to visit, we all decided to go to the county fair in Montpelier. His sisters finally coaxed him to go on the Ferris Wheel. He got deathly ill and after the operator finally stopped it, he lay on the ground and was very sick to his stomach. I remembered several men walking by him and one of them said, "Just look at that old drunk." We all went home immediately and his sisters were very sad they had insisted that he ride the Ferris Wheel.

He would never let us talk about other people's faults. He would always say, "Well, I will have to take their part since they are not here to defend themselves."

Our parent's word was their bond. When we had our family prayers, we had to show respect and have both knees on the floor. Naomi said that more than once he had to tell me to put my foot down and kneel. When Papa was not home Mama would lead out in calling us for family prayer and call upon someone to pray. Of course they took their turn to pray and they were sincere in their prayers.

They cared for us as they wrapped the older children in blankets and took them to school in the Rook Sleigh when there was a blizzard. Sometimes we went to church on Sunday on the Rook Sleigh if it was cold and too much of a blizzard.



**Back: Hilda, Fern, LaRue, Carol, Geniel, LaVaun, Naomi, Eva, Dale front: Arthur, Richard, Phillip, Owen, Paul at Bern Cemetery at burial of Parley P. Kunz in Bern, Idaho**

Our home was always open to visitors and there was always something to eat. Many times when a salesman came to the door they were invited in and offered something to eat before the nature of the visit was even disclosed. Often we children went to bed only to find themselves on floor beds the next morning as relatives had come during the night and we children were moved out



## **Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz**

of the beds and on to the floor.

Love was always shown to any in need, whether it be illness or in death of a loved one. It was always so special for Hilda and Parley to spend time with their brothers and sisters. They often went on trips together, played games, and shared one another's sorrows. Father and Mother always had compassion for others and considered them to be sisters and brothers.

When Father and Mother took a trip with LaVarr and LaVaun he was conversing with a person while LaVarr was putting gas in the car. LaVarr asked Father if he knew the man. He said, "No, I didn't but I do now." So many times, LaVarr has said that Father was the most perfect man he has ever known. Father was always willing to give a person advice when he was asked for it. He was so kind and gave such wise counsel. Nobody could go wrong if they followed the advice he gave. Father really frowned on any of the family getting into "get rich schemes. He said they were wrong and could cause one to lose a home or the family to go hungry. He was not in favor of gambling and always told parents to never brag to a child of the things they won if they gambled or the child would think it was all right for them to gamble as well.

Father was a wonderful Bishop. He always had such charity and love for the members of the ward. He accepted each of his callings and served faithfully. He was always punctual and attended all of his meetings. He respected those in authority above him and wanted us children to know and love them also. After stake conferences, he would take us up to meet the General Authorities who had come for the conference.

Mother was kind and often prepared meals for those who came, including some of the General Authorities. She could produce a meal in a hurry but it always tasted like she had spent a long time preparing it.

Hilda's father, John Stoor, died early and Fern was the only one of the children who remembered him. She was very young at the time and didn't remember much about him.. None of the rest of knew any of our grandparents. How blessed our children are to have known and loved our Father and Mother -- their grandparents. They loved each of their grandchildren so much and were interested in them and their activities. They were always so proud of their calls to be Missionaries, honors of being Eagle Scouts, or other events of their lives. Father always helped financially when he could to further the spread of the Gospel. Father said he didn't want us to spend \$2,000 on a tombstone for him as he didn't want to be shown to be important. He thought spending a lot of money for things like that is like throwing money to the dogs. He said all he wanted was a little marker that said: "Here lies Parley." He said it would be better to send a boy on a mission with that money.

The mission of Father and Mother to Alabama was the highlight of their lives. President Montain Kunz, the Stake President of the Montpelier, Idaho Stake, wouldn't take no for an answer of their going on a mission. President Kunz said, "You think about it for a week and pray about it." They agreed to answer the call and went to the Alabama Mission. Mother was 72 years old and Father was 78. It was such a great experience they said they should have stayed longer by three or four months. They had many good friends in Alabama by the time their mission was completed. When they went to the office, President Hartman Rector Jr., the

## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz

Mission President, showed them a map. There was a little community of 170 called Highland Home, with maybe a "half dozen taking part." Mother got the Relief Society and the Primary going again, and Father the Sunday School and MIA. [Father always attended MIA in the Bern Ward until the Church changed the program].

Hilda and Parley told of a lady who was to be baptized. She had her hair fixed up high on her head. Father was invited to baptize her. This little town was kind of out in the sticks. There wasn't much water in the place for the baptism and below the little bit of water was kind of "*quicksandy kind of stuff*." Parley baptized her once and was told he would have to do it over, as her hair was dry. He did it a second time and again they said he didn't get her hair under the water. The third time was all right. Father said he was embarrassed. Parley said, "All she would have had to do was to push her pompadour down a little bit." Parley then baptized her husband. He also baptized a girl in another little town. There was an older man who said Father converted him and another man baptized him. He was a bigger man and the Branch President thought he was too big for Father to handle. Father told the Branch President he would help pay for a load or two of gravel to put in there so they won't have to stand in quick sand to baptize. The closest baptismal font was over 30 miles away from the branch location.

It was quite an experience for Father and Mother. They stayed in the home of the District President for a week when they first arrived in the mission field. President Carter and his wife had little children. She was a wonderful lady and treated Father and Mother so kindly. She had to cook for a lot of missionaries and her husband was so good to wait on them too. Father said "We had a good experience in six months." The people in Alabama were so kind and would always give them something, like a bottle of jam, a chicken or melons. Liquor was the worst problem for some of the members. Many times a woman would come to the door and tell the folks that her husband wasn't in shape for them to come in. So much of their money was spent on liquor. He said he didn't know how much good he and Mother did for the people there but they had an experience that they had never had before. There were only about six people active when they got to Highland Home. When they completed their mission there were many more who attended. At first, there was only one deacon so Father had to help with the Sacrament.

Father said they could almost relive it by telling about the mission. They went *tracting* and visiting the people. They were always treated so kindly. Mother got sick and they wondered if it was appendicitis. They thought she would need to go into Montgomery, Alabama, which was about 30 miles away to see a specialist and maybe have an operation. She knew she couldn't do that. Father did not feel comfortable to drive the car at that stage of his life. The Branch President came and gave her a blessing. She didn't need the surgery.

One time they had a problem with their car. Mother didn't notice that a hose had come off and they nearly burned it up. Father said they had to pay almost \$400 to have it repaired. Father said, "Let me tell you something, while we were in the mission field we would receive five or ten dollars or twenty from our family and Mother would put it up in the overhead of the trailer. When we left we had more money than when we went down there. We were getting money every day."

## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz

Hilda and Parley were really blessed on their mission. At first they were really tried. They didn't have a place to stay. It took almost a week to find a place to stay. They got discouraged and almost wished that they were home. A couple had a new wonderful trailer which the owners provided for Father and Mother. They moved the trailer down near the church for our parents to use. They said they could use it for a week until they found a place. Soon a month had gone by. Father had Mother gave ten or more dollars each month and they ended up using it for the entire six months they were there.

Mother always accepted calls in the Church. She worked in every organization, from playing the organ to teaching. She taught one Sunday school class for almost fifty years. She had her students make scrapbooks to depict the life of the Savior and always testified to them of her love for the Lord.

Dale remembers how Father taught all of his children to work from the time they were able to do anything. "He let me start milking cows when I was five years old. The first time that I remember milking was in what was later to become the tool shed. It just seemed a natural thing right from the beginning to be responsible for doing chores. He always had something for us to do. Before school we had cows to milk and feed, stable to clean, pigs to feed, chickens to feed,



herd of sheep in the spring

sheep to feed, etc. Then it was time for breakfast and get ready for school. After school there was a rerun with most of the same chores to do again. Thank you Father, for teaching us to work.

"When sheep shearing time came, it was fun for me to get in the big wooolsacks and stomp the wool to be able to get more in. I think the sacks weighed about 500 lbs when they were full. The worst time was after when I had to pick up all the tags after the shearing was done. The tags were the pieces of wool with the caked on sheep manure. I don't remember what was done with them after they were put in a special sack.

"Father always had a good horse to ride. He always talked about his horse "Gar". I guess that was his favorite horse, but that was before my time. He made sure that the horses we had to ride were safe for children. Many times he let the neighbor kids borrow a horse to ride."

## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz

Father made sure we were disciplined when we did anything bad. He would send us out to the lilac bush to get a switch he could use on us. No one was punished too much and most of the children remember deserving what they got in the way of punishment. Once in a while the children were sent to bed without supper as discipline, but generally Mother would bring something so we wouldn't go hungry.



**Haying by Hand with Pitchforks**

summer [1945] for a couple of weeks to take Mother back to the Mayo Clinic in Minnesota for a stomach operation.

Parley always worked hard in the hayfield in Wyoming and at home. He never was unkind to the workers, but made sure they did a good job. Parley and his brother, Able, hayed for many years in Cokeville, Wyoming for Ted Olsen and Bill Buckley. He took off one



**Haying before Bales**

Sometimes the whole family went with Mother and Father took us to pick huckleberries and chokecherries. It was always fun to go as a family. In the early days the car would be full of cheese, which Parley sold in various places in Idaho, such as Soda Springs and Grace. He also sold their cheese in Wyoming. Bern had the best cheese. Cheese was produced there until about 1953.



**Back row: LaRue, Fern, Carol, Geniel, LaVaun, Middle row: Parley, Hilda (holding Richard), Dale, Naomi, front: Eva, Phillip, Owen, Paul**

## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz

It was not uncommon for Parley and Hilda to wrap up their children in blankets and take them with them to Montpelier where they were going to a dance. It was cold when they went with the team and sleigh. At that time Uncle George and Aunt Edith Kunz's home was the place for the children to stay while the parents danced.

Mother and Father possessed some great qualities, as did the Prophet Joseph Smith. They both were strong in leadership, charity, courage, faith, friendship, honesty, kindness, patience, obedience, prayer, service, missionary work, testimony, work, love, and many others. Each of these could be elaborated on.

How faithful they were to attend the Temple regularly. What examples they were. It wouldn't have been an easy decision to leave their family of small children and responsibilities and chores and in all kinds of weather, to travel the canyon to attend the Logan Temple.

Because of their long temple service, there must have been many Spirits there to meet them when they left this life. Naomi asked him if there was ever anything in his life that he had to repent of. He smiled at me and said, "Oh, Naomi, I'm not perfect." Father always stood straight and sat straight. He wasn't really tall, but He stood tall. His countenance reflected his life. He was pure and clean. He was always quick to smile and extend a handshake. Mother was somewhat smaller in stature, but she was a very hard worker and never seemed to wear out. She kept on going at times when we knew that she was tired, but she did what had to be done.

"Father worked with his brother, Able Kunz, for 35-45 years and I never heard a bad word between them," reports Paul. "He told me a story about when he sold a bunch of cattle to a man up South in the valley. The man offered him a certain amount of money for the cattle. Father accepted and was going to help him drive them home. About half way to Ovid, Idaho the man rode around the bunch of cattle and said, 'I won't buy these cattle.' Father replied, 'You are small potatoes,' and returned home with the cattle. There was never a hint of the man's name. I guess he wanted to keep the name between them. I never heard the buyer's name.

"He never mistreated an animal and he drove horses most of his life and had animals to the end of his life. I liked to work with my father. As long as he was there we got along in all of our dealings. If he had a chance to top the scales in the other person's direction he would do so.

Parley was a very tolerant person. His word was as good as his bond. Eva and Richard had good memories of Father reading to them. Eva said they would always cherish the memory of his reading the Uncle Arthur's Bedtime Stories when they were little. "We would sit on his lap, and after he finished, he would have us kneel by his knees and have us say our prayers then would give us a kiss and have us go kiss our mother goodnight as well. He gave us rides on his knees and acted like he was going to buck us off, but was gentle about it."

The parents often donated to the various charities like the Red Cross or the Cancer Drive or the Primary Children's Hospital. They donated to missionaries leaving for their missions and sent

## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz

money to them when they were still on the missions. This they did without a lot of money, but what they had they shared.

Our parents read the scriptures, good books and the newspaper. They lived and practiced what they believed. They were the first one in line to help another person in need and gave when they didn't have much to give. They paid their tithing and offerings and were happy.



**Parley Kunz with his stock**

## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz

Many times, they would call Aunt Myrtle and others who didn't drive, to see if they wanted a ride to town or to have them pick up something for them.

Richard R. Kunz had caught his hand in a pulley, while Father and older brothers were putting up hay in the barn. He eventually had to have part of his fingers amputated. His parents were kind and showed him favor during that difficult time. They taught him to spell and loved to match him with high school students, whom he could easily beat in the match -- as a five year old!

Arthur wrote, "When I was about five, we were out in front of the house working on a car that had a flat tire. Father had the car jacked up and while pulling off the tire, the car fell off the jack smashing both his hands between the fender and the tire. Lucky for him Uncle Abel happened to stop right then and helped him get loose. I remember it hurt his hands pretty bad.

"I remember going down to the fields with him and sometimes Irvine Galloway my brother-in-law, would go, to feed the cattle in the winter when it was cold. He would make a hole in the loose hay for me to lie in so I would stay warm. The horses would be white around the nose. It was very cold.

"There were a few times I would get into trouble and he would send me out to get a willow so he could give me a licking for some dumb thing I had done. After a few times I got smart and would get a dry willow so it would break easy. Then he would pull my pants down and use his bare hand and that would hurt. I really never looked down on him for the lickings I would get because I would always had it coming.

"One fall I was down by the house on the Rich Place [a ranch between Bern and Montpelier, where William Boss also worked a long time ago] plowing and I lost my wallet. I guess I had a little money in it. Anyhow, I told father about it. This was on a Saturday afternoon. He told me Monday morning he would get on the horse and go find it for me. I didn't think it was possible because I was plowing on a 20 to 30 acre piece. Anyway, the next Monday he went down and about two hours here he came with my wallet."

Our parents encouraged us to do our best and develop our talents. Phil was working on a speech for FFA and said, "One evening, as Father and I were milking the cows in the barn, I was working on a talk for competition in an Idaho statewide speech contest in the Future Farmers of America. After I had gone through the talk a couple of times, Father reminded me that what talent I had came from the Lord and that I should not let it "go to my head," but that I ought to be thankful for the many blessings that were mine. That advice has always been very helpful to me."

Parley told his daughter-in-law, Joyce Sheffield Kunz, an interesting event in their early life married life. Joyce reports the event as follows: "Father Kunz said that Hilda was going to have her first baby. They decided to go for a walk and walked hand-in-hand from their home, up the hill to the cemetery in Bern, Idaho. They then returned home and soon afterward their little baby girl [Fern] was born. This is a tender story of a young married couple who were in love and eventually had thirteen beautiful children."

## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz



**Front:LaVaun Hansen, LaRue Spencer, Joyce S Kunz, Carol Howell, Paul Kunz, Naomi Kunz, Linda Kunz, Beulah Kunz Back: Jay Spencer, Phillip Kunz, Donovan Howell, Marlene Kunz, Dale Kunz, Arthur Kunz, Richard Kunz**



## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz

Parley and Hilda's home was not big for such a large family. It had two stories but not many rooms. Water was piped into our home from a spring West of where Uncle Able Kunz lived, with the money Hilda got for her inheritance when her father died. That replaced the little well which was just northeast of the house. A bathroom was added which replaced the old "two hole" outhouse in 1950.

Modifications in the home have been made since, but perhaps one of the more interesting modification was made early on when Hilda wanted a door that separated the kitchen and living room moved from the center of the room to the East edge of the wall. She mentioned that to Parley but as it was summer and he was busy in the hay. Hilda's patience must have worn thin. She went out to the woodshed, got the ax, entered the kitchen and chopped a hole where she wanted the door. Father hired a neighbor to finish the job properly and cover the hole where the previous doorway had been.

Parley and Hilda had a special, long life together. They were always good examples and taught the children how to live. They were happy together and their love for one another was easy to observe. Mother's journal had an interesting reference of summation in it, following the death of Parley:

"My year ending in 1983 was a lonely one because of the death of my dear companion in October, of a stroke. [Mother was 83 and Father would have been 89 years old] Miss him every morning when he would arise and have me bring him a glass of warm water, which I did. Now the morning he had his stroke; he had a good breakfast, after which he said to me, "Mother, that was a good breakfast," and then he dressed to go for the mail. So his words of his breakfast were the last he spoke to me. Then; I was told that he had fallen off the steps at Arlo's. [The mail was taken care of by Arlo's wife, Idell Kunz in their home.] He looked at me but couldn't say anything. So hard to see him after in this condition. This was the 8<sup>th</sup> of Oct. I could only hold his hand and at times his eyes would follow me when I moved around the room.

"Now his passing has been hard to take. But thinking of a statement I have read, "God gives us memories so we can have roses in December." So I know I have a big bed of beautiful roses. We had a good life together. The Lord blessed us with a choice family, grandchildren and many great-grandchildren. Each one of them is so special.

"We had many lovely trips together, along with my dear sister Anna and her husband, Orlando. Then to finish, the privilege we had of going on a 6 months mission to Alabama in 1972. Parley always said that was the highlight of our life. I think so too. Now I am going to carry on and do my part and be grateful for all I have been given in my life. There are many blessings I have received and we have had many good years together, and pray I may endure to the end."

The end came for Hilda, much as had been promised in her patriarchal blessing where she was promised that death would come in the twinkling of an eye: "Thou shalt live a life of purity before our Father. Thou shalt not taste of death nor molder in the grave, but thou shalt be

## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz

changed in the twinkling of an eye from mortality to immortality.”

Her son, Paul Kunz, found in bed, apparently without awaking on Jan 11, 1985.

Hilda had a very serious illness resulting from an ulcer condition. Dr Gaertner sent her to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota in 1945 for the operation. A good part of her stomach and pancreas were cut away which resulted in her eating more often but only small portions for the rest of her life.

We, the thirteen children had a wonderful life growing up, with plenty of hard work, games in the evening, outdoor games such as "kick the can," "prisoners base," "hide and seek" and so on. On cold days in the winter, there were rides to school in the "rook sleigh" with the crackle of the snow under the weight of the sleigh.

### **Service for Parley Peter Kunz:**      Date of death: October 17, 1983

Family Prayer	- Donovan V. Howell (son-in-law)
Prelude and Postlude	- Lois Bienz
Invocation	- LaVarr M. Hansen (son-in-law)
Song	-"Silver Haired Daddy of Mine" William D. Hayes,
Obituary & Remarks	- Bishop Odell Stoor (Nephew)
Speaker	- Bishop Leland D. Kunz (Nephew)
Organ & Piano Duet	- Neil & Shirley Harris (Grandchildren)
Speaker	- President Montain D. Kunz
Song	- "Going Home" - Ruth Kay Andersen, Accompanied by Shirley Harris
Benediction	- Ralph D. Galloway (Grandson)

### **Service for Hilda Irene Stoor Kunz:**      Date of death: January 11, 1985

Family Prayer	- Richard R Kunz (Son)
Prelude and Postlude	- Shirley Harris (Granddaughter)
Invocation	- Donald Pugmire (Grandson)
Duet	- Pauline and Karen Kunz (Granddaughters) "That Wonderful Mother Of Mine"
Remarks	- Bishop Ivins Schmid
Obituary and Remarks	- Phillip R. Kunz (Son)
Song	- Grandchildren (accompanied by Kathi Silvers Granddaughter) "I Am a Child of God"
Speaker	- President Montain D. Kunz
Violin Medley	- Kelli Galloway (Granddaughter)
Benediction	- Darrell Smith (Grandson)

## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz

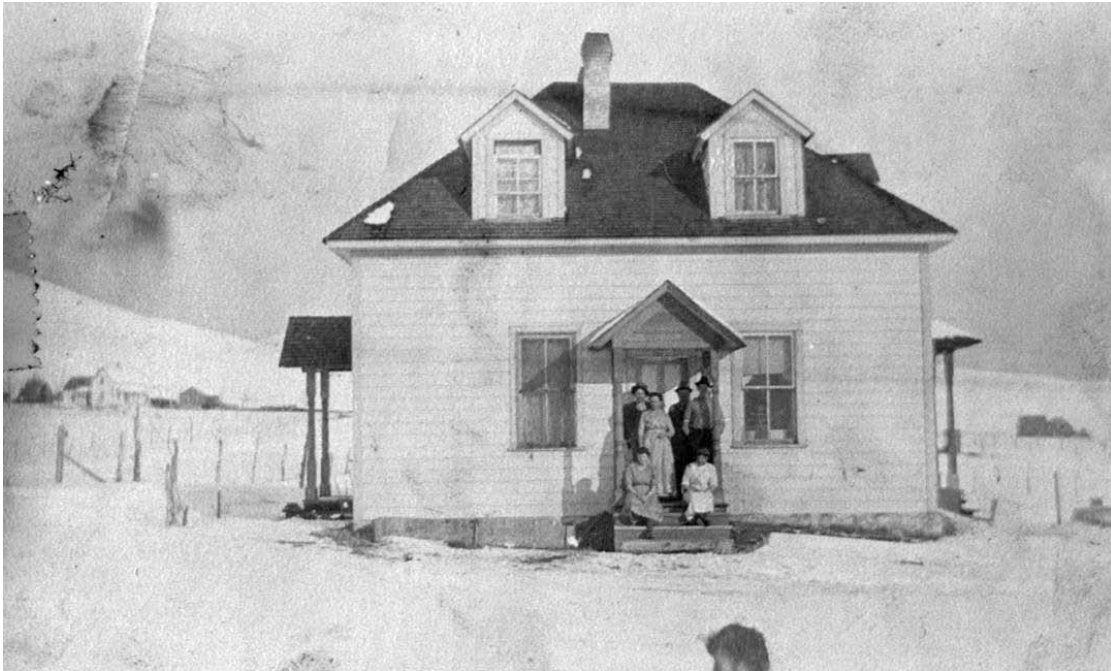


Headstone for Hilda and Parley Kunz in the Bern, Idaho Cemetery

## **Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz**



**Eva, Naomi, LaVaun, Carol, Geniel, LaRue, Fern, Hilda - the mother**



**Bern home showing west entrance on the left - People on the south porch**

## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz



Eugene Smith, Donovan Howell, LaVaun Kunz, Dale Kunz, Naomi Kunz, Irvine Galloway, Glen Smith,  
*Middle row:* LaRue Kunz Smith (holding Barbara), Carol Kunz Howell, Hilda Stoor Kunz holding  
Arthur S. Kunz, Richard Kunz held on lap of Parley P Kunz, Robert Galloway on lap of Fern Kunz  
Galloway, Richard Galloway Jr. on lap of Geniel Kunz Smith, *Front row:* Judy Smith, Paul Kunz, Phillip  
Kunz, Eva Kunz, Owen Kunz

### Additional notes that help us understand the lives, times and places of Parley and Hilda Kunz:

#### Old Notes of LaVaun's

June 23, 1940 Folks went to Ogden to have pictures taken

*OLD 1, 1940 THE OLD BARN WAS TORN DOWN AND DALE  
RAN A NAIL IN HIS FOOT*

July 25, 1940 I cooked chicken for Bp. Orlando Kunz and Mr. Bagley (An inspector for the Church from Salt Lake)

December 16, 1940 Had play practice in the new church house

Went walking after birthday party and got a good licking

## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz

Worked in Wayan for the Abe Sodermans

Papa really sick in hospital in Montpelier, Idaho, with a ruptured appendix. He was operated on. He had tubes in until 3rd or 4th of January, 1943

Arthur was born in Montpelier hospital (Mother was in hospital several times before he was born)

Our family group picture was taken by Uncle George Kunz

The months of January and February in 1949 were really cold. The snow drifts were so high. The weather all around the areas of Idaho were hit by blowing snow and big drifts. An article from the Deseret News tells of the conditions in Bern, Idaho. An article from the Idaho State journal told of the blizzards of 55 years ago leaving drifts 20-feet deep.

Many days, the temperature was below zero. Our little trailer was kind of protected as it was parked beside the washrooms and bathrooms of the trailer park. There was a longer trailer on the other side which helped as well. We were glad for a radio to keep us informed of the news. There was nothing to do but stay in and look out at the blowing and drifting snow.

**(Article in Deseret News - Sunday, February 20, 1949) Montpelier Man Waits 68 Years for Bad Winter (By Richard Pratt)** William J. Kunz, 83 year-old resident of Montpelier, Idaho, has been expecting a winter like this one for many years. He said, "I knew it was bound to come. It happened back in 1870 and again in 1880, and I knew it would happen again. However, I never in my lifetime experienced such a long, cold spell without a break. In 1880, fifty percent of the cattle died. The snow was four feet deep on the level and the temperature dipped to 65 degrees below zero. Cattle were frozen to the ground. When the warm weather came, the hooves dropped off many of them."

**Brother Has Story** George Kunz, 42, a brother of William, has some experiences of his own to tell about the winter of 1949. George is a Deseret News correspondent and recently accompanied two cousins, Heber and Orlando Kunz, on a feeding mission to cattle in the Ovid Bottoms near Montpelier on the Bear Lake Outlet. "It was a pretty rugged trip," said George. "Snow had drifted in some places to a depth of 15 feet. We broke a trail with saddle horses. Sometimes a horse and rider would sink nearly out of sight in the soft snow. Then we would go to work with shovels.

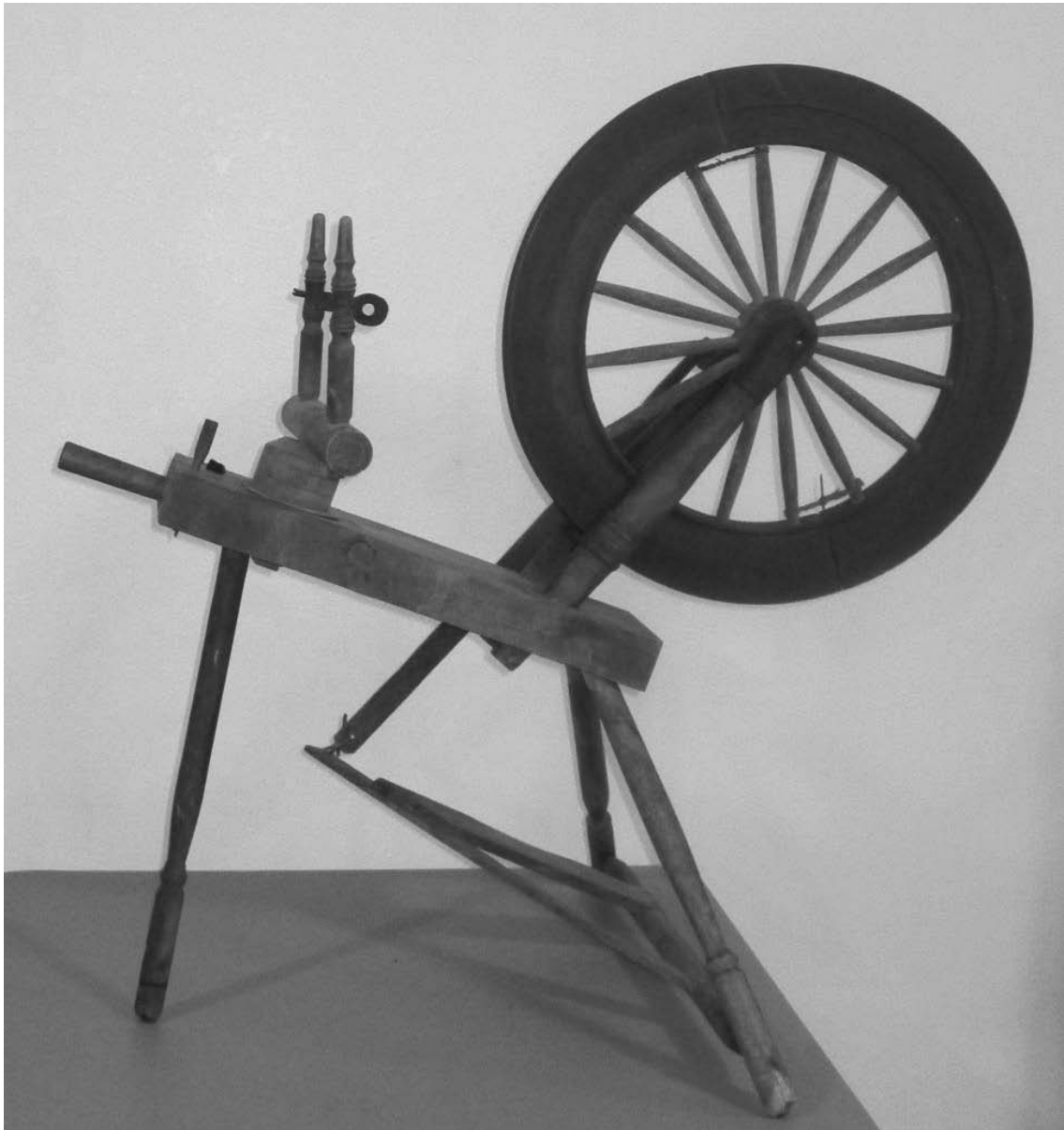
"We were more than six hours traveling the distance of three and a half-miles from Bern to where the cattle were located. When we reached them, we found them in good condition. They had been without feed for only 48 hours and all seemed to be healthy. They had been protected by the willows from the blizzard that swept through the area that night before.

"We found a new-born calf by the side of the mother. I was surprised it had lived through the night. It had been born on the ice but was protected by its mother and by the willows and the river bank under which it was born. The temperature Monday night had reached 22 degrees

## **Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz**

below zero. After we had broken through to the cattle with saddle horses, we brought in the hay wagon."

Cattle losses in the areas of Montpelier, Dingle, and Bloomington have been small, according to Mr. Kunz. Hay has been plentiful and it has been possible for ranchers to get to their cattle before the livestock starved. A few have frozen to death. The past few days have been relatively warm and the cattle, in general, are in good shape.



**Spinning Wheel**

## Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz



Parley Kunz feeding in the barnyard



## **The Family: A Proclamation To The World**

We, the First Presidency and the Council of the Twelve Apostles of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, solemnly proclaim that marriage between a man and a woman is ordained of God and that the family is central to the Creator's plan for the eternal destiny of His children.

All human beings—male and female—are created in the image of God. Each is a beloved spirit son or daughter of heavenly parents, and, as such, each has a divine nature and destiny. Gender is an essential characteristic of individual premortal, mortal, and eternal identity and purpose.

In the premortal realm, spirit sons and daughters knew and worshipped God as their Eternal Father and accepted His plan by which His children could obtain a physical body and gain earthly experience to progress toward perfection and ultimately realize their divine destiny as heirs of eternal life. The divine plan of happiness enables family relationships to be perpetuated beyond the grave. Sacred ordinances and covenants available in holy temples make it possible for individuals to return to the presence of God and for families to be united eternally.

The first commandment that God gave to Adam and Eve pertained to their potential for parenthood as husband and wife. We declare that God's commandment for His children to multiply and replenish the earth remains in force. We further declare that God has commanded that the sacred powers of procreation are to be employed only between man and woman, lawfully wedded as husband and wife.

We declare the means by which mortal life is created to be divinely appointed. We affirm the sanctity of life and of its importance in God's eternal plan.

Husband and wife have a solemn responsibility to love and care for each other and for their children. "Children are an heritage of the Lord" (Psalm 127:3) Parents have a sacred duty to rear their children in love and righteousness, to provide for their physical and spiritual needs, and to teach them to love and serve one another, observe the commandments of God, and be law-abiding citizens wherever they live. Husbands and wives—mothers and fathers—will be held accountable before God for the discharge of these obligations.

The family is ordained of God. Marriage between man and woman is essential to His eternal plan. Children are entitled to birth within the bonds of matrimony, and to be reared by a father and a mother who honor marital vows with complete fidelity. Happiness in family life is most likely to be achieved when founded upon the teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ. Successful marriages and families are established and maintained on principles of faith, prayer, repentance, forgiveness, respect, love, compassion, work, and wholesome recreational activities. By divine design, fathers are to preside over their families in love and righteousness and are responsible to provide the necessities of life and protection for their families. Mothers are primarily responsible for the nurture of their children. In these sacred responsibilities,

## **Chapter 1 Parley and Hilda Kunz**

fathers and mothers are obligated to help one another as equal partners. Disability, death, or other circumstances may necessitate individual adaptation. Extended families should lend support when needed.

We warn that individuals who violate covenants of chastity, who abuse spouse or offspring, or who fail to fulfill family responsibilities will one day stand accountable before God. Further, we warn that the disintegration of the family will bring upon individuals, communities, and nations the calamities foretold by ancient and modern prophets.

We call upon responsible citizens and officers of government everywhere to promote those measures designed to maintain and strengthen the family as the fundamental unit of society.

This proclamation was read by President Gordon B. Hinckley as part of his message at the General Relief Society Meeting held September 23, 1995, in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Chapter Two

## Fern Kunz Galloway

### **Fern Kunz 1920-2000   Richard Irvine Galloway 1911-1993**

Richard Irvine Galloway Jr. 1941	Myrna Kunz 1940
Robert Parley Galloway 1942	Donna Rae Barton 1943
Ralph Douglas Galloway 1944	Elaine McMurray 1944
Ronald Wayne Galloway 1946	Joann Rigby 1949-1999
	Joann Linford 1956
Elizabeth Ann Galloway 1950	Weldon K. Clark 1939
Karla Rae Galloway 1952	Bradley Pope Rich 1949 div
	Richard Aaron Webb 1943
Rodney Lee Galloway 1954	Diane Kaye Dobson 1953 div
	Linda M Carr 1953
Hilda Arline Galloway 1959	Dana K Devlin 1951

July 5, 2009: We are forwarding some thoughts on Fern, our mother, for inclusion in a family book of the lives of the children of Parley and Hilda Kunz. Our intent is to let our posterity know a little about who our mother was as we knew and associated with her. She has earned her place with honor as Matriarch in her own family tree and we hope as you represent her life in this work that you will try to reflect as much. With love, The Fern Kunz Galloway Family - (Pete)

Sometimes we write histories of people as we knew them hoping to reflect for future posterity who he or she really was. In our attempt to write such a history, we must keep in mind the position they now hold in relation to those descendents who only know them by this history, and write nothing that might detract from the reverence that should exist for those positions. It is the adage, "If you can't say something good about grandma or grandpa because they ARE grandma or grandpa) then don't say anything at all."

## Chapter 2 Fern Kunz Galloway

Perhaps in keeping with "Thou shalt honor thy Father and thy Mother" we should be positive. Either way, may the things written here be for the purpose of preserving in writing, rather than memory, character traits of an individual who was imperative to our very being mortal and, hopefully, give each of us some understanding of those genetic links that help make us who we are. The locations and dates are not the center of this history as they are easily verifiable from numerous sources, so though they be mentioned in the relating of characterizing incidents and stories, I suggest you not get bogged down in them and try to become more familiar with who Grandma Fern Kunz Galloway really was. Because many of the sources for this history were from the memories of her children, I will from this time forward, refer to Fern as mother so all are included - even those who felt inadequate or reluctant to contribute.

Mother was born in Bern, Idaho on May 23, 1920 to goodly parents. Her father, Parley Peter Kunz, was actually a fourth generation Latter-day Saint because his great-grandfather and father both joined the church within several years of each other with his grandfather soon to follow.

Her mother was Hilda Irene Stoor, a convert from good Finnish Christian ancestry. Mother was the first of thirteen with twelve sisters and brothers to follow. Mother never knew life without sisters. She may have remembered a few years without brothers, but she never remembered not having sisters. Mother spoke of knowing beforehand of the upcoming arrival of a new brother or sister as grandma had a little white apron that she wore during each pregnancy.

Regardless of the mandated nurturing responsibilities associated with being the first of thirteen, mother formed lifelong bonds of love with her brothers and sisters that caused her to be protective of them throughout her life. She related the story that Aunt Joyce told her, after hearing it from Parley, that just prior to her being born, Grandma Hilda and Grandpa Parley decided to walk hand in hand from their home up to the graveyard and back. It was quite a climb on the dirt road up past Uncle Abel's and then through the field. By the time they got back, mother was on the way. She was born at home in Bern.

Grandpa had a farm with horses, milk cows, chickens and pigs and such. Mother grew up helping not only around the house but she also helped her dad with the chores. Mother started school in Bern and finished grades one through eight in Bern. Most of the time spent in school was during the winter. The building was heated with wood and normal school dress was what mother called long, ugly, brown, cotton socks! She would leave home with her ugly brown socks on but somewhere between home and school, usually by Bishop Schmid's barn, those ugly, brown socks came off and other more attractive socks replaced them. The switch was made again on the way home.

Mother attended high school, grades nine through twelve, in Montpelier at Montpelier High School. She talked of the school bus being a covered wagon or covered sleigh pulled by a team with benches along both sides. The sleigh was heated with a wood stove and the students would have to rotate along the benches so no one sat by the stove too long and no one sat too far from the stove for too long. When talking of her high school experience, mother talked often of Mr. Lewis Munk. I think he taught her English. I think Mr. Munk taught everyone of mother's children English - all eight of them.

## Chapter 2 Fern Kunz Galloway

I visited with Nelda Peterson Parsons about a year ago (2007). Nelda Parsons is a Star Valley, Wyoming resident. She has been here all her life. She is an active eighty-eight or eighty-nine years old now. Nelda grew up on a ranch up Stump Creek in the Tygee Valley just west of Auburn, Wyoming. Because the winters in Star Valley eliminated travel during the winters from Tygee to Afton or even Auburn to Afton, Nelda was unable to attend high school in Afton. So in the fall, she would travel to Montpelier and stay the winter with relatives and attend high school in Montpelier.

As I was visiting with her, she was telling me about her high school experience in Montpelier adding that the only person she remembered from high school was Fern Kunz. She mentioned that mother befriended her and made her feel good and how she appreciated their friendship. It was after she finished telling me about her high school friend and some of the things they had done together that I told her that I was Fern's son. I was impressed that this woman had such fond memories of my mother and related those memories without even knowing that she was my mother.

After graduating from high school, mother, with the help and encouragement of her folks, left Montpelier and went to Pocatello, Idaho to stay with her Aunt Lillian to attend college. One story indicated that some young man that Parley didn't approve of had his eye on mother and grandpa and grandma felt that it would be better for mother to go away "to college" for a time rather than have an undesirable romance develop.

The Union Pacific had a depot in Montpelier and it was only a couple of hours by train from Montpelier to Pocatello. It was while she was staying with Aunt Lillian in Pocatello that mother met Irvine. Mother went with a girlfriend one Sunday to attend church in the Fifth Ward because her girlfriend wanted to see a young man named Irvine Galloway. She introduced mother to Irvine and a flowering romance began. The girlfriend knew it didn't go well for her when Irvine took mother home after church.

It was a short pre-marriage courtship that ended on September 16, 1939 when father and mother drove to Arco, Idaho and decided about eleven p.m. to get married. They found a Justice of the Peace and got him and his wife out of bed. His wife could play the organ and she also doubled as one of the witnesses. So they had a small wedding with a little organ music and no flowers just before midnight on the 16th in Arco, Idaho. [Later they were sealed in the temple for time and all eternity.]

From Arco, Irvine called his mother to let her know that he had gotten married and the next day, he called Parley and Hilda to let them know. They rented an apartment in Pocatello as father was working for the Union Pacific in Pocatello. They started their family while in Pocatello with the arrival of Richard Irvine Jr. They were in Pocatello for a few months longer and then father was transferred by the Union Pacific to work in the Ogden, Utah rail yard so the young couple moved to Ogden where they stayed in a hotel for several months.

Chapter 2 Fern Kunz Galloway



**Fern Kunz Galloway**



**Richard I. Galloway and Fern Kunz Galloway**

## Chapter 2 Fern Kunz Galloway

After those months in the hotel, Irvine was able to find a house for rent in Plain City, Utah, just a few miles from Ogden. He moved his family to Plain City and there the family remained for several years where father and mother added three more sons to the family.

The home in Plain City was without inside plumbing and was heated by a wood stove. The outhouse was out back and also back of the house close by was a large wood pile that was cut for firewood. There was a clothes line also in close proximity for drying fresh washed clothes.

After graduating from the eighth grade, Naomi went to Ogden, Utah, to tend the boys again. Fern was working in the garden and Irvin slept. Irvine worked midnights on the railroad. She said, "It was hard to keep those little boys quiet in their little house on Seventh Street. I didn't want Irvine to be angry with me if they woke him. I would pull the red wagon around to all the houses and sell the produce from the garden. Fern would wash it up nice. Seems we made a little money. I remember it was hard work and hot."

While we lived in Plain City, there were two incidents that were major influencing factors in father's decision to transfer with the Union Pacific to switch cars in the yard in Montpelier and to buy a farm in Bear Lake County, Idaho, and move the family to Bern, Mother's hometown.

It seems that on one occasion behind the house in Plain City between the woodpile and the outhouse, a tent was created by the oldest of the four boys by draping an old blanket over a rope so the edges touched the ground when staked at about a forty-five degree angle. Then the ends were staked together in the middle to form a wall in the back and flaps in the front. To a six, four and two-year-old, it was a castle of their own making, but it had the same inherent problem found in the vessels built by the Jaredites for crossing the ocean. It was dark inside. The remedy was simple enough. A candle and a few matches were soon located and put in service. Then a most tragic incident occurred when the candle somehow got out of control and caught the blanket on fire. By the time a bucket brigade was organized, the tent, the woodpile and the outhouse were gone. They did manage to save the house with only minor damage to the weeds and grass between it and the destroyed structures. There was no personal injury to anyone involved, but a concern was initiated in Irvine about four sons with so little to do.

The other incident that occurred while we were living in Plain City happened within months of the first. There was a garage next to the sidewalk that ran parallel to the street in front of our home that had a floored attic with a door opening above the sidewalk. Mother always planted a large garden and preserved much produce for the feeding of her family. It was harvest time in the fall and ripe tomatoes were plentiful in my mother's garden. My brothers had each gathered several tomatoes and retreated to the privacy of the garage attic to enjoy them.

After they had eaten their fill, however many were still left. As they peered down on the street from their lofty perch, they noticed what seemed to them to be an old woman coming in their direction. She was totally unaware of their existence and surely had no idea of what was about to happen. When she was directly under the attic opening, to her great surprise, large ripe tomatoes came falling from the

## Chapter 2 Fern Kunz Galloway

sky with such force that they immediately splattered - covering her clothes with tomato juice and seeds and skins.

These boys thought she would surely retreat in great haste to another part of town and only they and she would know what had happened. Not so! Instead, she turned straight toward the house and marched right up to the front door and started knocking and banging until my mother opened the door. Then in a voice that could have easily been heard in the garage attic, she explained to my mother the



**Galloway home in Bern**

course of events that had happened, all the while pointing to various locations on her person and her clothes that were soiled with ripe tomato.

Mother was very apologetic, let the woman in and invited her to change into her own bathrobe while mother laundered her dress. It was only days after this, with mother's insistence, that the decision was finalized and events were put into motion to buy a farm in Bear Lake and move the family to Bern.

Many of the events that shaped this history of mother happened over the next half century while the family was growing up in Bern, spreading out around the country while expanding and adding grandchildren. Mother and father remained there over fifty years and finally finished up their lives in Bern.

Irvine and mother bought a four-room house in Bern in 1948 or 49. It was their first purchased home and I heard they bought it from Aunt LaRue for the sum of five hundred dollars. The home had four rooms - two bedrooms upstairs and the kitchen and living room on the main floor. It was located on the west side of Main Street and was the first home south of the Bern Ward Church building. The house set about sixty-five feet from the street and was centered on a one-acre lot. This left plenty of room for a garden south of the house with the barns and a corral and more garden behind the house.

Mother was a gardener. She planted and harvested a large garden every year. Like the home in Plain City, this home had no inside plumbing except running cold water to the kitchen sink with the drain pipe running back through the wall to the outside. It was heated by two wood stoves, both downstairs. The house had a covered porch across the front with stairs at the south end. The house had a front door on the street side of the house that entered into the kitchen and a door directly across the room that went out the backside of the house.

When Liz was born in 1950, mother informed Irvine that the house needed to be remodeled and additional room added so the girls could have their own room. It was then that the house was doubled in size. A bathroom with hot water and a bathtub was added under the stairs and an enclosed back



## Chapter 2 Fern Kunz Galloway

porch, with a food storage room, was also added. And that is how it remained for the duration except for the carport that was added years later by all children and grandchildren one weekend for a family reunion because age necessitated that our folks park in out of the snow and ice. It was by all means a modest house, but over the years by mother's efforts, it became a comfortable grand home.

Life as we had known it in Plain City was gone forever and our lives took on a whole new dimension when we moved to Bern. Irvine bought 160 acres on US 89 and about thirty Guernsey milk cows. That's when Irvine and Fern invited the boys to join them in the responsibility of helping to support the family.

As a family, we became very involved enjoying farm life at it's best and all our energy and awake time was filled with activities such as milking, feeding, cleaning barns and pens, replacing bedding, haying, plowing, planting, sawing and stacking firewood, fencing, gathering eggs, working in the garden and going to Sacrament Meeting and Sunday School. Irvine still railroaded full-time.

It was in Bern that the family increased by three girls and one more son. Elizabeth came in 1950; Karla came in 1952; Rodney joined us in 1954 and Arlene came in 1959.

Mother insisted that we not allow the farm and our individual chores to keep us from sitting down together three times a day and having meals together as a family. She always said she would fix us a lunch if we were going to be in the field all day but she was not fixing more than three meals a day. We never sat down to a meal without invoking the blessings and protection of our Heavenly Father upon us all. Both morning and night we would kneel by our chairs as a family prior to eating and have family prayer with each in the family taking a turn at voice.

With this farm lifestyle came an increase of the risk for accidents and so the intensity of father and mother's pleas to the Lord for protection of their family seemed to take on a new intensity also.

Accidents on the farm were few but there was one that mother found sobering all of her life. One summer day, mother drove down the airport road along the Bear Lake Canal in the pickup to get Butch and Pete for lunch. They were herding cows. Both boys jumped into the back of the pickup. Pete sat on the wheel well and Butch sat next to the tailgate. For some reason, the tailgate had not been latched that morning and opened, dropping Butch on the road behind the pickup. Before mother got stopped, Butch was under the pickup. Fortunately, he had gone between the wheels. In the commotion, mother had stopped the truck. While she was stopped, Butch started crawling out. In the confusion of the moment, mother pulled the truck forward and ran a back tire over Butch's legs. It was over the next half century in Bern that the children of Irvine and Fern recall most of the memories of their mother.

Southwest of the house was a hand-dug well with an electric pump that fed cold water to the house. It was a shallow well and was always being contaminated by surface water but was worse in the spring. The next project, after the house remodeling, was getting a deep steel-cased well. Mother had a way of convincing Irvine, when she felt strongly enough about certain things, that he would come around.



**Fern Kunz Galloway**

Calvin Buhler was going to college and he was earning college money during the summers by drilling water wells with an old wood cable tool rig that would lift a steel shaft and drop it repeatedly, thus pounding a hole in the ground. The same weight was used to drive the steel casing. The power unit for running the rig was an old Case tractor and a wide flat belt. Calvin drilled for several weeks and when he was seventy feet down, up came the water. He hit an artesian fresh-water well. Mother was one happy lady. Not only did she have clean water for the house but she had a faucet that flowed all the time without a pump so she could water her garden day and night.

Mother was a woman of unimaginable strength and endurance. Before moving to Bern, she had already been through the Polio tragedy with Irvine while still caring for two sons and giving birth to two more sons. So by the time we moved to Bern, she had had four sons in five and a half years. She made a home for her family in a four-room house without inside plumbing, wood heat and no hot water.

She planted and harvested a third-acre garden every year and bottled or put in the cellar enough of that garden to carry her family through the coming year. It is really not until a person finally matures that one can see and appreciate their parents for what they really were.

Both Irvine and Fern were extremely strong people. Mother always had fifty or more chickens in the coop. Every couple of years she would order fifty or so chicks and raise replacements for the older hens that were headed for the freezer. It was all in a day's work for mother to take the hatchet and kill thirty chickens. Then she would scald them in water heated by wood and then pluck all the feathers and prepare them for freezing. Chicken was quite common in mother's home for Sunday dinner. Each year she raised a half dozen turkeys to put in the freezer for the holidays.

Mother made all her own laundry soap. It was a big project that would take several days and be done out in the back yard. She would make soap at least once a year and sometimes twice a year. She made several hundred pounds of soap each time and it was all ground up and put into large metal trash cans with lids and stored along the wall in the fruit room. She would use some of it every time she did laundry.

Not only did mother do all that gardening, canning, and soap making, but she never lost sight of her position as mother to eight children who had school and church activities that she was expected to attend and provide transportation to and from in clean clothes with clean kids inside of those clothes. Mother was the proctor by which today's multi-tasking is measured against. All eight of her children were mostly grown before she was able to trade in the Maytag wringer washer and two rinse tubs for an automatic clothes washer.

I think all the kids might have been gone before mother ever had an automatic dishwasher. She not only made three meals a day for ten but she did the dishes after each meal. The girls did give her some help when they were old enough. Mother made bread. Mother made bread every other day--loaves and loaves of bread. It was all hand mixed and kneaded and made into loaves then baked. In the kitchen cabinets there was a deep drawer and it was called the bread drawer. Every time one of us came in the house from outside or from school, the first place we stopped was the bread drawer. Everybody ate bread with every meal. I think my mother probably made tons of bread in her lifetime.

Mother was a housekeeper. She kept a clean house. It was never cluttered nor was it ever dirty. I know that at times she must have surely felt that keeping up with the housecleaning behind her family was almost overwhelming to her. When she got the back porch with a sink in it she found that helped her a lot. When Irvine and the boys came in from the farm or from chores, they were restricted to the porch until they had changed clothes and washed up. This helped mother a lot. Occasionally someone would try to slip in without cleaning up and mother was not bashful about reminding them of the house rules.

Mother had three teenagers at the same time and one more "teenage-wanna-be" running in their dust besides four younger children with the baby still in diapers - not disposable diapers but the square cloth-type that had to be laundered and reused. On several occasions when her older young children would play too long or get distracted and have accidents that soiled their pants, she was known to clean them up outside with cold water from the garden hose. It was an impressionable experience that was not soon forgotten by a young mind and usually ended the problem.

Mother was the family accountant. She handled the money from the railroad and the farm. She was responsible to see that the bills from the farm were paid along with the tithing and other offerings and all the household expenses. I think because Irvine was railroading and running the farm, at times he became somewhat disconnected from the daily financial requirements of a family and a farm. So, as strong as she was, at times, mother felt the weight of it all. Irvine was okay with the concept that if it was for the farm, it was a need. So over the years, he bought tractors and equipment to handle more land and was ever expanding his farming operation. Mother saw the farm as a cash consumer as she was continually using railroad money to pay for fuel and parts.

Over the years, the stress of being the chief financial officer for the family took its toll. One day when mother had taken a load of seed to the dry farm where Irvine was drilling, while she was waiting for him to finish the round he was on, she said she just stood there and screamed out her frustrations with the whole farming thing. The farm was one of mother's tests. Though it seemed an unbearable test to

## Chapter 2 Fern Kunz Galloway

mother for years, I believe it will be one of those things in which the Lord will say to her, "Well done thou good and faithful servant".

I think it important to note that mother was as spiritually active throughout her life as she was physically. After arriving in Bern and getting settled in, both she and Irvine were active in the Bern Ward of the L.D.S. Church. Mother held most every position in the ward that a woman could hold at some point in her life and some twice. She was Relief Society president for many years and was known to have a compassionate heart. She often expressed her pleasure in serving in Primary with the young children. She had a testimony of temple work and she and Irvine spent hundreds of hours over the years in the temple and in the library doing family history.

Mother was responsible for much of the genealogy that was done in our family, both on her lines and on Irvine's. She spent hours doing "Genealogy" as family history used to be called and blessed the lives of many - both living and dead. Her research was extensive and done by searching all the books and microfilm and microfiche she could get her hands on. This was all done before the days of the computer. Everything was typed on an old manual typewriter.

The kids all grew and, one by one, they left the homestead to make their way in the world. Irvine



**Galloway Family: Richard, Robert, Arline, Rodney, Ronald, Ralph Front: Karla, Richard Irvin, Fern, Elizabeth**

finally had put in about thirty-plus years with the Union Pacific and he, mostly because of the health issues relating to Polio in his youth, decided to take his retirement and made a career change to real estate. Irvine got his real estate license and then he went on to qualify and get his real estate broker's license.

Mother followed Irvine into the real estate office and worked alongside him in that business. They ran a good business and Irvine prided himself in helping first-time homebuyers in qualifying for mortgages for homes. Of course, the farm was still very much part of their lives. It was downsized a year at a time until all the land Irvine had left was the dry farm up Bear Hollow southeast of Montpelier. He had leased that two

## Chapter 2 Fern Kunz Galloway

hundred acres for over forty years. When he took that lease, all he had was a small Case tractor and a model "M" Minneapolis Moline. When he finally let that lease go, he was farming with a four-wheel drive two hundred and fifty-horsepower tractor capable of pulling equipment twenty feet wide.

As Irvine and mother grew older, they spent more time closer to home and appreciated the visits from their children. They started to develop more meaningful relationships with their grandchildren. On one such visit when Ron and JoAnn and their family were visiting, Irvine took Nate into the bedroom to show him a new 22caliber rifle he had acquired sometime earlier.

As Nate stood there admiring the rifle and working the action, he pointed it toward the ceiling and pulled the trigger. The rifle discharged with a loud bang putting a hole in the ceiling and bringing mother to the door of the bedroom. As soon as the rifle discharged, Nate quickly handed the rifle to Irvine and father was holding the rifle when mother came to the door. Nate quietly slipped past her and left the room and left his grandfather there to explain that whole thing which took his grandfather several minutes.

For a number of years during these later years, Ralph and Elaine and their family would visit Irvine and Fern on Sunday evenings and have sort of a family night. It was during those evenings that they would hear the Sunday School lesson for a second time and they would hear the rest of the story - those additions to the lesson that there was not time to cover during class. These were usually things Irvine or mother thought needed to be added that were not covered. They felt these evenings were inspiring spiritually.

Mother was an avid Rook and Pinochle player. The grandkids enjoyed playing these games with her and seeing how intense she would get. She was very capable of counting cards and knowing who held which cards in their hands. She showed a very competitive spirit and would at times get to the point of instructing her partner in the game in loud tones as to what things they might have done to contribute to being a winner. I think Irvine was tickled to watch her also.

Irvine had struggled since he was sixteen with the addiction to cigarettes though he was finally able to overcome that addiction. Mother tolerated it for years. She was never happy about it and in all those years Irvine never smoked in the house. The years of cigarettes took its toll on Irvine's lungs and then one spring, later in his life, he had a situation where he was exposed to high levels of the poison dust that is used to treat barley seed for rodent control. Somehow in the spring seed handling, he breathed too much of that dust and he said it overcame his lungs' ability to rebound in their weakened condition.

At the same time, Irvine was struggling with macular degeneration and his eyesight was failing. He convinced mother that he wanted to try some drug therapy for his eye condition that was unproven, yet was promoted as having some success. They agreed and he tried the treatments for a period of time. Irvine found the side effects of those treatments too powerful for his body to handle and he gave them up.

## Chapter 2 Fern Kunz Galloway

All of these conditions and situations caused Irvine to have a serious downturn in his health. The thought of living blind was more than Irvine was ready to accept, so with that discouragement accelerating his other health failures, he went down to spend months in bed and in the hospital. Mother once again rose to the occasion and spent her days and nights nursing him and giving him encouragement. Finally, in 1993, Irvine gave in and joined those in the world of departed spirits - leaving mother to finish her life alone.

Once again mother rose to the occasion. After giving her all in nursing and caring for Irvine, she took life by the horns and lived alone - not wanting to "bother" anyone for anything. She still was concerned about her family, brothers and sisters and all theirs, as well as all her own children and grandchildren.

She enjoyed traveling and seeing new things with her children and grandchildren. It was through these occasional travels that she also developed relationships of love with her grandchildren. While mother was alone, she immersed herself more deeply in learning good things. She attended her meetings faithfully and attended every "Know Your Religion" class that came along. As her eyesight declined, she took up listening to good things on tape so she didn't have to read.

She faithfully supported her church leaders right up to the end. She felt that she was a bother and she didn't want to be a burden to anyone. One day she had something in mind for lunch and, after several attempts to open the container, she had to accept that she was not going to get it open. Rather than call someone to open it for her, she chose to eat something else and put it back on the shelf.

Mother understood charity, the true love of the Savior. She gave her life in service to others. She served her parents and brothers and sisters. She served her husband and her own family. She served her friends and neighbors. She went about doing good for others. After eighty years of dedicated service to others, mother was not feeling well so she went to have a few medical tests run with the results being that she had cancer in various locations in her body.

She was strong in her faith and did not fear moving on in the Lord's plan of salvation. She recognized the time for that move had come so, only after three short weeks at home, she went to join her Irvine and the rest of her family in the world beyond. She was not perfect. She made mistakes. She lived so the atoning sacrifice of the Savior was beneficial in her life.

If any that have known her ever have the occasion to bear witness of her life in mortality, that witness will help exalt her. The witness of her family is that she was truly a Daughter of God and her life reflected that.

Naomi Kunz, Fern's sister, stayed with her the last month of her life and gave wonderful assistance to Fern.

Chapter 2 Fern Kunz Galloway



**Fern, early on**



**Fern and Geniel**

Chapter 2 Fern Kunz Galloway



**Fern and Irvine**



**Hilda and firstborn daughter, Fern**





**Bern Gold and Green Ball: Darrel Hansen, Connie Schmid, Gary Kunz, Robert Wayne Perkins, Marlene Kunz, Susan Kunz, Leland Kunz, Dianne Steckler, Arlo Kunz, Shirley Alleman, Robert Galloway, Gerealdine Kunz, Galloway, Eva Kunz, Owen Kunz**

## Richard Irvine Galloway Jr.

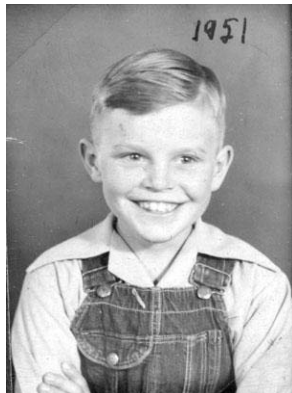
**Richard Irvine Galloway Jr. 1941   Myrna Kunz 1940**

Kirt R Galloway 1962	Lori Ann Anglesey 1963
Skyler Galloway 1988-1999	
Kitrick Galloway 1989	
Clarissa Galloway 1992	
Weston Galloway 1994	
Christopher Galloway 1997	
Kelly Galloway 1964	Terry Burton Jones 1961
Kelvin Galloway Jones 1987	
Terynn Jones 1989	
Carlin Galloway Jones 1993	
Bryce Galloway Jones 1996	
Alax Galloway Jones 1999	
Teresa Jones 2001	
Kathy Galloway 1971	

Richard Irvine Galloway Jr.

As the oldest grandchild of Parley and Hilda Kunz. I am thankful for being able to belong to this wonderful family. I was born in Pocatello, Idaho and remember my grandmother Galloway who ran a hamburger stand, which provided good treats and interesting ditch playgrounds for my early childhood. She took me to Sunday school in the hot summer where God punished me by turning a yellow jacket loose on me to sting me between the eyes.

We moved to Plain City, by Ogden, which was during the war. There I started school. The teacher of the first grade kicked me out of school for bringing many little baby snakes to school



for show and tell. I had crossed the ditch head gate with the mother snake in a glass jar which I dropped cutting the mother snake. I put the baby snakes in my pockets because the mother snake was bleeding and messy. The war made me a very good commando capable of raiding the surrounding produce gardens and watermelon patches for treats. The Japanese gardeners, and we had a few that lived around us, were enemies any way and they did grow good melons. We had a barn and I had a good hide a way with knives and spoons to handle the spoils. I tried to be a good Indian, with my blanket and clothes line tent, but my

**Richard I. Galloway Jr.  
1951**

## Chapter 2 Fern Kunz Galloway

fire caught the tent on fire and burnt up it and the woodpile. The fire department had to come and put it out.

We moved to Bern to try the patience of Grandma and Grandpa Kunz. I really liked their flowing well horse trough and barn with big trees all around. It seemed like an army during the haying



***Back row: Alax Jones, Carlin Jones, Kelvin Jones, Kelly Galloway Jones, Terry Jones, Lori Ann Galloway, Kitrick Galloway Middle row: Bryce Jones, Kathy Galloway, Richard Galloway, Myrna Kunz Galloway, Kirt Galloway, Weston Galloway Front: Terynn Jones, Teresa Jones, Clarissa Galloway***

season. My job was tromping the haystack as it was built. Grandpa sure had a lot of horses. It was a sight to see, the horse drawn rakes, the push rakes pushing the hay to the stacker, and the horse powered stacker throwing it up on the stack, where we spread it and tromped it down. Later in the winter we would go down on the haystacks in the night and shoot jackrabbits from the top. There seemed to be thousands. We got a quarter each from the mink farms.

Grandma raised chickens, lots of them. She sure knew how to make a chicken dinner. Uncle Richard taught me how to hypnotize them. I think they would starve to death just lying there on the ground after you hypnotized them. When Grandma killed chickens she would chop their heads off. They could even fly without heads. Uncle Richard and I found that if we whacked

## Chapter 2 Fern Kunz Galloway

them behind the head with a willow stick from the water trough they did the same thing as when Grandma cut their heads off. After killing about a hundred of them, we may have whacked them a little too hard, Grandma whipped us both and we had to spend an eternity in the dark root cellar under the house.

Growing up in Bern and Montpelier, with a big family and friends, was an ideal place and time. We milked a lot of cows, rode a lot of horses, farmed a lot, saw a lot of history, and learned to do a lot of things with little. I think this environment instilled an interest in all kinds of things. We hunted, fished, built rockets (more like bombs), flattened pennies on the steam driven train tracks, (which accounted for Pete being the youngest person to be sentenced to probation in the State of Idaho), and grew up and survived.

After graduating from Montpelier High School I went to Utah State University to study mechanical engineering. Landing a job as engineering assistant on Flaming Gorge Dam during its construction diverted this direction of my life to one of building things. Large-scale difficult projects was to be my passion.

While at Flaming Gorge Dam, I met Myrna Kunz from Evanston Wyoming, daughter of a contractor. We were very compatible and married after a couple of years chasing her between Evanston and the University of Wyoming. I thought if a Kunz was good enough for my dad she should be good enough for me. We lived in a company town of Dutch John, Utah where our son Kirt was born.

After the dam job we moved to Midvale, Utah to work on the Minute Man rocket program as a technical writer for spent rocket motors. The job was interesting for a while but soon turned out not to be for me. An electrical contractor hired me to work on a transmission line from Page Arizona to Salt Lake City Utah. The project was fast paced through difficult country of southern Utah. We had a helicopter and were able to see a lot of country very few have ever seen. Our team was very successful and the next project took us to the Nevada Atomic Testing grounds and Area 51. We did not see any aliens from outer space but did see things which we can not disclose yet today.

From the dry Nevada desert they shipped us to Jackson, Mississippi to do a little job for the winter. It was supposed to be kind of a holiday. We had twenty train cars of equipment shipped in. Myrna came by plane in a big six-inch rainstorm. She came with one suitcase, little Kirt in tow, and pregnant with Kelly, our first daughter, who was born there during the height of the civil, rights movement. We were definitely out of our element. After rebuilding following a major tornado and hurricane Betsey, which came through New Orleans clear to Jackson, and two years in residence we could see we may be there forever. We did become avid golfers, playing three times a day and working ten-hour days, learned to like raw oysters, and learned to fly.

## Chapter 2 Fern Kunz Galloway

Using friends, we had building a power plant project in Jackson Mississippi, we secured a job with Bechtel Corporation from San Francisco to build a power plant project in Kemmerer, Wyoming. Loaded up like Okies going to California we headed home. We spent the next few years working at Kemmerer and then went to Centralia Washington. While at Kemmerer, we thought we should buy a permanent residence and liked Star Valley, Wyoming. There we bought forty acres and started to build a permanent base. Our second daughter, Kathy, was born in Afton, Wyoming.

As Bechtel would transfer us all over the world, and a new electrical firm, Jelco, was getting into the power plant business, and a new plant was going to be built in Kemmerer, we solicited them to join their team. We were successful and landed back at Kemmerer in our old hometown. We worked on many power plants, four in the Price Utah area. We bought and refurbished an airplane and flew between Afton and Price for a number of years.

A buy out of Jelco lead to other projects and employers: A design build high school at Evanston Wyoming, a natural gas processing plant, an irrigation project in Nebraska, all requiring being away from home and travel. The kids were getting grown up.

We finally decided to get into the construction business at home. Kirt had been driving truck and came home to help and Kathy came to be an integral part of the operation. The business has been doing well.

We now have eleven grand children and soon to have our first great grandchild, Kelly's oldest son. We have had some trials in our life, such as losing Kirt's eldest son at a very young age but for the most part God has been very kind to our family.



**Myrna and Richard Galloway**

Chapter 2 Fern Kunz Galloway



*Judy (1st grade in Berns)*

**Emma Lou Schmid, Harriet Kunz, Judy Smith, Roger Kunz, Carrie Kunz, Mrs. Anderson, Gary Buhler,  
Robert Galloway, Richard Galloway**

## **Robert Parley Galloway**

**Robert Parley Galloway 1942   Donna Rae Barton 1943**

Donetta Jean Galloway 1966      Clair Sydney Jackson 1965  
Derek Skyler Jackson 1988  
Devin Cole Jackson 1990  
Carline Marie Jackson 1993  
Lyle Galloway 1969   Shauna Hess 1968  
Dillion Richard Galloway 1989  
Courtney Ann Galloway 1991   Colter Barry Cannon 1987  
Brittany Rae Galloway 1992  
Paxton Marie Galloway 1993  
Megan Lynn Galloway 1995  
Austin Robert Galloway 1998

### **Robert “Bob” Parley Galloway**

I was born on November 4, 1942 in Montpelier, Idaho. I was the second child of goodly parents, Richard Irvine and Fern Kunz Galloway. The first four years of my life my family lived in Plain City, Utah, where my father worked for Union Pacific Railroad in Ogden, Utah. Father also did some farming. I have two memories of living in Plain City, Utah. The first was when my big brother and I burned up the woodpile and the outhouse. The other was when my father put the ladder up to the end of the house and went up to the attic and put his crutches up there. I remember when he came down he said, “I’ll never use them again.” What he said really impressed me, for I had never seen him walk without them. He had had polio, but he would not let this cripple him for the rest of his life.

Around the time when I was four, my family moved to Bern, Idaho, where my father had bought a farm. At a young age big brother and I would take the cows out to milk in the morning and then herd them along county roads and lanes. Then we would bring them in for evening milking.

During those years I developed a dislike for heel flies, bad fences, and mistletoe. When I was about eight, father taught me to drive a tractor. My first job was to take care of the hay ground between cuttings. I remember I had to make a good dust to kill the weevil.

I attended grade school in Bern, Idaho. My teachers were Mrs. Beck and Mrs. Salon. While in grade school I learned that you don’t destroy things just to have fun. Just east of the current



## Chapter 2 Fern Kunz Galloway

school in Bern was an old school that had been connected to a gymnasium. One day, my Uncle Richard, big brother, and I took BB guns and rocks and broke all the windows out in that building. Afterwards, father and grandfather got the new glass, and my big brother and I, with major help from Uncle Phillip, got to help put it back in. I remember those days, they were cold. Father wouldn't make a fire in the big stove. He had a little burner to keep the putty warm. Though I nearly froze to death, I didn't break anymore windows.

I went to junior high and high school in Montpelier, Idaho. Throughout these years I also helped on the farm.



**Donna and Robert Galloway**

## Chapter 2 Fern Kunz Galloway

At about the age of ten, father bought us boys a 1929 Dodge car, which we really enjoyed. One day, while checking cattle along the railroad tracks, we put a bunch of scrap iron on the tracks. We then heard something coming from the North, so we hid in the bulrushes. It was the section car and it ended up in the ditch. A few days later in the evening the state police and a railroad detective showed up at the house. We had to go to the judge, where we were put on probation for six months. We were the four youngest boys ever to be put on probation in Bear Lake County. We didn't do that again.

After high school I was called and served a two year mission in Texas, which I enjoyed. It was a great experience, a small town country boy serving in the big cities. After my mission, I helped on the farm for a while. I then went out in the big world to make my fortune. While attending Ralph and Elaine's wedding, I met a beautiful young lady, Donna Rae Barton, who I proposed to and she accepted. We married in September of 1965. That winter I worked for Walton Feed loading semis with sacks and rolled barley. In the spring of 1966, I was hired at Union Pacific Railroad as a switchman and brakeman. I worked there for about 16 ½ years until I lost the vision in my right eye.

While employed by Union Pacific, I worked in Montpelier, Kemmerer, Idaho Falls, Pocatello, and Salt Lake. While living in Montpelier, Donna gave birth to Donetta Jean, our daughter. After working some time in Montpelier, we moved to Ririe and I worked in Idaho Falls. Then we bought a home in Pocatello, where Lyle Robert was born. We stayed in Pocatello for about seven years, until a real estate development company bought our place. We then moved to Blackfoot, where the children went to school and graduated from Blackfoot High School. After Donetta graduated, she went to college at Idaho State University, where she met Clair Sidney Jackson, from Pingree, Idaho. They were married in March of 1987. They have three children: Derek Skyler, Devin Cole, and Carlene Marie.

I continued working for Union Pacific in Idaho Falls. All my married life I did various work, such as welding, repairing equipment, and working in the woods. I also bought four large bulldozers, which we used to pile slash for the Forest Service. In 1988, we had the dozers set up for fighting fires, and that summer we got called out on the North Fork fire in Yellowstone National Park. I remember that as I loaded a dozer and got ready to leave to go fight fire, Donna instructed me to stop at the hospital to see Donetta and our first grandson, Derek Skyler Jackson. I didn't get to see him again for six weeks, because Lyle and I spent the next six weeks working on the fire. That wasn't much fun. After the fire we finished our piling contracts with the Forest Service, and we bought and moved into a house in Ashton, Idaho. I couldn't railroad anymore because of my vision and I wanted to be closer to the woods. In the winter of 88-89, Lyle met a beautiful young lady named Shauna Hess, and they married in March 1989. They have six children: Dillon Richard, Courtney Ann, Brittney Rae, Paxton Marie, Megan Lynn, and Austin Robert.

Donna and I are both retired now. Donna spends part of her time at a daycare watching little children. She also enjoys reading, indexing for family history, and watching the Utah Jazz play.

## Chapter 2 Fern Kunz Galloway

I spend most of my day in the shop, tending the yard and the garden. Both of our children and their families live in the Ashton area.

Donetta works part-time for Farmers Insurance in St. Anthony, Idaho, and her husband Clair worked as a mechanic for John Deere for almost 20 years, and recently took a job overseeing farm equipment and the mechanics on a farm in Ethiopia. Their oldest son Derek graduated high school in 2006, and from 2007-2009 he served in the Alabama Birmingham Mission. He is currently attending BYU-Idaho working on a degree in Biology. Devin graduated high school in 2008, and is currently serving a mission in the Georgia Macon Mission. Carline, the youngest, is finishing her sophomore year in high school and will start her junior year in the Fall.

Lyle has his own company and does contract work for construction. Dillon works with his Dad. After high school, Courtney married Colter Berry Cannon, and is currently attending beauty school in Rexburg, Idaho. Brittney, Paxston, and Megan are in high school, and Austin is in junior high.

I have been blessed with a good family and it's been a good life.



***back:* Donna Galloway, Austin Galloway, Dillon Galloway, Derek Jackson, Devin Jackson, Robert Galloway *front:* Megan Galloway, Paxston Galloway, Brittaney Galloway, Courteney Galloway, Carlene Jackson**

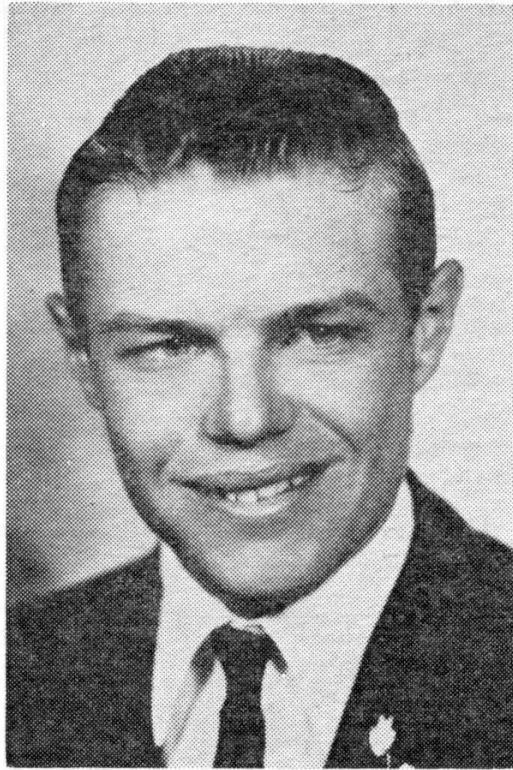
Chapter 2 Fern Kunz Galloway



**Shauna Hess Galloway, Lyle Galloway, Donna Barton Galloway,  
Robert Galloway, Donetta Galloway Jackson,  
Clair Jackson**



**Devin Jackson, Clair Jackson, Donneta Galloway Jackson, Shauna  
Galloway, Lyle Galloway, Dillion Galloway *Middle:* Derek Jackson, Donna  
Barton Galloway, Robert Galloway, Courtney Galloway *front:* Carlene  
Jackson, Megan Galloway, Austin Galloway, Paxton Galloway, Brittany  
Galloway**



FAREWELL TESTIMONIAL

for

*Robert P. Galloway*

son of Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Galloway

prior to his departure for the

TEXAS MISSION

to be held

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1962

7:30 p. m.

BERN WARD CHAPEL

## Ralph Douglas Galloway

### Ralph Douglas Galloway 1945

David Ralph Galloway 1966  
Riley David Galloway 1990  
Douglas Ryan Galloway 1968  
Jordyn Carole Galloway 1993  
Bailey Madison Galloway 1997  
Ryan Kelly Galloway 2000  
Tara Lynn Galloway 1969  
Kyler David Musselman 2000  
Ngahina Marie Musselman 2002  
Boy Musselman 2010  
Tracy Lee Galloway 1971  
Taelyr Elaine Hansen 1997  
Mackenzie Lee Hansen 2001  
Haedyn Tracy Hansen 2007  
Darin Ray Galloway 1976  
Tirion Ray Galloway 2004  
Rohan Rodrick Galloway 2007  
Toni Leigh Galloway 1983

### Elaine McMurray 1944

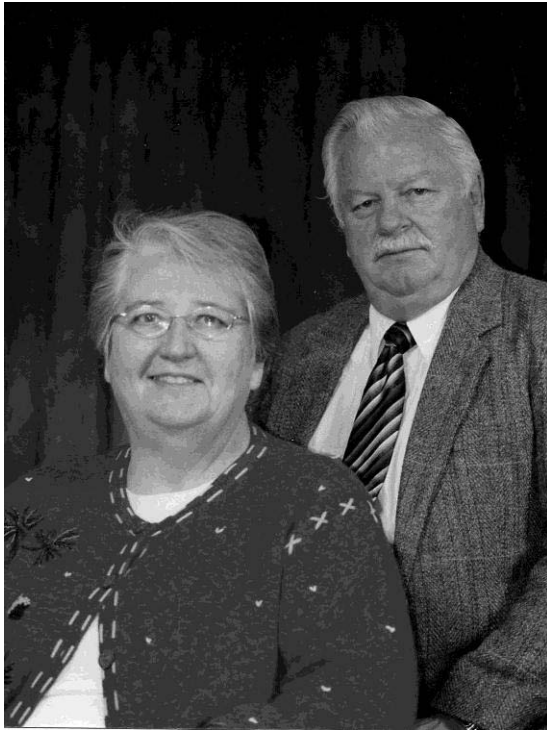
Micki Rae Anderson 1965  
Tracy Sue Vaughan 1969  
David Wayne Musselman 1967  
Nephi Rob Hansen 1968  
Michelle Marie Rowsell 1977

Ralph Douglas Galloway was born on February 12, 1945 in Pocatello, Bannock County, Idaho to Richard Irvine and Fern Kunz Galloway. He was the third child and third son born to them. He has four brothers-Richard, Robert, Ronald and Rodney and three sisters-Elizabeth, Karla, and Arline. When Ralph was young he lived in Plain City, Utah. After he and his brothers got in a scrape with a mailbox, the family moved to Bern, Idaho where they learned to work hard on a dairy and dry farm. This kept them very busy and they learned very good work ethics.

Ralph attended the Bern school until it closed and then went to the Junior High in Montpelier. He graduated from Montpelier High School and Montpelier Seminary.

After high school graduation, he attended a year of college at Idaho State College (now Idaho State University). He enrolled in ROTC which he enjoyed. He had a couple little jobs to help support himself in college. While in Pocatello, he lived with his Grandmother Galloway and Aunt Rachel's family. Aunt Rachel was Irvine's sister.

On May 28, 1965 he married Elaine McMurray in Liberty, Bear Lake, Idaho. On May 28, 1971



**Elaine and Ralph Galloway**

they were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple. To this union were born six wonderful children-3 boys and 3 girls. Our children are: David Ralph born on 21 Apr 1966; Douglas Ryan born on January 23, 1968; Tara Lynn born on Dec 20, 1969; Tracy Lee born on February 9, 1971; Darin Ray born on June 24, 1976; Toni Leigh born on February 10, 1983. Shortly after David was born, they moved to Salt Lake City where Ralph worked for Larry Miller Auto and Rick Warner Ford.

In 1977, he got interested in Real Estate and worked on the side for awhile. All this time they had a "yearning" and the opportunity arose to return to the beautiful Bear Lake Valley where their children could get to know their grandparents better. So during the Christmas break in 1977, they moved to a new home they had bought next door to Parley and Hilda Kunz. What a treat this was for our children to get to know their great grandparents.

Ralph worked for his parents at Southeast Title & Realty Company and soon took over the insurance that was based in Soda Springs where he met many great people. Eventually, to save travel time, they moved the office to Montpelier. He worked here until we sold it in 1990. He then commuted for the next 25 years to Logan and worked at Wilson Motor Company as an auto technician.

Retirement came on May 31, 2008. Since then he has enjoyed fixing cars for neighbors and friends as well as doing some wood working. He has taken over the gardening for the most part as well as the yard work. He enjoys his greenhouses and protects his plants carefully.

Our children are all grown and have left home. We still enjoy our visits with them and do some traveling as they live some distance away now. Our children have married wonderful in laws that add to our family and have provided us with 12 grandchildren to love and spoil as much as we are able.

The church is an important part of our lives and Ralph has held several positions throughout the years. He is currently second counselor in the Stake Sunday School.



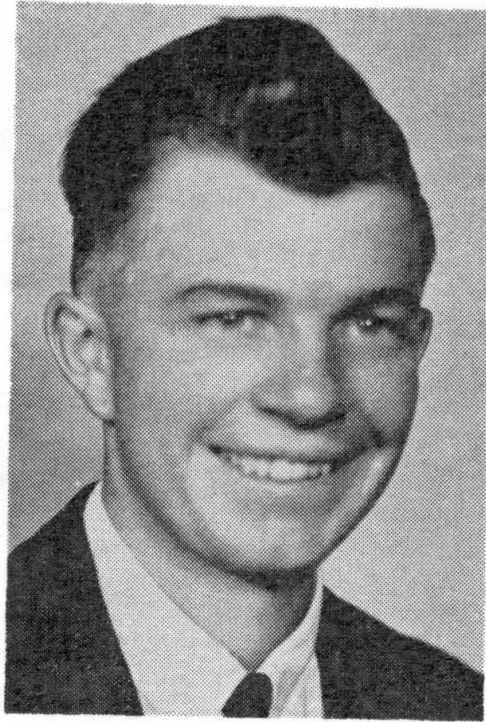


***1st row: David sitting and Micki Galloway 2nd row: Tracy Galloway Hansen, Tara Lynn Galloway Musselman, David Musselman, Ngahina Musselman, Elaine Galloway, Toni Galloway 3rd row: Doug Galloway, Bailey Galloway, Taelyr Hansen, Riley Galloway 4th row: Tracy Sue Galloway, Jordyn Galloway, McKenzie Hansen, Ryan Galloway, Haedyn Hansen, Rob Hansen 5th row: Ralph Galloway and Kyler Musselman***





**Michelle, Darin Galloway, Tirion, Rohan**



FAREWELL TESTIMONIAL  
FOR  
*Ralph D. Galloway*  
son of Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Galloway  
prior to his departure for the  
NORTH CENTRAL STATES MISSION  
to be held  
SUNDAY MAY 31, 1964  
7:30 p. m.  
BERN WARD CHAPEL

## Ronald Wayne Galloway

### Ronald Wayne Galloway 1946

Ronald Wayne Galloway 1968  
Devin Wayne Galloway 1991  
Ethan Thomas Galloway 1993  
Kaia Lyn Galloway 1996  
Brenden Tyler Galloway 1997  
Aaron Michael Galloway 1999  
Landen Joseph Galloway 2003  
Daniel Clifford Galloway 1969  
Bobi Jean Galloway 1993  
William Henry Galloway 1995  
Andrea Jo Galloway 1971-1971  
Janetta Jo Galloway 1973  
Nathan Thomas Galloway 1974  
Elizabeth Joann Galloway 1995  
Chayton S Rigby Galloway 1996  
Mariah Tess Galloway 1998  
Jacob Andrew Galloway 1977  
Shanelle Marie Brown 1990  
Anthony Joaquin Brown 1994  
Rylee Joann Galloway 2000  
Nicole Sylphie Galloway 2001  
Porter Jackson Galloway 2002  
Morgan Ignacio Galloway 2004  
Harrison Ronald Galloway 2006  
William Joshua Galloway 1978  
Maddison Galloway 2000  
Amanda Galloway 2003

### Ronald Wayne Galloway 1946

M. Scott Larsen 1976  
Ethan Alexzander Larsen 2003  
Sienna Elise Larsen Larsen 2006  
Gabriel Christian Larsen 2008  
Adam Spencer Larsen 2009  
Caleb Larsen 1979  
Angelena Larsen 1982  
Katie Elizabeth Kolmel 2007  
Baby Kolmel 2010

### JoAnn Rigby 1949-1999

Lesa Jo Moyes 1969  
Sandra Ann Spackman 1974  
Beth Anne Smith 1975

Tiana Marie Bordner 1973

Melissa Dawn Reidhead 1978

### JoAnn Linford 1956

Kristel McLean Larsen 1979  
Jeffrey Thomas Kolmel 1980



**standing: Nathan, Janetta Jo, Daniel, Ronald Wayne Jr.  
JoAnn Rigby holding William Joshua, Jacob on the left  
and Ronald on the right**

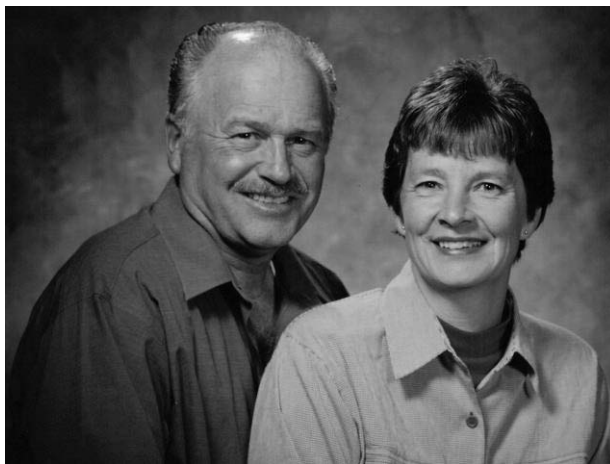
Plain City, Utah, Irvine and Fern bought a small house on one acre in Bern along with a hundred and sixty acres along US 89 between Ovid and Montpelier, Idaho and thirty Guernsey milk cows. This proved to be a blessing in my life as it allowed me to spend my growing up years just through the block from where Parley and Hilda Kunz, my grandparents lived. I was therefore able to spend much time in their home and in their influence as well as in the company of many of my uncles and aunts. I must interject at this point that the Spirit of the Lord was a permanent resident in Parley and Hilda's home as I felt him there every time I was in that home. He did not have his own room but roamed freely throughout the whole house. The only time the spirit left that house was when Grandma and Grandpa did because he never left them alone. I have spent what has become a lifetime having to get the feeling I felt in their home in my own.

I spent several years after leaving home working as a journeyman welder and trying to attend college to avoid the draft as the Viet Nam conflict was raging and I did not want to be part of that. Tiring, I finally gave in and joined the United States Air Force to serve my time but before I did I married my high school sweetheart against the wishes of her mother and we spent a few months in Texas and then about three and a half years in New Jersey. Two years later Parley and Hilda accompanied JoAnn and me to the Salt Lake Temple to have our marriage solemnized.

I spent those three plus years repairing USAF large cargo aircraft in support of the war effort but I was lucky enough to remain in New Jersey. While we were there Jo Ann

I was born the fourth son of Richard I. and Fern Galloway. I was christened Ronald Wayne Galloway which my father could not fit in that small space on the birth certificate so he tagged me with "Pete" by which the family has known me for years. I was born of goodly parents and was taught somewhat in all the learning of my father. My father taught me at a young age to find pleasure and satisfaction in work. My mother was truly a saint if there ever was one on this earth.

Because of the unruly behavior of my three older brothers in the small town of



**Ron and JoAnn Linford Galloway**

## Chapter 2 Fern Kunz Galloway

(Rigby) and I started our family. We had two sons, Ronald Wayne Jr. and Daniel C. both born at Walson Army Hospital at Fort Dix at a total cost of twelve dollars and fifty cents out of pocket. I enjoyed the military and was able to advance rapidly in rank with minimum time in grade but when re-enlistment time came Jo Ann advised me that I was welcome to stay but she felt it was time to move our family back to the mountains and she sure hoped I would come with her. I did and I have never regretted it.

My brother Richard (Bud) and I had purchased forty acres in Star Valley, Wyoming while I was still in the service and when Jo Ann and I moved back west in 1970 we purchased a small home in Afton. We had only been in Afton several months before I was employed by Star Studs, a large sawmill. Within weeks of my hire the welder position opened up in the maintenance department and I moved into that slot. Within a few years I was in charge of mill maintenance.

Meanwhile, our family increased. We lost one daughter full term and then we had another daughter Janetta Jo, followed by a son Nathan Thomas. I owned a two acre building lot in one corner of our forty so as soon as I had finished remodeling our first home in Afton we put it up for sale and started building a new home on that lot. In 1974, we move into the basement of our new home, sold the home in town and continued building. Building was slow as we were doing it all ourselves. Our family continued to grow and we added two more sons, Jacob Andrew and William Joshua. We served in the Lord's kingdom wherever we were asked. In 1978, I was promoted to sawmill superintendent. The mill employed 110 full time people plus all the logging contractors.



**standing:** Janetta Jo, Beth Anne, Ethan, Lesa, Ronald Wayne Jr., Bobi, Daniel, Bill, Melissa, Josh, Tiana, Jake, Morgan, Jo Ann, Ronald, **kneeling:** CindyJen's friend, Nate, Devin, Libby, Sandra, Shanelle, Sienna Larsen arms of Kristel Larsen, Scott Larsen **front:** Aaron, Charlie, Landon, Kaia, Amanda, Brenden, Ethan Larsen, Tess, Maddison, Porter, Rylee, Nicole All non-Larsens are Galloways

We had finished our home and our family grew in stature, appearance and faithfulness. In 1980,

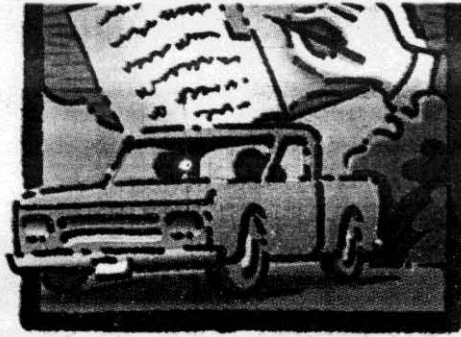
under Jimmy Carter, home interest rates reached 20% and building stopped. The company had just spent six months and a million dollars to upgrade the mill. For two years we lost money forcing us to close down and wait for better times. The company president moved on and I was promoted to that position. I felt like I was sitting in the captain's chair of the Titanic. While the mill was idle we built a 7.5 megawatt wood fired steam generating plant to utilize our wood waste. Within a year we put the sawmill back into production to make wood waste for boiler fuel so we could put the generating plant on line. Lumber was now the byproduct and electricity was our mainstay. One bank sold all the log and lumber handling equipment on their way out so I personally bought new equipment to run the mill and feed chips to the generating plant leasing them to the company. The "turn around" came too late. Our creditors sold our delinquent notes to a company with their own management team who took over the operation and it all became just a learning exercise.

In 1984 one year before the I left the mill Jo Ann was diagnosed with rheumatoid arthritis. It was progressive and she over the next 14 years lost one activity and ability at a time to the handicapping effects of that disease. In 1985, I took my equipment and started my own construction business employing my self and all my teenage sons. I also was retained by Olivine Corporation of Bellingham, Washington, an Olivine wood waste incinerator manufacture, to provide supervision for the erection of their new incinerators sold and erected world wide.

We added to our equipment list and spent years in the excavation business providing service to lumber companies, government and individuals. Jo Ann and I and our family grew in the faith through service. We had five Eagle Scouts and two missionaries. The boys begin to marry and changed vocations and locations. I traveled extensively for short periods throughout the US and Canada and South America with Olivine Corp as well as maintaining our business in Star Valley and the surrounding area.

As Jo Ann's disease progressed she become a prisoner in our home by too many steps. In 1994, my remaining boys and I built a new home on one level with no steps preparing for Jo's wheelchair. The last big project my sons and I did was to build the municipal waste incinerator for Lincoln County, Wyoming. The construction business was downsized to just myself and some contract help and Jo's health worsened until she was taken by cancer on Jan. 6, 1999.

I was single again after 34 years of marriage. I tried to heal through steady work for several years but finally concluded I needed a new companion. My greatest fear was that I would invite contention into my home so through a systematic search and interview process I was able to find, receive confirmation of the spirit and marry another of God's choicest daughters. Jo Ann Linford was a native Star Valley girl with a good, kind and loving heart. With her came two sons, Scott and Caleb, and one daughter, Angie. They are all responsible adults with lives and families of their own. JoAnn is strong in the faith and we have had our marriage solemnized in the Idaho Falls Temple. At present we have been married 10 years. We still reside in Star Valley. We have grown stronger in the faith. We still do some limited contracting work. We have nine children and 26 grandchildren between us and the honeymoon continues. As a family we have been blessed with sufficient for our needs and enough to share. We recognize the Lord in our lives and our only desire is to continue faithful in his service to the end.



MISSIONARY MOMENT

## *Legacy of sacrifice*

In 1884, my great-grandfather, John Kunz III, received a mission call from President John Taylor over the pulpit during the October general conference. John Kunz, a convert of 13 years, had immigrated from Switzerland to Bern, in southeast Idaho, 10 years prior to this call. With only two weeks to prepare and just \$5 in his pocket, Grandpa left his family and began his journey to Switzerland to serve what turned out to be 2½ years. Grandpa kept a daily journal of his mission, and in that journal, he often wondered if any of God's children would ever benefit from his sacrifice.

Several years ago, after deciding to down-size my construction business, I had a tractor and scraper listed for sale in a four-state publication. Several weeks after the listing, Val Schwendiman, a potato farmer, called me and expressed an interest. Because the equipment was on a project, we arranged to meet and travel together to the job site for the inspection.

On the appointed day, he and I met and traveled for several hours. He told me a little about his business, but mostly we talked about his family and the gospel. He told me of how several of his sons had served missions and where they served. He shared with me some of the successes of those missionary efforts.

About midway through the trip, I asked Brother Schwendiman where his name originated. He replied, "It's a Swiss name. My family came from Switzerland."

I then explained to him that I, too, have a family line from Switzerland and told him about my great-grandfather. Brother Schwendiman looked at me and paused for a few seconds before asking me, "What was that man's name?"

"John Kunz," I replied. "Elder John Kunz."

"That was the the man that baptized my family into the Church!" Brother Schwendiman exclaimed.

Upon returning home, I took my great-grandfather's daily missionary journal and read it, carefully looking for entries containing the name of Schwendiman. I found many, most expressing gratitude to the Lord for the fine treatment of this family to a servant of the Lord, in need of a meal, lodging and friendship. I took Grandpa's journal to the printer and had a copy made and mailed it to Brother Schwendiman.

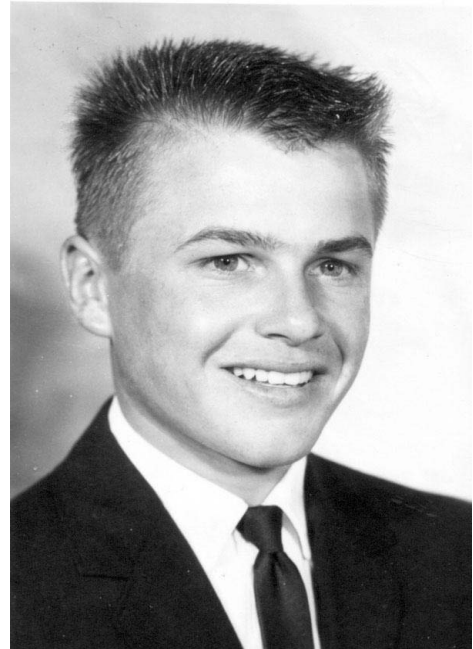
The lives blessed by this humble man's sacrifice in missionary service extends far beyond his own family.

—Ron Galloway, Afton (Wyo.) 3rd Ward

*Another in a series of "Missionary Moments."*

*Illustration by John Clark.*

LDS Church News  
February 10, 2001



Ronald Galloway

## Elizabeth Ann Galloway Clark

### Elizabeth Ann Galloway 1950

Teri Ann Clark 1977  
Ryann Elizabeth Lund 2005  
Laine Abigayle Lund 2006  
Sydney Ann Lund 2008  
Charlie Rae Lund 2009  
Tomi Lyn Clark 1979  
Noah Weldon Crane 2008

### Weldon K. Clark 1939

Kelly Sebastian Lund 1975  
  
  
  
  
Jonathan Harold Crane 1972

I was the fifth child and the first daughter born (October, 1950) to Richard I. and Fern K. Galloway. I grew up in Bern, Idaho, and went to the one room school house in Bern for the first five grades. From that point on, I rode the bus to Montpelier, ID for the rest of my formal education. My graduating class in 1968 was the *first class* to graduate from Bear Lake High School in Montpelier. Bear Lake High School was a combination of Montpelier HS and Paris



Terry and Kelly Lund, Jon and Tomi Crane, Middle: Liz and Weldon Clark, Ryann and Laine Lund

Academy. I had a great childhood growing up in a small community where we were nearly all related. I felt watched over and cared for by the whole community. Having Grandma and Grandpa Kunz thru the block made me feel secure. There was so much "unconditional love" that emanated from their home. I still smile when I remember the huckleberry picking trips when they would gather up the grandchildren that could go, and head for the forest with our berry buckets. For some reason, we had to get up at 4:30 a.m. to sneak up on the raspberries grown



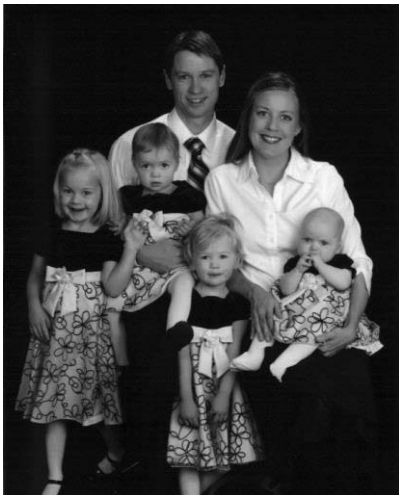
## Chapter 2 Fern Kunz Galloway

in Garden City, UT Mom, Grandma and a load of ladies would head for the adventure of the berry patch. These are great memories of a happy childhood. Grandma sewed my first prom dress and she taught me to sew. She always seemed to have time for a game of marbles or to make cookies.

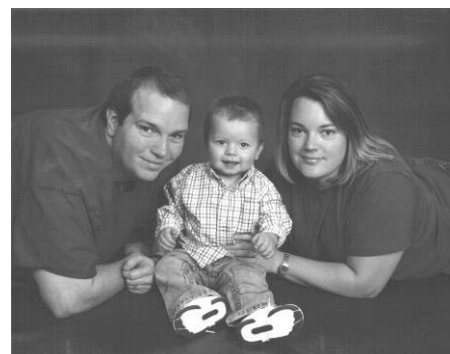
I left home after graduation in 1968 and moved to Salt Lake City, UT. I worked there for a couple of years as a secretary. This is where I met my future husband, Weldon Clark. We were married on June 8th, 1970 in Elko, NV. Weldon was a heavy equipment operator for various construction companies, thus we moved to several different areas. We lived in Salt Lake City, UT, Gunlock, NV, Jackson, WY and finally settled in Star Valley, WY, where we remain to this day. I've had many employment opportunities: a flagger on construction, secretary for the Jackson Police Dept., ground hostess for Frontier Airlines, and finally for the Wyoming Highway Patrol at the Alpine Port of Entry. After investing 28 years with the WHP, I retired in January, 2010, and have now become a "lady of leisure."

Weldon and I have two beautiful daughters: Teri Ann was our Valentine baby in 1977 and Tomi Lyn was born two years later on May 23, 1979, ( Fern's birthday and Hilda and Parley's wedding anniversary.) They have added so much joy and pleasure to our lives. Teri received her M.S. of Cancer Biology, completed a mission to New Hampshire, and then married, Kelly Lund. They have four beautiful daughters: Ryann, Laine, Sydney and Charlie. Tomi received her M.B.A. She married Jonathan Crane, and they have a delightful son, Noah. It's so much fun to see the accomplishments of your kids, and the grandkids are the "frosting on the cake"! I am so thankful for the experience of being a mother and a grandma.

At the present time, Weldon and I are both retired and waiting for the snow to melt. We enjoy fishing, camping and shooting. I've had the opportunity to cruise around the Hawaiian Islands with our families, and to travel with Mom and my sisters. I've always enjoyed reading, and attending the Theater. Life has been good to us, and we're very blessed!



**Kelly and Teri Lund, Ryann,  
Sydney, Laine, Charlie**



**Jon, Noah, Tomi Crane**

## Karla Rae Galloway Webb

**Karla Rae Galloway 1952**  
**Karla Rae Galloway 1952**

**Bradley Pope Rich 1949 div**  
**Richard Aaron Webb 1943**

Gina Karlene Webb 1981  
Jason Richard Webb 1983

Cassie Conder 1974

I was born in May of 1952 to Richard and Fern Galloway. Parley and Hilda Kunz are my grandparents on my mother's side. I enjoyed a wonderful childhood in Bern, Idaho living just through the block from those wonderful grandparents. I'm pretty sure I was among the luckier of the grandkids because we could just run through the block and visit with them anytime we wanted. As such, we had lots of



**Gina Webb, Jason Webb, Cassie Conder Webb, Karla Galloway Webb,  
Richard Webb**

opportunity for little life lessons from them along the way. Grandma commanded “good behavior” with her loving, gentle way. My days in Bern, Idaho were carefree and so well cared for by the whole community. I went to school in the Bern school house until the 5<sup>th</sup> grade and then I went to Montpelier on the school bus for the rest of my schooling. After graduating from high school, I moved to Salt Lake City, married to Bradley Rich who was from Paris, Idaho.

When that marriage ended, I met and married Richard Webb in 1976. We continued to make our home in Salt Lake. Dick was employed by the Union Pacific Railroad where he retired from a great management position, and I have been employed in the accounting field working for a manufacturing company, Cytozyme Laboratories, Inc. We have two wonderful children, Gina

## Chapter 2 Fern Kunz Galloway

(born in 1981) and Jason (born in 1983). And now Jason has married so we also enjoy a lovely daughter-in-law, Cassie. We have spent our lives working hard and playing hard in between. Over the years we have enjoyed playing bridge with friends, attending the theatre (we love Broadway plays), traveling and enjoying the company of our family. We enjoy hosting and often have groups gathered at our house and around the pool. Many hours have been spent swimming and barbequing and having fun in the back yard. Sunday dinner is a must at our house, and we always have a table full of family and/or friends. We also have enjoyed many wonderful vacations with our family. Particularly we like the leisure travel of cruising or spending the vacation at a resort.

Nothing spectacular to put in a life history – but I have been blessed with so much – the best family – the best husband – the best children – and a life filled with joy and good health.



**Karla Galloway**



**Karla Galloway Webb**

## Rodney Lee Galloway

### **Rodney Lee Galloway 1954**

Ashby Chole Galloway 1972  
Cole Matthew Micheli 2001  
Sophia Micheli 2003  
Alexandra Micheli 2008  
Amber Leigh Galloway 1977  
Hayleigh Gossard 2007  
Brookelynn Gossard 2008  
Jessie Johanna Galloway 1983  
Johanna Leduc 2003  
Rylee Leduc 2006

### **Diane Kaye Dobson div**

Matthew Joseph Micheli 1975  
  
Ronald Boyd Gossard 1971  
  
Mike Leduc 1982

### **Rodney Lee Galloway 1954**

### **Linda M Carr 1953 div**

Rodney Lee Galloway was the fourth son and last of eight children born to Fern Kunz Galloway and Richard Irvine Galloway. He was born 12 October 1954 in Montpelier, Idaho. He grew up in Bern and attended school in Montpelier.

Rodney married Diane Kaye Dobson 16 August 1975 in Tooele, Utah. They had three children: Ashby, Amber and Jessie. Rodney and Diane were later divorced.

Rodney then married Linda M. Carr and were also divorced.

Rodney was always interested in horses and raised and trained horses in Evanston, Wyoming. He moved horses around the country and has always loved and cared for them.

Where do we start? Probably at Utah State University where he met Diane and little 2 year old Ashby. They married, moved to Bear Lake where Diane got a teaching job and Rod promptly adopted Ashby as his own - which she has remained truly Rod's daughter. Two years later Amber Leigh was born and she was taken care of by Rod and Aunt May, so truly her early years were being with the Galloways. They were always close to Parley and Hilda and went at least weekly to visit them and Fern and Irvine (and of course George the parrot) It was a warm welcome into the Galloway and Kunz circles and formed an everlasting bond to the value of small towns and extended family, of which Amber has become the connected one for the rest of us. In fact, she went to spend a couple of summers with Kelly and family and remains very much connected to them. Rod worked on the railroad and started raising horses. He bought a fine cow horse with the vision of breeding good ranch horses. That became skewed with the introduction to race horses.

## Chapter 2 Fern Kunz Galloway

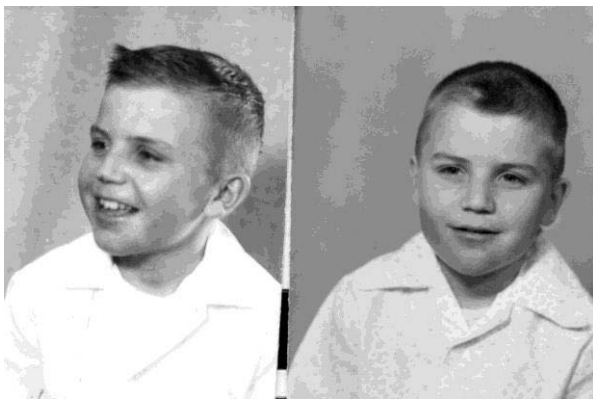
Jessie came seven years later and shortly the family made the move to Evanston, Wyoming. Diane became a school principal there and they had a house - built by Pete in fact. And in that house Rod and Diane raised their kids and a slew of other kids needing homes. Rod knew best how to raise teenage boys. He never said what time to get in at night, but they were up at 6:00 AM the next morning and worked all day. Natural consequences is the best teacher. Nathan is Diane's nephew and needed an outlet. That spot was found at the ranch and with Rod. To this day Rod and Nathan are very close.

Rod started his race horse juncture with good mares and a lot of time at the local race track. Ashby and Amber were strong and confident young women - who wouldn't turn out that way exercising race horses and ponying race horses to the gates. Nathan cloned Rod and became a highly successful house contractor. The value of hard work has served Nathan and the girls so well.

When Jessie was 8, Amber headed into 9th grade and Ashby headed into college Diane went to the University of Wyoming to pursue a graduate degree. A year later Rod and Diane divorced and Rod had a couple of relationships and then married Linda.

Today Rod has 7 grandchildren - six are girls (strong maternal line there!) Ashby went on a LDS church mission and married Matt Micheli in the temple. Matt is an attorney in Cheyenne and highly involved in politics. Their kids are Cole, Sophi and Alexandra. This year their home is election headquarters for Cheyenne as Matt's dad runs for governor. Amber had a highly successful career at Enterprise where customers would decline an available agent to wait for Am to take care of them. She married Ron Gossard. Ron is a land reclamation engineer and they live in Moorcroft Wyoming with two little girls, Hayleigh and Brookelyn. Jessie and Mike have two children, Johanna and Rylee and live outside Dallas Texas. This is where is Diane is now teaching future teachers at the University of Texas-Arlington. Jessie graduated from college and is continuing her masters in political science.

If one thing can be said about Rod and his family and friends it's his legacy for horses. There just couldn't be another person as gifted as Rod when it comes to a horse.



**Rod Galloway**



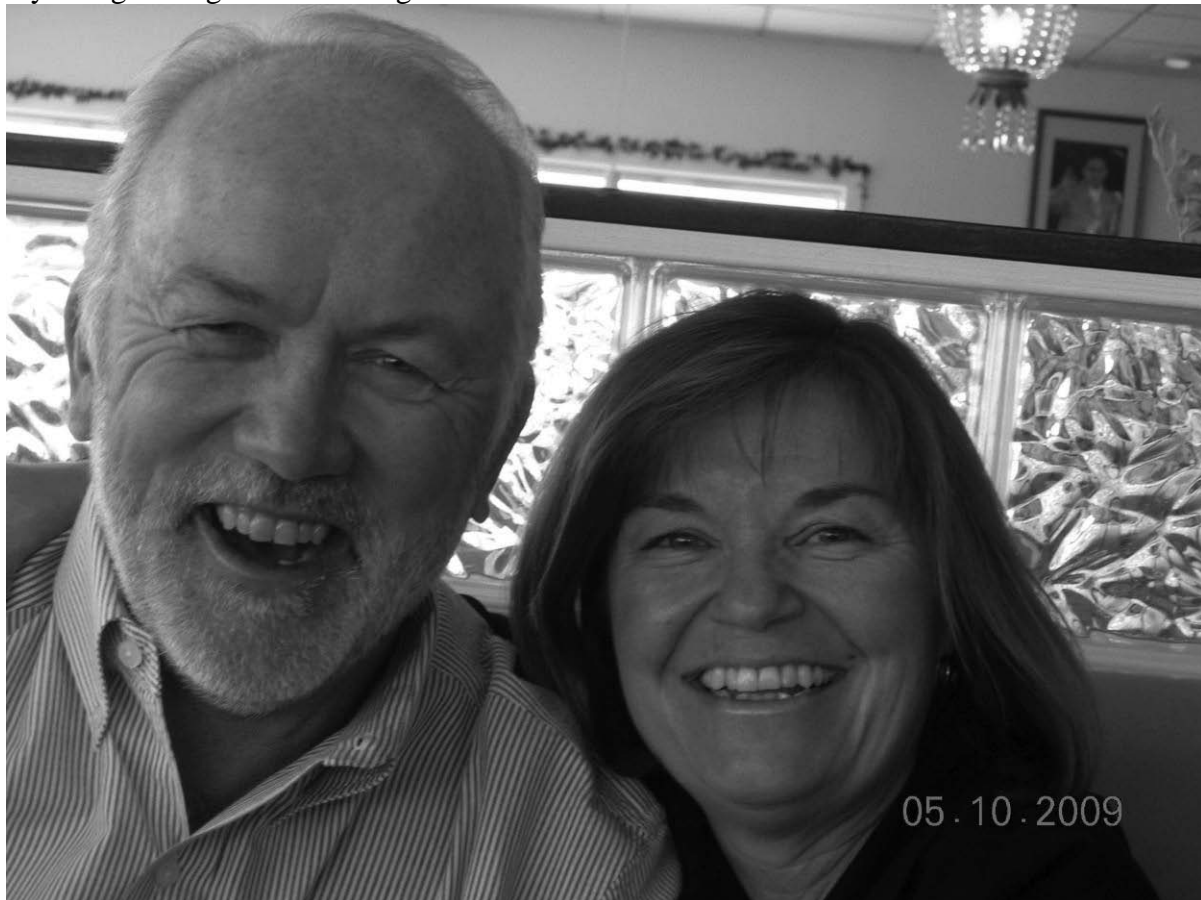
**Rod Galloway in 2010**  
85

## Hilda Arline Galloway Devlin

**Hilda Arline Galloway 1959 Dana K Devlin 1951**

Hi. Hilda Arline (Galloway) Devlin here; the baby of the Fern and Irvine Galloway family. I am fortunate to have been named after my Grandmother but since we were raised close-by in Bern, my family chose to call me by my middle name, Arline. Some of you may also be familiar with my family nickname, “Beezer.” ☺

Riding Midget for hours on end, wearing out wooden game boards, marbles and dice with my Grandparents, endless sleep-overs with my cousin, Pauline and wonderful reunions with my cousins, aunts and uncles are the highlights of my youth. It takes a “village to raise a child” and my village was good and strong.



**Dana and Arline Devlin**

I moved from Bern to attend college in Pocatello then upon graduation moved to Boise to



## Chapter 2 Fern Kunz Galloway

continue to pursue a graduate degree and a career in banking. When the bank learned of my farm upbringing, they moved me to Caldwell so that I could develop my Ag Lending skills. Farming in this valley proved to be far more technical than growing grain and hay and raising and milking cows in Bear Lake Valley. I learned so much. I learned to “never to say never.” I vowed never to marry a farmer and then I did. I am so grateful for my husband, Dana Devlin, born and raised in Caldwell. His mother, Virginia, and sister, Rita Jo, both live here in the valley so we frequently spend time with them. Coming from a smaller family, Dana really enjoys all the activities and energy associated with our big family gatherings. He hates to miss the fun! Irrigating keeps him close to the farm a large part of the year and all three of us have kept him busy with our “honey dos” since his father, Blaine passed away.

We celebrated our 25<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary on February 1<sup>st</sup> of 2010. Over the past 25 years, we have spent our free time in the winter traveling and skiing. 25 years ago, we made a list of those places we would like to visit during our lifetime and we have been working on our list. Dana has been a great “travel partner” to explore the world and to share life with. We will always remember our visit with Dale, Rosemary, Richard and Beulah in East Germany while they were serving on their mission. In all our travels, we agree that there is no place we would rather live than Idaho.

We have been blessed with special, furry, four-legged babies: Penny (a 14-year old red-headed Irish setter who didn’t have a lick of sense), Buddy (an 11-year old blond, curly-haired “farm Poodle” who sang when he was alone) and Botti (a bigger, blond, curly-haired Poodle rescued from the fires of Southern California.) Dogs and Grandparents are the sweet souls who teach us how to give and receive unconditional love!!! We have loved our dogs.

At this writing, Dana is still farming and growing seed crops here in Canyon County. I have enjoyed working for a construction company that builds commercial buildings for 11 years after leaving an 18-year banking career. I have met and worked with special people over the years.

Travel has given me a special appreciation for my “lot in life.” Dana and I know we are very blessed to have the family, friends, comforts, freedoms and opportunities that we enjoy here in Idaho and the USA. Our Grandparents were no dummies. They gave us so much when they made their journey to the West and called it “home.” Life is good. We are healthy and happy.



**Galloway Family plus one: *back:* Karla, Fern, Ralph, *front:* Rodney, Arline, Elizabeth, Ronald, Jay Kunz**

Chapter Three

## LaRue Kunz Spencer

**LaRue Kunz 1922**

Judy Kay Smith 1941

Barbara Jean Smith 1943

**LaRue Kunz 1922**

**Thomas Eugene Smith 1922-1944**

Robert Dale Altman 1932-2007

Kenneth Wayne Martin 1941

**Vern Mayfield 1919-1946**

**Fred Gortcinski 1917-1957**

**Jay P Spencer 1923**

I am the second child born to Parley and Hilda Kunz. I have six brothers and six sisters. All but the last two were born at home but I never remember smelling ether when they were born. One Sunday morning mother told papa not to go to church. I thought that was strange - especially when she got down on her knees to scrub. When we got home from church, there was a new baby - I wonder about the pain?

During the depression, I remember father receiving food in boxes and giving it to ward members. Our chewing gum came from under Aunt Myrtle's table. Some of the gum was pretty fresh. She was the post mistress in Bern. We also sold eggs to her for candy. If she was not home, we left the eggs by her door anyway.

I was scared when Uncle Rob's daughter, Julia, died. They put something on her face to keep it from going dark. I remember the bad smell and the homemade casket.

We didn't have dryers and it was hard to hang clothes out in the winter. They would freeze but mom was always proud to have her wash out first.

When several of us laughed during prayer, father had mother pack us a lunch and then he told us we would have to leave. We walked along our fence crying until he told us we could come back home if we promised not to laugh during prayer. He later told us his folks did that to him.

### Chapter 3 LaRue Kunz Spencer

When father was sustained as Bishop, the big desk was moved into our home. We could not touch anything on this desk. I was very frightened of the "casket straps" that went into our hall closet.

I remember "sweeping" my way down to the outside toilet during the winter months. [sweeping the snow for a pathway] I have had several funny experiences with the "pot"...thanks to Dale and Vern!

I remember asking papa for money for a high school project and he only had a few pennies in his purse. My first "store bought dress" was when I was Junior Prom Queen in high school. My, I thought I was pretty! Our dresses were made out of "mash sacks." Mash was fed to the chickens and some of the sacks had pretty patterns printed on them.

I remember taking piano lessons from Lilas Swenson in Montpelier. She told the folks they were



**LaRue Kunz Spencer**

wasting their money and I should quit since I was playing by ear. I would hear Fern play and then I could play the tune. I forgot to turn the page. I loved to play the piano. Jay bought a really nice piano for me after we were married. I sold it to go to Switzerland with mom and my sisters and Aunt Lillian. Later on Kenny and Barbara gave me a keyboard which I love playing today.

I remember when Geniel was so sick with pneumonia. The doctor came over and told father not to leave. Geniel was going to pass her crisis. I remember going to

school and crying by the door and looking up home. Harold Hess, my teacher, came out and told me he thought she would be alright. Ladies from our ward came and sat with her night and day. It was so scary! Her lungs drained for a long time.

I remember I was visiting at Uncle Emil Stoor's and lost my shoes in a creek. He had to go to Soda Springs -- 30 miles) to buy me new shoes. I used to love going to Aunt Lillian and Uncle Jimmy Hopper's house for a few days. She always had bananas on her cupboard and I could have one every day.

### Chapter 3 LaRue Kunz Spencer

She looked really beautiful when they went dancing. She had a pretty long dress and jewelry and I thought they must be rich! She called me "Roosey" and I loved going to their home in Pocatello.

I remember when the lady came to rub Richard's leg to see if it would grow. He had polio as a baby and one leg was shorter than the other. He cried and cried because it hurt so much. Finally papa told the lady not to come anymore. Richard was so smart! He could out spell older kids in school.

I remember when his hand was caught in the pulley and he lost a finger. Father had us all hunt for the finger as he wanted to bury it. Later, the doctor had to cut more off because it died. It smelled so bad he had to eat on the porch when the folks were not at home to stick up for him. He has done well in life in spite of that loss.

Eva tells the story about Richard making a compound sentence in Mr. Munk's English class in high school. Richard wrote: "There are paper, rugs and dirt on our floor!" She was pretty embarrassed when Mr. Munk commented that she must not be a very good housekeeper!

I remember when it was chore time in the morning, Owen would tap his shoes on the bedroom floor to make papa think he was getting up, then he would go back to sleep which got him in trouble. Owen planted a wonderful garden and he loved to share that which he worked hard to grow.

Art keeps in the background and is quiet like father. He never boasts about anything he does. It was so sad when his schoolteacher shot a gun (starting pistol) in his ear and ruined his hearing. He helps everyone and never talks about it. He had Eczema when he was little and his little arms and legs itched so badly he cried a lot. We bandaged them to keep him from scratching them too much.

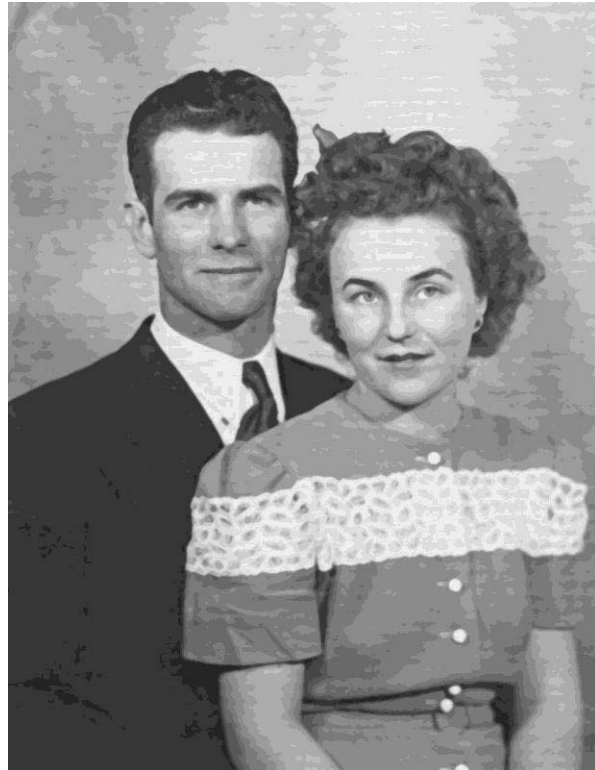
Carol was our leader in housecleaning at home. She is a leader in whatever we do and not afraid to be in charge. She is a great example for all her missions and so on. When Carol and Donovan went to Nigeria on their mission they sent me a letter, which I still have. I was in shock! What a great example they have been to all of us with all their missions and people they have helped, as are all our family members who have served missions.

During high school, I worked for Uncle Heber and Aunt Marie Kunz for \$5.00 a month. I bought my first perm this way - it was hard work! Aunt Marie was sick so I tried to help out. That is the way it was in Bern. When people were ill, others stepped in to help.

I dated several boys in high school. One tall boy, Allen Burke, came to pick me up for a date. He sat down hard on our couch which had a nice quilt over a hard board. He flew up and nearly hit our ceiling - my face was "red"! My interest was in Eugene Smith who was a football player. I married him later. He worked as a lineman for the telephone company so we moved around a lot.



**Eugene Smith**



**Vern and LaRue Mayfield**

Another guy I dated after Eugene died was Owen Wallace. He showed movies in the smaller communities and asked me to marry him. His mom in Idaho Falls told me she would have preferred that he marry someone with no children. It didn't take me long to give the ring back!

Our first daughter, Judy Kay, was born in Pocatello. I remember wanting for mom to come there. Fern called and asked her to come. Judy would need a lot of surgery to fix her little hands and feet. I remember praying a lot that all would work out.

I took Judy from Pocatello to Idaho Falls to see Dr. Hatch. I was embarrassed when I had put a big safety pin in her dress - the button was lost. Dr. Hatch broke my heart when he said she couldn't live past three months - to take her home. I cried all the way from Idaho Falls to Pocatello. Eugene said all would be okay . . . not to worry.

One time we lived in a cold cabin with cracks in the wall. Judy got pneumonia. We took her to Idaho Falls to the doctor and he put her in an oxygen tent immediately. We were going to get a drink and the doctor said to stay - she could go anytime. I was so embarrassed. Soon her fists began to hit the tent. She was better - another miracle.

Aunt Lillian was so kind and good to me and said they could do miracles now days. The doctor didn't think she would make it but she is a little fighter. She spent her first year in the Primary

### Chapter 3 LaRue Kunz Spencer

Children's Hospital in Salt Lake where they operated to make her feet and hands so she could use them.

They had to use the skin tissue from her body to work with. She seemed to sense when they were going to operate. When I would leave her, she cried and cried. Finally the doctor told me I had to leave her and let them do their job. It broke my heart and I shed many tears.

Aunt Hazel Smith, father's sister, lived in Salt Lake and would go up often and call me with Judy's progress. She is such a blessing in our family and helps everyone.

Our second daughter, Barbara Jean, was born in Blackfoot. She is such a blessing! It was not easy for her as she tried to help Judy as much as she could. She had to assume a lot of responsibility at a very young age. I felt she was cheated out of her youth. She always helped Judy in her school years. Barbara wasn't able to do some of the activities she wanted to because of helping Judy. They are both dear and we love them.

Today, Jay thinks there is no one as honest as Barbara. And I was tickled when he said Judy could move in with us any day she wanted. They have suffered along with me but I have never heard them complain. I love them and their families and am proud of the good lives they have led. I know our country is in good hands.

Eugene was a telephone lineman and was classified "1-A" during World War II. This meant he had to go to war. We rented the house next to the Kit Kat in Montpelier where my girls and I would live while he was gone. He was to leave in two weeks. I fixed dinner and he was walking home when his boss asked him to go up to Border, Wyoming to cut a guy wire so a big tanker could go by. Eugene cut the wire and the pole fell over and pierced his throat killing him immediately.

The children and I were on the porch when a lady across the street came over and said she heard one of the Smith boys had been killed. I said, no we had not heard. She realized I had not been told. Then I saw mother and father coming up the path and, by the look on their faces, I knew it was Eugene. I could not quit screaming! I was mad at God!

The folks helped me as did my brothers and sisters. I remember the casket in our home with a blue light and my sisters in bed with me. The kids were in a back room with Mrs. Smith. My nightmares started that day!

The telephone company gave me \$1000.00 and papa got the other \$1,000.00 and we bought the Kit Kat for \$2,000.00. He got rid of beer the first day. There was an apartment upstairs where we lived. LaVaun lived with us. She helped with the kids and worked in the Kit Kat.

This was during the War and we were allotted certain items. When we ran out of ice cream mix, father and I would go to Wyoming to get mix. It was sort of on the "black market" and papa really didn't like to do anything considered illegal.



**Hilda Stoor Kunz and LaRue Kunz Spencer**

These were special times for us and we used to talk a lot. He told me to try and be happy again since Heavenly Father didn't want me to be alone all my life. How wise and good both he and mother were to me. I could never repay them for all they did for me and my children.

Father and I went to Pocatello to talk to Dan Kunz to get legal advice about Eugene's fall. He said the telephone company was like the government and we couldn't sue them. They gave us a small amount of money. Mine was taken away when I remarried and the girls received theirs until they reached age 18.

At this time, LaVarr Hansen and Vernon Mayfield came into the Kit Kat and used to visit with me. Eventually Vern asked me for a date and I decided to go with him and LaVarr and LaVaun.

It was too soon after Eugene's death but I was young. I had too many problems and maybe I didn't make good decisions. Eugene's mom crossed the street to avoid talking to us. It really hurt - especially because of Judy and Barbara.

Vern didn't like the time I spent in the Kit Kat. When he had a chance to go to Williamsburg to ride for cattle, father suggested I go with him and take the children and let LaVaun and Geniel run the Kit Kat. It was a hard time for Judy, Barbara and I. There were no modern conveniences. There was a bad storm and a big light. There was a big ball of fire on a pole by our house. [ball lightening] I felt it was some kind of bad omen and wanted to go home immediately.

Not long after, Vern was helping Uncle Able stack hay. Vern was on top and he fell off and broke his neck. Paul came to tell me. We hurried for Montpelier where Vern was tied to the bed for three days. On the third day, when the doctor was out of town, Vern died. Mrs. Smith came up to say she was sorry -- too late. Another grave was added to my lot. Uncle Able paid for the funeral. He gave us \$100 each Christmas until I remarried.

I had bad headaches and father took me to Pocatello for electrical shock treatments. They were scary but helped my headaches. The doctor said what goes in as shock must come out as shock.



### Chapter 3 LaRue Kunz Spencer

I went to work at the ASC [Agricultural Stabilization & Conservation Office] office across the street from the Kit Kat which was a government job. I met Fred Gortcinski here and I later married him. Fred installed the first TV in Bern. We moved to Ogden where I became office manager of the Agricultural Stabilization & Conservation Office -- (ASCS) in Ogden. I served in this capacity until 1957 when Utah put men in as office managers and I was put in as Chief Clerk. Tad Hendricks was paid at a higher rate to start than I was making. Today this probably wouldn't happen. Some states didn't allow their women to be put down.

One time Fred and I went to a drive in. Barbara became allergic to watermelon and a neighbor, Fern Searle, took her to the hospital which saved her life -- another miracle.

Fred was small and it was hard but he carried Judy to the doctor in Ogden and changed her bandages etc. He was very kind to the kids and me. Fred got into attics to install TV antennas. I wondered if a mosquito, rat or something bit him and that is where he got encephalitis.

When the doctor told me he couldn't get better, I wanted to jump off the balcony! LaVaun came up to the hospital and stayed with me at night. I can never repay her. All my family came to help me. Fred died of the encephalitis and another grave was added to my lot.



For the first Christmas after Fred died, we trimmed four trees. Barbara had to have the tree perfect. This was her way of coping with Fred's death.

What a jewel Judy was. She and Bob married and moved to Memphis, Tennessee. How we missed them. They took in foster children and, today, the children they raised love and respect them. When Bob died, Judy sold her little home. Kenny and Wendy were so good to go to Memphis to bring her home. We were so worried about her. It was a hard time for Judy and for us when I think of the 40 days Bob was in the hospital and she went up each day alone. Finally she had to make the decision to pull the plug. The bishop advised her to have him cremated so she could bring him home. She is so strong. I know Heavenly Father helped her at that time. Today we are so glad to have her back home with us. She shows such strength!



**Fred Gortcinsky**

Barbara sewed very well and I wore a lot of the clothes she made to work. Judy also made me a pant suit which I loved and wore. Today we enjoy doing everything together. How proud I am of both of them. Kenny, Barbara's husband, has always been so good to us. We love and appreciate all he

### Chapter 3 LaRue Kunz Spencer

does for us. When I look back, I realize how I have been blessed.

When I met Jay, two girlfriends coaxed me to go to the Berthana to dance. I really didn't want to go but they coaxed me and I finally gave in. It wasn't long before we saw this good looking guy coming over to us. I wondered who he would ask to dance. It was a surprise when he asked me. Jay was a wonderful dancer and it was as if we had danced all our lives. We danced until the dance was over then he said he was going to marry me. I remember thinking, "You have to be crazy, with all the problems I have had, you should run!"

For one birthday he gave me a box with bonds, cash etc. He said I could spend it anyway I wanted. I did and he felt bad that I hadn't saved it! It was the very best present I ever had! Because Jay saved so well, he could put a deposit of \$4029.00 in an account and my retirement check was increased per month.

He has saved all his life. He drives an older car; wears his shoes with holes in them; uses solar lights in our home; and on and on, but we are secure today. He helps all our family too. He served our country during World War II. I remember when he told me about a soldier who wanted to go home to his mom's funeral. He loaned him the money he had saved and never got it back. We enjoy so many blessings because of brave young men and women like him. I'm proud



**Jay P Spencer**

### Chapter 3 LaRue Kunz Spencer

of him for his Purple Heart and for all of the service medals he received. He sacrificed a lot for our country.

A sister cheated him out of a home but it was because she was ill. He went to care for her. He has helped our children and grandchildren financially and with good advice. He has set a great



**LaRue and Jay Spencer**

example for them - both in the honorable way he has lived his life and the respect he shows to others. He helped his family members who needed help as well as ours.

The highest compliment came from mom to Jay when she told him, "I don't have to worry about LaRue, Judy and Barbara anymore; I know you will take care of them." He told me later what she said.

After Jay and I married, Barbara and I decided to sell real estate. We both studied for the test - it was hard! She worried that I wouldn't pass. She took it first and was glad when she found out I passed. We sold for Century 21. Jay tended little Brian while Barbara and I sold real estate. Brian hammered nails in the top of the tires on our trailer. When Jay got after him, he said, "I didn't hammer nails on the bottom!" Ha. Our family wasn't happy, because we were gone a lot, so we quit. We didn't even go back to get an award which we earned for selling the most one year.

When Jay went on TDY, I slept behind the couch on the floor and I felt safer. I worried when he went on missile trips! When Jay and I went riding up in the mountains on tote goats, I didn't know how to drive. He went fast! I fell off and went down the mountain and he kept going!

Jay had a flashback of the war. He had an operation in the hospital in Salt lake which sent him back to the war. He sobbed and said, "How many men have we lost." How young and brave he was. We all should appreciate our veterans more than we do.

Jay went to the grocery store in his VA hat. His shoes had holes in them. When he got to the cashier to pay, a man ahead of him had paid for his groceries. He was so surprised!

Jay and I spent some winters in the south where I sewed a quilt by hand. Mom was proud! Ha. We celebrated our 50 anniversary in September, 2009. I have been lucky to have 50 years with him!

### Chapter 3 LaRue Kunz Spencer

Every mom thinks her family is the best in the world and I am no exception. All of our children and their families are wonderful! We are lucky to live close to all our children and their families. Brian, David, Wendy and their families have taken such good care of us. We are so lucky to have them. Jay is always giving them advice about going to school and getting a good education.

I think Barbara, Judy and I have been closer than most moms and daughters because of what we have been through. I am so proud of them and all of our family members. Judy takes us everywhere to run our errands and eat or whatever we need. She drives so well and is always happy and willing to do anything for anyone.

Judy married Robert Altman and Robert recently died. Barbara and Kenny Martin have the following children: Wendy married Jeff and their children are Deleece and Derek. Deleece married Rod Smith David married Lu and they have Trish and family. Brian married Tammy and have a son, Gary. Our little grandchildren and great-grandchildren are the best! We love living close to all of them. It was such a blessing when Jay could buy the lots for their homes for which our children later paid him back.

I could write a book about each of them how good they are to us and on and on but I won't include it in this book! When I look back, I realize how I have been blessed!



**Kenny Martin, Jay Spencer, Bob Altman, Barbara Martin, LaRue Spencer, Judy**

### Chapter 3 LaRue Kunz Spencer



**Carol and LaRue**



**Back: Kenneth Kunz, Lois Kunz, Myrle Kunz - the Teacher, Ralph Barlow, LaRue Kunz Middle Row: McKay Kunz, Lola Kunz, Carol Kunz, Geniel Kunz, Leland Kunz, Calvin Buhler Bottom Row: Bobby Schmid, Kimber Barlow, ?Barlow**



**LaRue Kunz Spencer**

Chapter 3 LaRue Kunz Spencer



**Jay P Spencer and LaRue Kunz Spencer**



**Mr. and Mrs. Spencer**  
101



## Judy Kay Smith Altman

**Judy Kay Smith 1941   Robert D. Altman 1932-2007**

I have some interesting memories as a kid. I still remember getting my butt cleaned off in a cold, cold creek. That was not too fun. Better memories include eating home made bread with cocoa and feeding the chickens and lambs. I remember being chased by Barbara and Arthur with a horse. I am sure they were not trying to hurt me but just having a good time. They got the better end of the fun on that, however.

I remember when I was learning to drive and I almost got creamed by a red truck.



**Barbara and Judy Smith**

We moved to Clearfield where I went to Wasatch and then to Davis High School. I graduated in 1961 from Davis High. That was a good year because we took state that year in Basketball.

When I was young I thought I was in love with a boy and going to get married. During that time I had a dream that he joined the Navy. He actually did join and we went our separate ways.

Clara and I went skating and on the way home we met Bobby and Marvin and we went for a ride with them. We ran out of gas and had to walk home. She married Marvin and I married Bobby. Bobby and I were sealed three years later in the Logan Temple. He worked at Standard and I worked at Deseret Industries.

In 1965 we headed off to Tennessee, landing in Memphis where I had lessons to learn and hardships to overcome. He went to school there and I worked at Goodwill. He landed a job at MLPW and retired thirty-four years later. I left Goodwill and went on to Wendy's for the next ten years.

We had some visitors such as an Idaho missionary named Kelly Kunz. It was fun to have a visit from him.

We had three foster children under Church direction. We watched them grow to adulthood and were happy that we could help them. We were parents to Tommy and Mellisa after their mom died. Both are married and have families.



### Chapter 3 LaRue Kunz Spencer

Bobby did some great art work through the years. We saw the aftermath of tornadoes, Martin Luther King being killed and in Memphis and we saw Elvis in person.

We had a trip down Mississippi in total darkness with a Tennessee family.

Then finally I moved home after my sweetheart passed away May 28, 2007. What a family I have! They are totally supportive of me.

My travels have taken me to New York, Bear Lake, Vegas and Helena, Montana. I saw Tom Jones -- Whew! Then I went with nieces and nephews to see Charley Pride March 3. Mom got her 6<sup>th</sup> great grand child and in Sept 1 -- more great grand grandchildren are to arrive.

I now live ten minutes from Mom and Dad, Barbara's and her family, and I have become their designated driver.

I owe a big, big thanks to Kenny and Wendy for coming to Memphis July 28 2007 to drive me and my trailer full of my belongings back to Ogden. It is great to be home.

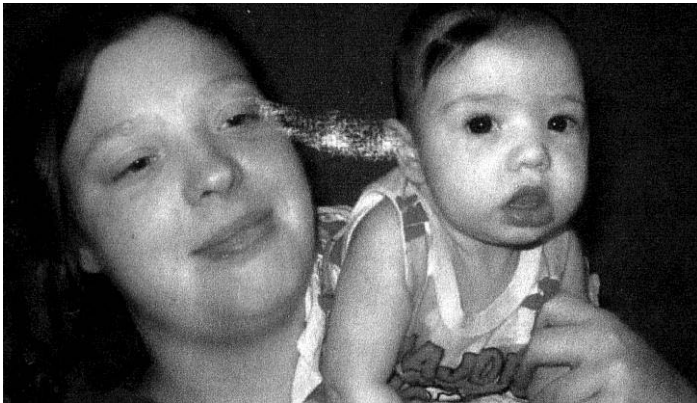


**Judy Smith Altman**

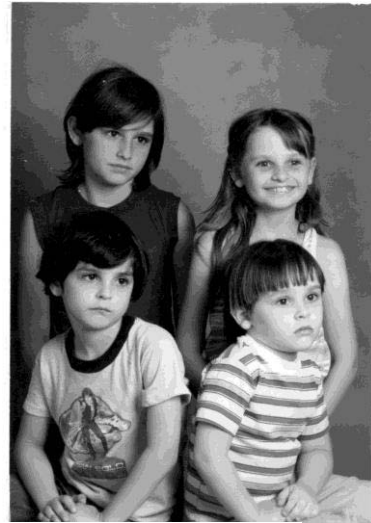


**Judy gets award at work**

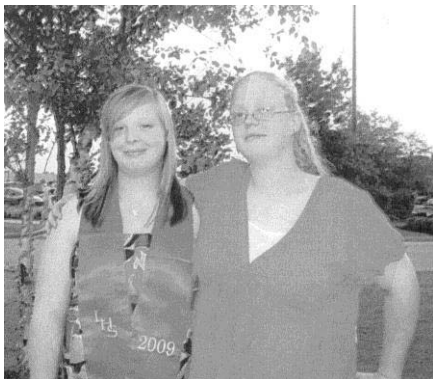
Chapter 3 LaRue Kunz Spencer



**Jessica Paige Miller and daughter, Stetaun**



**Ruby, Dana, Kevin, Chad**



**Kayla and Jessee**



**Mellisa and  
Brittany**



**The people on this page were foster children  
raised by Judy and Bob**

## Barbara Jean Smith Martin

### Barbara Jean Smith 1943    Kenneth Wayne Martin 1941

Wendy Martin 1963	Jeffery Hall 1960
Delece Marie Hall 1989	Rod Smith 1981
Derek Colby Hall 1994	
David Wayne Martin 1966	Naomi Lynn Fouty 1968 div
Jessika Victoria Martin 1988	Tristin Hart 1983
Kyrah Victoria Hart 2010	
Mr. Easley	Lucinda Humphries 1968 div
Patricia Easley 1985	Juan Bravo 1984
	LaShea Bravo 2002
	Alexander Bravo 2004
	Anna Sofia 2006
	Elizabeth 2008
Joshua Easley 1988	Leah Ann Szitas 1986
	Bella Easley 2009
David Wayne Martin 1966	Lucinda Humphries 1968
Brian Martin 1973	Tammy Marie Duran 1979
	Gary Patrick Duran 1994

I was born on April 30<sup>th</sup>, 1943 in Blackfoot, Idaho, to Eugene Smith and LaRue Kunz. I had an older sister named Judy Kay. My dad was a telephone line man and worked around the Pocatello, Idaho area. I did not remember him, because he died when a pole broke and he fell.

Then mom met Vern Mayfield and married him. He was stacking hay and he fell and broke his back and died. I was too young to remember this. I do remember that we moved in with Grandma and Grandpa Kunz and there were a lot of people there.

Grandpa helped Mom buy the Kit Kat Confectionery. It was a large bus station diner that was open from 6 a.m. to midnight seven days a week. She worked long hard hours and we lived in an apartment above the diner.

LaVaun and Geniel helped her with jobs and babysitting and so on. But Judy and I still found a way to throw Mom's shoes out the window on people below.

### Chapter 3 LaRue Kunz Spencer

When I was six, mom married Fred Gortcinsky and we moved into a large house in Clearfield, Utah that had shiny wood floors. It was so fun to skate on for a few minutes. We settled down and for the first time had the experience of having a Dad to help us and Mom.

We went to drive-in movies on Friday nights, grew up and went roller skating, played hop-scotch and learned to drive. Judy backed into a building twice! Consequently, I did most of the driving in a 53 Chevrolet that only took 50 cents in gas for a night on the boulevard. We had lots of fun.

I do remember that Judy had lots of operations and Fred carrying her up lots of steps to the hospital and she was almost as big as he was. He was very good to us. Fred was bitten by a mosquito and came down with encephalitis and died during my high school years.

Mom then met and married a man named Jay Spencer in September of 1959 and we moved to Harrisville, a small town, by Ogden. He sent Judy to Henneger's Business School and me to BYU. He thought school was very important. This was the first time Judy and I were apart. She met and married Robert Altman and moved to Tennessee. I met and married Ken Martin.

We had three children, all talented, unique and wonderful. While they were growing up Mom and I got our Real Estate licenses and started hunting antiques. It was a very fun time in my life. I enjoyed the thrill of the hunt. Mom became the sister I missed. We lived close and did a lot of things together. In fact, she looked like the daughter and I looked like the mom. I also was bossy but she never called me on it.

Kenny and I bought and managed a fast food burger joint and cleaned a bank in the evening for extra money. It seems like we were always busy and Kenny was always working. Other than the fact that he was gone a lot, it did pay off later when I found out about social security and received my own check. I was so excited, thanks to him working all of those years.

I can't remember when mom and dad (Jay) were not there for me. They took special care of me when I had a bad car accident, silent heart attack, diabetes, vision problems, and the death of one baby son, between Dave and Beamer. They were baby sitters and Dad became my grocery man, garbage man, taxi, banker and advisor. Mom is always there with a smile to make rugs, pay bills, get the right prescriptions and celebrate life's ups and downs with support and sympathy.

Our whole family lives close by. What an undertaking to build 3 houses at once: Mom and Dad's, ours, and Wendy and Jeff's, all at the same time and on the same street! Dave and Lu and Brian and Tammy built on the other side of the golf course, and Judy came home when Bob died. She is now our taxi and is full of wit and laughter. How I've missed her all those years.

Kenny still works hard and helps me sew and go with family when ever I want and he doesn't make me watch golf! How lucky I am to have all of these blessings and even more. I have 10

### Chapter 3 LaRue Kunz Spencer

grandchildren, and 6 great grandchildren. I love each of their unique personalities. I think Bubba (Derek) is either going to golf or be a pianist – oh, the possibilities! Rod and Deleece are expecting a baby in September and Tristan and Jessika had a wonderful baby girl in March of 2010 named Kyras Victoria Hart. She is such a little angel. She brings back wonderful memories of when Jessika lived with us.

Now, when we all get together for holidays and parties, there are a lot of people and I know what the Kunz family means when they sing "Love at Home."



**Barbara Smith Martin**



**Barbara Smith Martin**



***Back:*** Wendy Martin Hall, Jeffery Hall, Barbara Smith Martin, Kenneth Martin, Jay Spencer, LaRue Kunz Spencer, Tammy Duran Martin, Brian Martin ***Row three:*** Derek Hall, Gary Duran ***Front row:*** David Martin, Deleece Hall Smith, LaShea Bravo, Lucinda Martin, Jessika Martin Hart, Alex Bravo, Patricia Bravo, Juan Bravo

Chapter Four

## Geniel Kunz Smith

### **Geniel Kunz 1921-1991      Glen Hyrum Smith 1922-2008**

Fae Smith 1944-1944

Mae Smith 1944-1944

Joyce Smith 1946

DeLone Smith 1947

Darrel Glen Smith 1948

Ralph Wells Smith 1954

Daryl Ward Woolstenhulme 1944

Roger Lee Hayes 1945

Rhonda Ross 1953 div

Ranae Walters 1955

Ranae Carlsen 1954

Joyce reports: Geniel was the third child born to Parley and Hilda Kunz. She was born March 21, 1924 in Bern, Idaho. Grandma Kunz said there was a lot of snow that year and the doctor had a hard time getting to them on time. In a note I found, Grandma Kunz said "You came with love and you were so welcome to our family."

Mother was a very kind gentle person. Her mother described her as being meek and mild. I know her to be hard working. She always made the best of every situation that came her way. I never heard her complain about anything. And I never saw my parents argue in front of us kids.

This worried me because when Daryl and I got married, and we had our first disagreement, I thought we were on the verge of getting a divorce. I had never seen dad and mother argue so I thought it wasn't normal for us to fight. I talked to Mother about it and she told me that marriage was something that you had to work at every day, forgetting self and serving your companion. She loved Daryl and always let me know how blessed I was to have him my life. I always thought she took Daryl's side of things, but now I see the wisdom in her advice.

## Chapter 4 Geniel Kunz Smith

She had so many wonderful qualities. She was a good cook. She made the best homemade bread and rolls, and I loved her gravy. There is a funny story about her apple pies. Mother told me that she tried to make an apple pie. My dad said that it was good but not as good as his mother's apple pie. Mother made several attempts at making an apple pie that would please him, but she always got the same answer. Finally one day she saw a "Mrs. Smith's" frozen apple pie at the grocery store. She bought it, took it home, baked it, served it, and waited for his comment. Dad said, "Now that is more like it." She never told him that it was a store bought pie.

She was a peacemaker and she cared about others. Sometimes our children would spend the day with mother and dad. Rachel remembers Grandma Smith (Geniel) standing in front of the kitchen window watching grandpa as he worked on farm equipment. She asked Rachel to take a drink of water out to him. She gave her a cup of water covered with waxed paper to keep the dirt out of it. Rachel later told me that she thought grandma could tell when grandpa was getting upset with the way things were going while he was working on the tractor or the hay bailer. So when grandma thought that he needed a break, she would send Rachel out with a cup of water. It usually worked.

Mother was patient and slow to anger. Meek is a good description of her. On one occasion DeLone and I really tested her patience. Mother had gone across the street to visit a neighbor lady. It was hot and DeLone and I thought a good dip in a swimming pool would feel great. Trouble was, we didn't have a swimming pool. No worries, we would build our own.

So we each climbed up on the kitchen counter by the sink and started throwing cups of water over the side onto the floor. That wasn't working fast enough for us. We put the plug in the sink and turned the water on full blast. It flooded over the sink down the cabinets and onto the floor. The kitchen was a step down from the living room so the water collected pretty well in that small kitchen area.



**Geniel and Glen Smith**



## Chapter 4 Geniel Kunz Smith

We just got our swim suits on when mother came walking through the door. Water was running everywhere. She sent DeLone and me to our room. I can still remember hearing her crying as she tried to clean up the mess. What really bothers me now when I think back on it is how she didn't get electrocuted with all of that water around the stove and fridge as she was mopping up the water. I don't remember if it ruined the floor. She was a saint. We should have been the ones cleaning it up. I think she sent us to bed to keep from beating us.

Mother loved being with her family. She loved and respected her parents. When Grandma Kunz and some of the girls went to Switzerland. Mother spent a lot of time with Grandpa.

Our daughter Lisa spent many days with our mother. She said that Mother would play the piano and teach Lisa to sing the songs (mostly Hymns.) She would sing them over and over until she



knew the song by heart. Then when my dad would come in from doing chores Lisa would stand and sing the songs that grandma taught her.

Mother loved the Lord and was strong in the gospel. She taught us gospel principles everyday through her good example. She was patient, kind, gentle, unselfish, hard-working, frugal, meek and loving.

We are so grateful that she is our mother. She taught us to love one another, to serve one another, to work

**Geniel and Glen Smith**  
hard, to appreciate the things we have and to take care of things.

She loved playing the piano, huckleberry picking, doing handwork, and spending time with her family.

I really appreciate how kind and loving she was as I was growing up. I gave her good reason to spank me, but I don't remember her doing that



**Glen and Geniel Smith**

## Chapter 4 Geniel Kunz Smith

very often --- even when we made a swimming pool in the kitchen. Joyce - January, 2010.

Geniel Kunz was the third oldest of 13 children born to Parley Peter Kunz and Hilda Irene Stoor. She participated in the 4H program and made some of her clothing.

Her siblings would have to fill in the details of her growing up for I only know a few of her stories during her younger years. One was shortly after she had her drivers license, Parley and Hilda were leaving some where and asked her if she planned on using the car. If so he wanted to pull it out of the garage for her. She said no. But after they left, she changed her mind. Anyway she scraped the car getting it out of the garage and knew she had done wrong. It was one of the few times that she disobeyed the wishes of her parents. Maybe someone else knows the rest of the story.

I know of one regret in her high school education. She never was able to take type. Many years later when we kids were in high school, she went back and took a night class offered in Montpelier High School in type. She saved money to buy a typewriter so she could type her genealogy sheets and life histories. She faithfully used that typewriter the rest of her life.

She married Glen Hyrum Smith July 21, 1942 in the Logan Temple. After several miscarriages, including twins who were still born -- Fae and Mae, she finally was successful in bringing Joyce, DeLone, and Darrel into the world each about a year and a half apart between 1941-1948. Ralph came along about six years later and was a little bit of a surprise but a great blessing to our family.

When I, Darrel, was born, they lived in Nounan, Idaho and it was one of the harshest winters on record. Ruth Alleman went to the dairy barn where dad was milking and told him that he had better get mother into Montpelier for she was having her baby 2 and 1/2 months early. They were both scared but headed in to Montpelier. On the way in they got stuck a couple of times and had to have a team of horses pull them out, which added to their dilemma.

Dad claimed that I was born a couple of miles out on the old highway that went in to Montpelier on 8th Street. The second major obstacle was that they were plowing the right side of Main Street so dad headed down the left side or wrong side of the street going to the hospital. A policeman stopped them and then realizing their dilemma, escorted them to the Montpelier Hospital above the Fairstore or News Examiner building. They told mom that I was not expected to live too long so if they wanted to name me and have a blessing they had better get someone over there fast. Elmer Burgoyne [who was a member of the Stake Presidency] was summoned from a down town business and came over to give me a name. Mother prayed begging the Lord for my life and promising that if I lived, she would make sure that he would be raised to serve in the Church. Her prayers were answered and the promise kept.

During her life, she worked for Tommy Whittle at the Burgoyne Cafe. She worked for MH Kings Company, did part time work at Hooker's Grocery, and while in Soda Springs worked in the Hot

## Chapter 4 Geniel Kunz Smith

Lunch program. She was very careful not to work so that her family would suffer, mostly working part time.

Mom and dad lived in many places throughout their married life. They lived a short while after they were married out at Three Mile, the Smith family summer farm, in Bennington, Nounan, Montpelier, Soda Springs (for a couple of years,) Montpelier in the home on third street for around 11 years, and then out at Pescadero for the remaining years. Wherever they moved to, Mother made the house a home.

Often when we got up at 7:00 o'clock for breakfast, she not only had the breakfast prepared, but had painted the living room or other area of the house. She loved to plant sweet peas to put color into the garden, enjoyed a climbing clematis on the front porch, but her favorite flower or scent was the Lilac. She loved huckleberries and would mix huckleberries and raspberries to make the best jam. All four of her children, enjoy the huckleberry experience. When ever, I sit down in a huckleberry patch I think of her.

Mother had many attributes some being respectful, loyal, giving and loving. I remember several times when there was a "Gold and Green Ball" planned or some other outing that mother wanted to attend, she would prepare all day to make it easier for the family. She would have supper on and other chores finished that would impede their attendance to the planned outing. More often than not,



**Smith Family Work Project**

Dad would come home from work tired or worried about something and change his mind about the outing. Mother instead of begging or getting mad would reply, "Oh it is all right, I am not feeling up to going either." Or, "Lets plan on it another day.." She was definitely a peacemaker.

Another time I had noticed that she had not visited a friend much and asked her why. She said that she did not feel as comfortable around her friend as much because the friend had started to gossip about others or talk negatively about them. Mother said that she did not want to be pulled into that way of thinking.

She handled hardships and sorrow with an understanding of prayer and the soothing comfort from the Lord. Her example of putting her trust in the Lord has helped me throughout my life. Often when temptation comes my way, I just have to think of mother to give me the power to resist. I remember we were out weeding the garden when she received word that Aunt LaRue's

## Chapter 4 Geniel Kunz Smith

husband Fred had died. Tears flowed and she excused herself to talk to the Lord. When she appeared again we could tell that she had come to an understanding of some type.

One night when we lived out at Pescadero where there was no phone nor any electricity, DeLone and I were in town after work waiting for mother to pick us up. She never showed and so after about an hour or two or around 10:30 at night we caught a ride out to the ranch. It was raining and the roads were muddy so we told the person giving us a ride home that we would walk home the last mile so that mother would feel badly about deserting us. We were prepared to tell her that we had walked home from Montpelier instead of just a mile or so. It was around midnight. As we headed down the lane to the ranch, we saw mother with a flashlight out in the mud waiting for us. She had got the truck stuck and worried so much that she was heading up the lane to walk the mile to the nearest phone. She had been praying that we would find a way home. Her prayers were answered and her children humbled.

When we were young she would draw a star or a flower on a piece of cloth and teach us how to Hemiptera. She also did that and even with the grandchildren. Her little helps would keep us busy and also helped us be more creative. I can remember her getting the shoe box down full of pictures and dividing them out to us to help us start our personal histories. Whatever she was working on, a quilt, or an embroidery piece, genealogy, etc. she would give us a little piece to work on along side of her.

We had family home evening before it was an official program in the church. We would learn and sing songs. Mother played the piano by ear so we could learn any song she could hear once or twice. We loved to sit around the kitchen table and play pick-up sticks, jacks, spoons, Rook etc. We would make popcorn, fudge, and ice cream to brighten up our activity.

Ralph indicated that his mother was always kind and sweet and made everyone feel special. She always had concerns about everyone. She was always so good with the grandkids and loved to have them come to visit. She would read, play games, and even create little sewing projects for them to work on. The kids loved her soooo much. She was very dedicated to our dad and family. They always came first. They lived in Soda Springs, on 3rd Street in Montpelier, Pescadero, and the Redwood Apartments in Montpelier. She worked with Dad daily and at Kings the rest of the time.

DeLone writes of her Mother's happy personality. She had an organized routine and seemed to fit everything into her schedule without stress. When we were little she read to us, played with us and taught us to work. We were taught to make our beds when we got out of them. Our rooms were expected to be cleaned up. Besides that we had little chores. After dinner I would wash the dishes, Joyce dried the dishes and Darrel swept the floor. I guess mother must have done all the dishes other than that.

Eating out was something done very rarely. We had three meals a day and they included all the good food groups. We sat down as a family for those meals and thanked our Heavenly Father for

## Chapter 4 Geniel Kunz Smith

the food before we ate. She did all the cooking. I'm not sure whether that was because there wasn't food to be wasted by mistake, or perhaps it was because Dad was pretty fussy about the hands preparing the food. Sometimes we helped make popcorn, scrambled eggs or heated up a can of soup, but she did the majority of the cooking.

Mother bottled peaches, raspberries and those kinds of things, but I can't remember helping with that. To my knowledge, she made everything from scratch. We didn't buy boxed cakes, pancake mix, or anything like that. Mother loved chocolate and made the best chocolate cupcakes. The extra frosting would go in a bowl, into the fridge and became a little treat like fudge. We got to sprinkle the extra pie crust with cinnamon and sugar and bake into crust cookies. Nothing was wasted. Mother didn't think her crusts were very good and didn't make pies very often, but we thought they were the best. She would make chocolate, her favorite, lemon meringue (one of dad's favorite) and pumpkin (my favorite). Occasionally she would make banana cream. She very seldom made a berry pie or one that needed a top crust.

Her homemade bread wasn't a treat, not because it wasn't good, but because she made it all the time. Very seldom did we buy bread and mother made bread almost until she died. When she didn't have the strength to knead it anymore, she taught dad to knead it and she would still make it.

Our house was never cluttered and messy. Mother had a place for everything and for the most part, everything was in its place. She was a good housekeeper. Dad would tease her about having to stop and make sure the rug was straight before she could leave to go anywhere. I can't ever remember doing a lot of housework, though, so I guess she either made it fun for us or did it herself.

Mother tried hard to do all the things taught by the prophets. They said keep a journal. Mother kept her journal faithfully. She wrote notes on everything. She would hear a little thought she liked and write it on a gum wrapper, sales receipt, an envelope or jot it on the calendar. Many notebooks were filled with almost daily entries for her personal journal. She recorded helping dad on the farm, going to auctions in Preston including if animals were purchased and how much a pound was paid. She recorded visitors, special things in church meetings, and just ordinary daily events. Even now, as her children, we find important dates about things happening to us or to her grandchildren recorded in her journals. All this was done in her own hand writing with little (ha ha)s and other expressions added as well.

Mother kept the word of wisdom. Obeying this health law allowed her to have and raise four of the six children she gave birth to. She loved chocolate, but after seeing the movie "Days of Wine and Roses," she quit hiding and eating her chocolate bars for a long time because she was afraid she might be addicted to chocolate and that might get her started on alcohol and drinking. Funny maybe, but she went out of her way to avoid temptation that wasn't good for her.

Mom played the piano by ear. She couldn't read any notes, but she could hear a tune, figure it out on the piano, put cords with the melody and pretty soon she could play about any song she heard.

Mother loved to read. She read the church magazines from cover to cover. She studied the scriptures and marked her favorite verses. She enjoyed "Good Housekeeping"



**DeLone, Darrel, Geniel, Ralph, Glen, Joyce - The Smith Family**

and similar magazines. Often she would read from the Reader's Digest to dad. He loved her to read to him. We were quite old before we knew dad couldn't read much beyond a 1st grade level. I guess we always thought he was letting her read to him because she loved to read. She read from the best of books and was always trying to learn new words and their meanings. She enjoyed doing cross word puzzles and always had one to work on. She was smart, but she didn't act like she knew it all. She used her knowledge to help us with homework and to help others around her. She was always trying to improve herself. She used the dictionary to learn new words but we thought it was just a game everybody played. We would play school. I guess we were just doing our homework, but mother would say let's play school and turned it into fun.

Many times at night we would stand around the piano with mother playing and we would sing. Dad just sat and enjoyed requesting a particular song now and then. I don't know if dad could sing, but he sure was proud of the way mother played the piano. Often he would tell about Grandpa Wells Smith thinking mother's piano playing was just amazing. "How does she do that without even looking at music?" he would ask.

I didn't know mother could play the guitar until it was mentioned at her funeral. She did have a beautiful alto voice. When we would sing the hymns at church, she would run her finger along the words teaching us how to read a song book differently than a story book. Then she would run her finger along the notes so I could see the alto notes. She was a natural teacher without even realizing she was doing it.

Mother worried about hurting feelings. She was careful to support us in things we were doing. I remember a time she went with me to a mother daughter event at the church. Joyce had gone

## Chapter 4 Geniel Kunz Smith

early because she was going to sing. We were a little late (which was unusual for mother). As we sat down a lady turned and said "Oh Geniel, you just missed Joyce's song, she did well."

At that point mother mentioned how sorry she was about missing the song and that was the main reason she had come. I took it wrong and later wrote a theme in Mr. Munk's class about how it had hurt my feelings. He gave mother that theme. Many times, even years after, she would tell me how sorry she was about saying such a hurtful thing and she didn't mean it the way I took it.

Another example of this involved a girl she went to school with. She was of Japanese background. After Pearl Harbor these people were put into camps so they could be watched. Mother was always trying to find a way to contact this lady so she could let her know in person how much she loved her and how sorry she was that anyone would do that to people. Every once in a while even twenty years later, mother would mention she had tried a new idea to try to locate this friend.

Mother loved her family. She enjoyed club with her sisters and going to see her Papa and Mama. She never felt bad about staying home when everyone made the trip to Switzerland. She was honored to stay home and be close to her dad. She loved getting the family letter and was good to add to it and send it along. Family reunions, huckle berrying, making soap, phone calls-- it didn't matter whether it was work or play, it was always a treat for mother to spend time with her family. Her favorite trip was over to Bern. No one was ever left out on this adventure. The children were just as welcome as the adults and there was always plenty of "Love at Home" to go around.

When her brothers and sisters started going on missions, she traveled with them through their letters. Part of mother died after she lost both parents. She seemed to lose part of her zeal for life. She missed her papa and mama terribly. I think God granted mother a personal request the day she died. She got to tell dad everything would be alright, see all of her children one more time; tell them how special they were; talk to her siblings either in person or on the phone; and then join her parents with that "I'm so glad to see you smile" she always wore on her face.

Places mother lived: Some of these homes we heard about because of the people who became and stayed friends. Even though homes changed and distances separated these people, the friendships created endured the test of time and distance. At Camp White in Oregon, mother helped with children and cleaning for wives of a high ranking officers. They might have been generals wives or sergeant's wives, but friendships were made and in just a few short months these women would remain in touch through the mail system until mother's death.

In Nounan we found another home and lasting friends. This was a town where everyday life slowed down. One day in December the people pulled together to try to get her car out of a snow drifted road to safety for mother and her unborn baby boy. Darrel is the living miracle of this love. Neighbors and friends were never forgotten by mother.

## Chapter 4 Geniel Kunz Smith

Those "borrowing" Smith children who appeared to be such good little helpers were actually borrowing Jell-o and cheese without ever getting it home to mother who knew nothing about the caper until she probably owed a month's supply of groceries for pay back. We were forgiven, and had some laughs about it in later moments. This made her friends forever with the Phelps family in Bennington.

In Soda Springs mom's best friend, who lived next door, got to purchase used magazines from the little Smith salesman children. Can you imagine the look on mom's face when the lady shared this adventure with her friend, Geniel. The magazines were USED MAGAZINES, borrowed to mom right from the lady to whom the children sold them.

Third Street in Montpelier would be their next home. It was here she spent most of her time raising her little ones into their teen years. Mother was so patient and always willing to be on Dad's time schedule. Through the years she and dad would add a living room, an indoor bathroom, dig out a basement, construct a utility room, an additional bedroom and finally a garage with a room above it to accommodate their little family. It was here the children would try to replace the kitchen floor with a swimming pool. I still remember mother locking us in a bedroom together while she tirelessly mopped up the water for hours. We could hear her cry once in a while, but she never spanked us or screamed at us for this mess.

Another time mom came home to a new paint job. Joyce spilled some barn red paint on the enclosed back porch and thinking it wouldn't be noticed if it was all the same color, enlisted Darrel and DeLone to join her. Soon the whole porch (at least what we could reach) was red. Ralph was added to the family after the swimming and painting adventures, but he got plenty of turns to test mom's patience as well.

With Ralph approaching his teen age years, mother and dad decided more wide open space might be good, so off to Pescadero we went. This move filled a life long dream for Dad, a ranch and land of his own. If mother was against this move from town to a half built cinder block construction with a used trailer parked next to it, she never let any of us know about it. She acted like heating irons on the stove, going back to an outhouse in the field and complaining children over the inadequate facilities was an adventure. When we would complain she would smile and assure us it was all in our attitude.

Eventually the ranch house was completed including electricity, an indoor bathroom a new (used) piano, a garden spot, and lilac tree. The ranch became mother's dream home. I believe this was her favorite home. She enjoyed the "Bern- like" freedom it gave her. She had plenty of company when she wanted it and some time to herself without the hub-bub of city life. She was at home with people in the Bennington ward and always gave 110 percent on each church calling she was given.

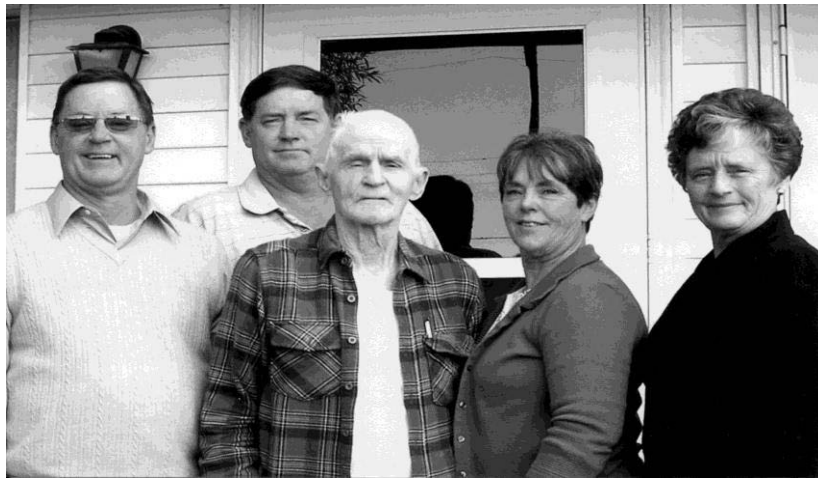
Mother's most important work was done in her home. Dad always came first with her and we children were right up there was well. Still she found time to work part time outside the home.



## Chapter 4 Geniel Kunz Smith

She filled in at Hookers, a small grocery store located on 4<sup>th</sup> Street. After this, she got a job (still part time) at M.H. King Company, where she worked for many years. She was a cashier in this five and dime store and took pride in making sure her till always balanced. Mother was good with people and enjoyed visiting with her customers from all around the Bear Lake Valley as they would go through her check stand. I'm sure mother heard plenty of small town gossip in that job, but she didn't share anything about other people except good stuff. Jobs mother had before she had a family included the Burgoyne Café and possibly the Kit Kat. When Darrel worked at the café years later, Tommy and Fern Whittle would praise the quality of work Geniel had done for them when she had worked there.

Mother's favorite flower was the lilac and her favorite color was blue, but her personality didn't include having the blues. She worried about not enduring to the end, but right to the end she didn't act as though she was enduring anything but a wonderful life. Mother loved the Lord. She was a valiant servant and a wonderful example. She dedicated her life to making things better for the people around her. When she left this life, I'm sure she was welcomed with the words, "Well done thou good and faithful servant," I'm glad you're home.



**Darrel, Ralph, Glen, DeLone, Joyce**

Chapter 4 Geniel Kunz Smith



**Geniel Kunz Smith**

## **Fae Smith - 1944**

## **Mae Smith - 1944**

These two little girls were stillborn. Their bodies were released to their father and an aunt. Grandpa Smith built two little boxes and they were buried up by "Three Mile," while Geniel, their mother was still in the Pocatello, Idaho hospital. Who knows how all of those kinds of things work. Someday we will understand.

## Joyce Smith Woolstenhulme

### Joyce Smith 1946    Daryl Ward Woolstenhulme 1944

Daren K Woolstenhulme 1966	Francias Lau 1964
Whitney Wai Chong Woolstenhulme 1989	
Tracy Woolstenhulme 1969	Michelle Parker 1969
Hailey M Woolstenhulme 1992	
Myles Tracy Woolstenhulme 1995	
Emily Marie Woolstenhulme 1999	
Lisa Woolstenhulme 1973	Jared Hillier 1973
Samantha Jane Hillier 1996	
Mariah Joyce Hillier 1997	
D J McKay Hillier 2000	
Gabriel Walker Hillier 2002	
Rachel Woolstenhulme 1980	Benjamin C. Olson 1979
Heber Olson 2005	
Adele Fae Olson 2010	

I was born March 10, 1946 to Glen H. Smith and Geniel Kunz Smith in Montpelier, Idaho. I am the 6th grandchild of Parley and Hilda Kunz.

I was a mischievous child by nature. I could think up some of the dumbest things to get into or do. (Namely; making a swimming pool in the kitchen, or setting fire to a tree house when you are still in it.) For my posterity sake, I would like to tell you that I was high strung, I sassed, I worried about things to the extreme and after eating sugary treats I became irritable and unmanageable. I am going to look up the ancestor that passed these traits on to me when I get to the other side.



Daryl and Joyce Woolstenhulme

I loved spending time at Grandpa and Grandma Kunz's house. When I was small I remember going to club days over to Grandma's. I looked forward to this experience almost every week during my childhood years. It was carried over to my early married years with my own children. One week we would go to Grandma's house where a quilt was set up to work on or other sewing

## Chapter 4 Geniel Kunz Smith

projects to do. I loved to watch Grandma, Aunt Carol, Aunt Fern, Aunt Marlene, Aunt Anna and my Mother crochet.

My favorite thing was playing with my young cousins. Grandma would get out the marble games or other toys to play with. Sometimes we would play Rook with the adults. We were constantly reminded not to play on the stairs but we loved to climb to the top step and look down into the front room where our mothers were sewing and having a good time. Sometimes we would sit underneath the quilt and watch



***Back: Michelle, Tracy, Jared, Ben, Rachel - Heber Third: Daryl, Joyce, Lisa, Daren, Francias Second: Whitney, Myles, Sammy, Gabe First: D.J., Mariah, Emily, Hailey***

their creative hands as they finished the beautiful quilt. The highlight of the day was the meal that was prepared. My goodness those ladies were good cooks and we enjoyed sitting around the kitchen table in Grandma's kitchen. We visited and laughed and listened and learned. I loved it. Club days were also held at Carol's, Fern's, and Mother's. The one that had club at her house usually prepared the meal for the day. I remember my mother's good homemade rolls and bread, Grandma's delicious roast beef and mashed potatoes and gravy and Aunt Carol's divinity. It was so good. I remember one day when we were at Grandma Kunz's, she put some potatoes in a pressure cooker to cook and a little while later we heard a terrible noise. The pressure had built up in the pan and the lid blew off. Potatoes were hanging from the ceiling and all over the walls and cupboards.

As we grew older club days continued and Janet's, my cousin, and my home were added to the list. We had children of our own who grew up loving club days as well. I don't sew or crochet but I love to decorate and paint my home. I married my high school sweetheart, Daryl Woolstenhulme on June 13, 1964 in Montpelier, Idaho. We have 4 Children; Daren (Francias) in Salt Lake City, Tracy (Michelle) in Hurricane, Lisa (Jared Hillier) in St. Charles, Rachel (Ben Olson) in Canton, Ohio and have 10 grandchildren.

On May 7, 1983 we went to the Logan Temple and were sealed together as a family. I feel that it made a profound impression on our entire family. Our 2 sons served Missions, Daren

## Chapter 4 Geniel Kunz Smith

served in Hong Kong and Tracy served in Australia. All of our Children were married in the Temple. All of them are successful and hard working and have wonderful families. We are so proud of them.

Daryl and I served a Mission to the Colorado Denver South Mission in 2006 and 2007. We had never been away from Montpelier very much, so living in Littleton, Colorado was a great shock to us. We were assigned to work with less-active and part-member families in the Columbine and Chatfield Wards. The people were so nice to us. Montpelier is predominately LDS and a small town. In Colorado, the Mormons were in the minority and we felt that at least 2 million people met on our street corner every morning.

We were invited to the ward members' homes for dinner every evening and we learned to love them and their families very much. On two occasions, we were invited to Brother and Sister Lowell Madsen's home for dinner. Sister Madsen is President Ezra Taft Benson's daughter, Bonnie. It was so neat being in their home. She told us a little bit about what it was like growing up in her home when her father was the Prophet of the Church. She had many funny stories. She makes a wonderful chewy fudge brownie served with a scoop of vanilla ice cream. She put a little hot fudge syrup over the ice cream with a dollop of whipped cream and a cherry on top. (bad for Daryl's Blood Sugar) but so good.

We finished serving our Mission in a small area south of Grand Junction. We were working in the towns of Redvale, Naturita, and Norwood that made up the Naturita Branch. The people living in this area were not as affluent as the people in Littleton but they were very friendly and very nice people. We enjoyed serving our Mission and really learned to appreciate all of our family members that have served missions throughout the world. It opened our eyes to see the diversity in people and other places. I feel that Bear Lake Valley is very sheltered, so leaving my comfort zone made me appreciate and love others for who they are. We made wonderful friendships with members and non-members alike.



**Daryl and Joyce**

I feel that our family has been blessed because of the wonderful heritage that Grandpa and Grandma Kunz left us. We are so grateful for their teachings and love.

## Delone Smith Hayes

**DeLone Smith 1947 Roger Lee Hayes 1945**

Cynthia Lee Hayes 1961 - 1965

Jason R Hayes 1969

Shelly Dee Hayes 1971

Jordan Ashley Johnson 1995

Tiffany Lynn Hayes 1975

Gibson Bryant 2000

Tiffany Lynn Hayes 1975

Hagen Emelio Simons 2005

Turner Esteban Simons 2006

McKay Scott Simons 2009

Corey Michael Hayes 1979

Jaren S Hayes 1984

Douglas Johnson 1971

Colby William Bryant 1975 div

Scott Simons 1972

Chelsi Petersen 1984 div

I was the ninth grandchild and the fourth granddaughter of Parley and Hilda Kunz. My mother, Geniel was their third child and third daughter. By the time I was born I had seven aunts and six uncles on the Kunz side. Add wives and husbands to some of those and a little kid had quite a lesson in name calling, especially if they had to be in order from oldest to youngest. The trip to grandmas and grandpas usually included singing "Over the River and Through the Woods" as well as other fun songs. When we crossed the covered river bridge we knew we were about half way there. I was lucky to live most of my unmarried life within about a ten minute car trip from Bern.

When I was small, a trip to grandmas and grandpas usually meant plenty of cousins to play with and a little hut to play under. As I got older I realized the hut was really a quilt in the making and a stitch at a time taught me skills I would use throughout my life in my own home to make things for my children, grandchildren and others. Of course there were outside adventures in Bern as well. One could always find a horse near the house and other animals within the fences surrounding the Kunz property. Sometimes a group of older children were allowed to walk down the lane to collect the mail. On a lucky day there would even be a penny or two for purchasing candy from Aunt Myrtle Steckler, in the Bern Post Office house. Also within walking distance we could find the houses of a couple aunts and uncles where there were always plenty of bugs and grasshoppers to collect and dandelions and other wild flowers to gather. Grandma could always fold us a doll tucked inside a bed out of hankies or help us make pretty dolls out of holly

## Chapter 4 Geniel Kunz Smith

hocks. You could count on getting one of those great pink mints especially if you were sitting quietly close to her in conference. Family reunions meant games, contests, talent shows, food and treats, stories, laughing and plenty of cameras. One of my favorite family reunion memories is sifting around Grandma and Grandpa Kunz at the end of the reunion singing “Love at Home.”

Our family Christmas tree always sheltered a gift from Grandma and Grandpa. There was a gift for every single person whether the tree was in the home with my mother and dad or my own home after I got married. No matter how far away from Bern my home got, the gifts always found their way under the tree before Christmas morning as long as Grandma Kunz was alive. These gifts were special and usually made by hand. If the gift was purchased at the store it was always a special book with information to make us better parents, spouses, or people.

I left the Bear Lake area when I got married. I married Roger Hayes, the son of Lyle and Mildred Hayes of Montpelier, Idaho. He was a baker by trade and worked for Albertson Food Store, Harmon City Food, and then went into business in his own bakery inside grocery stores such as Bobcos and Reams. Roger made Bob Hope’s 86th birthday cake and had a picture taken with him. When we are out of cash we usually have plenty of dough and as far as I’m concerned, Roger still has the best buns in town. We moved from our first home in Logan to the Salt Lake area and have resided in Magna, Utah for the past thirty-eight years.



**Back:** Doug Johnson, Shelly Johnson, Roger Hayes, Jason Hayes, Scott Simons **Middle Row:** Jordan Johnson, DeLone Hayes, Tiffany Simons **Front:** Gibson Bryant, Hagan Simons, Turner Simons, Corey Hayes

Roger and I have six children, three girls and three boys. Cindy, our oldest returned to her Heavenly Father at the age of four after contracting spinal meningitis. Our other children kept us busy traveling to swimming pools throughout the west. They were all competitive swimmers and two of them would go on to college with swimming scholarships. All of them have been good students and have college background from the universities of West Point, BYU, University of Utah, and Dartmouth. Our oldest son Jason graduated from West



## Chapter 4 Geniel Kunz Smith

Point in New York and is going on to have a career with the Army. We aren't sure exactly what he does there because if he tells us he will have to kill us (intelligence of some sort). Both our daughters got their degree in elementary education, one graduating from BYU and the other from University of Utah. They both teach at an elementary school near our home. Tiffany teaches first grade while Shelly teaches sixth. Between the two girls we have five grandchildren, four grandsons and one granddaughter. Our two youngest sons are involved as volunteer water polo coaches in our area paying back some of the hours other coaches donated while they grew up. Corey is at the University of Utah doing fiber optic work and Jaren currently works part time in his dad's bakery, Roger's Bakery. My main and favorite career has been raising my children although I have enjoyed working in elementary schools in the Title One or Resource departments or helping out at the bakery from time to time.

Lately, we spend as many hours in the summers as possible at our cabin in the Uintahs where we have all learned to be carpenters, Dutch oven cooks, and outdoorsmen. Like Grandma Kunz, I enjoy creating things from material, yarn, or string. After many years in the sewing room, I have come to really appreciate the time that must have gone into all those gifts made with her pins, needles tiny hands, and never ending love.



**Roger and DeLone Hayes**



**Shelly, her husband, Doug, daughter Jordan, Corey and Jason Smith**

## **Darrel Glen Smith**

### **Darrel Glen Smith 1948**

Melia Lynn Smith 1974  
Jamie Lee Smith 1976  
Londyn Fletcher 2004  
Keira Fletcher 2006  
Derek Glen Smith 1979  
Zakery Gaige Smith 1999  
Dustin Jaden Smith 2003  
Dustin Nicholas Smith 1982

### **Darrel Glen Smith 1948**

### **Rhonda Ross 1953 div**

Kevin Henrichsen 1969  
Benjamin Scott Fletcher 1976

Kerissa Britney Salisbury 1980

### **Ranae Walters 1955**

I was the thirteenth grandchild of Parley and Hilda born a couple of months ahead of schedule. Because of this premature birth, I was a small skinny child all of my younger years. The only downfall of my childhood was the fact that I would not say my R's very well. Since my name Darrel has two of them, others had a hard time distinguished between David, Daren, Daryl etc. When Grandmother Hilda would call on the telephone, and I should answer, she would ask who I was and have me repeat my name until it was clear enough. I cherished my Grandparents and enjoyed their love.

At around 14 years of age, my father got me a job at the Burgoyne Cafe with Tommie Whittle as my boss. Dad thought that if he picked the hardest boss in town, I would quit and be more willing to help him on the farm. I stayed at the cafe, washing dishes, cooking, and waiting on tables all my high school years and in the two summers after graduation from High School.

Aunt Fern would come in to the Cafe about once a year and sell Tommie lard that she had made. Tommie respected and admired my parents and grandparents and family. He said they were honest and friendly. I loved working at the cafe and have enjoyed the cooking skills gained their all of my life.

Even after marriage, I have done most of the cooking. In 1968, I went to Pocatello and attended my first year of college at Idaho State University. My major was Architecture. While there, I attended LDS institute and gained a stronger testimony of the Church. I put my papers in for a mission and had my Patriarchal blessing while I was in Pocatello. David O McKay signed my mission call and Sterling W Sill set me apart.

## Chapter 4 Geniel Kunz Smith

Grandpa Kunz gave me a few words of wisdom as I departed for my LDS mission in the Southwest Indian Mission, Navajo speaking. He told me to study the scriptures, say my prayers and especially do what the mission president would ask of me. Since Grandpa Kunz was the closest active male member of the church, I really appreciated his council. Grandma and Grandpa Kunz wrote often on my mission. I even had Grandmother send me a letter about her conversion to the church. In the Mission field, I taught seminary to the Primary age kids and really enjoyed teaching. Because of this experience I decided to change my major in school to education. I chose Art as my major picking up an education certificate at Brigham Young University.

I also student taught in the seminary area because that is what I wanted to do. At graduation having a teaching certificate, I applied and was interviewed for a Seminary position but was not hired so I started to look for a job teaching art. While going to school in Provo, I was asked to house and child sit Uncle Phillip's children while they were on a two week assignment out of the country. I got really close to Jay and Jenifer and was impressed by the parenting skills of Uncle Phillip and Aunt Joyce. All went well with only a few minor mishaps. Jenifer was chasing around the kitchen and knocked of a plaster spoon on the wall. The next thing I knew she was trying to call her parents long distance through an international operator. When she could not answer the proper questions, she handed me the phone and I had to deal with the operator. I just told her we were sorry but did not need to make the call and hung up. I tried to explain to Jenifer that it was not that important, but she was broken hearted.

In my Junior year of college, I met Rhonda Ross and we were married in the Logan Temple a year before I graduated from college. She worked for the Bureau of Land Management as a really good secretary. I had been working for most of my Brigham Young days in Pleasant Grove at the Grove Machine Company. We were blessed in our schooling and I was able to graduate and get a teaching position at Midvale Junior High in Midvale, Utah.

Melia, our first child, was born a week or two after school started in 1974. I taught at Midvale for around nine years and then went to a new school Albion Middle for four years and then finished by thirty years of teaching at Brighton High School. During those years, Rhonda and I enjoyed the blessings of four children, Melia the oldest, Jamie our second daughter born in our country's 200 celebration year of 1976. Derek our first son was born a couple of years later in 1979, then Dustin our last was born in 1982. In that time we had lived in a mobile home in Provo, and Midvale, a home in West Jordan, and a new home in Taylorsville and a home in Sandy, Utah. After about twenty six years of marriage, Rhonda and I were divorced. To our credit, the children were older and we still cared enough for each other and wished each other the best. After about two years within six months of each other, we were both married again.

I found a wonderful women willing to participate with me in the eternities. Ranae and I were married in the Salt Lake Temple on July 26, 2001. Dustin lived with us and prepared for a mission - Brazil speaking Portuguese. Being empty nesters early on in our marriage gave us the opportunities to become close and to travel the county and world together. We have enjoyed

## Chapter 4 Geniel Kunz Smith

visiting London, France, Boston, San Antonio, New York Washington D.C., San Diego, Seattle, Alaska, the Panama Canal and plan on visiting Jerusalem in December 2010.

We count our blessing. We have overcome cancer, divorce, mental illness, job loss and have gained knowledge and wisdom. We have lost family members through death but gained hope for the eternities. We have had good days and bad days but the years have been so special.

Melia, Jamie and Derek have all found wonderful companions that they can share their lives with. I am so proud of all of them. Yes there are times that I would give them council and advise on how to improve something in their lives but then I remember I should repair those flaws in my own doorstep first. We were blessed with a rich heritage and hope to add to and not distract from that inheritance.



Darrel's Children Melia, Jamie, Derek, Dustin



Darrel's Grandchildren  
Keira, Londyn,  
Gaige, Jaden



**Ranae and Darrel Smith**

## Ralph Wells Smith

### Ralph Wells Smith 1954

Ryan G Smith 1973  
Alexandra Smith 1996  
Jaiden Paige Smith 1999  
Kauri Campbell Smith 1999  
Haven Riley Smith 2003  
Tyrus Smith 2007  
Justin Wells Smith 1975  
Trae W Smith 2000  
Brylee Smith 2003  
Jett Smith 2005  
Tyson Quinn Smith 1977  
Dodger Smith 2005  
Sweden Smith 2006  
Zachary Scott Smith 1979  
Tate Eli Smith 2004  
Bo Joshua Smith 1982  
Addison Smith 2007  
Rob Carlsen Smith 1988

### Ranae Carlsen 1954

Melanie Jo Campbell 1976  
  
Tracie Lee Clark 1974  
  
Mary Ellen Larson 1980  
  
Ashley Nichole Brown 1981  
  
Hillary Lynn Fullmer div

Ralph Wells Smith was born Sept. 16, 1954 in Montpelier, Idaho to Glen Hyrum and Geniel Kunz Smith. As he grew up he attended elementary school in Montpelier, Idaho, middle school in Paris, Idaho, and High School in Montpelier, Idaho. He kept the neighborhood on the watch for him by setting cats tails on fire to chasing and teasing all the little neighborhood girls! Oh, and for a little extra spending money he would charge 25 cents to those that wanted to watch him eat a worm! He played sports such as football, basketball, and baseball and even did a little in the rodeo. As he got older he decided he wanted to earn more money so went to work for Max Haddock at Haddocks IGA store as a bag boy. He also cut hay for Truman Rigby in his spare time.

He met RaNae Smith in 8th grade in Grant Grandy's Science class. It was love at first sight. They dated on and off depending where and what his priorities were at the time. They were married November 22, 1972 in the Logan Temple. To them were born 6 wonderful sons. Ryan and Melanie who live in Highland, Utah with 5 children, Justin and Tracie who live in

#### Chapter 4 Geniel Kunz Smith

Georgetown, Idaho with 3 children, Tyson and Mary who live in Mesquite, Nevada with 2 children, Zac who lives 2 weeks in Rock Springs working and 1 week in Soda Springs enjoying his little boy. Bo, who lives in Boise has 1 little girl. Rob who just returned from his mission Jan 6, 2010 is attending school and playing baseball at College of Eastern Utah.

All 6 boys played every sport known to man. We went to lots of football, basketball, baseball, wrestling, and even went to a few rodeos that Justin was involved in. Ralph still says to this day if you have seen one rodeo you've seen them all. Not...when it is your own son your going to watch!



**Ralph and RaNae Smith**

One of Ralph's life long dreams was to go to Alaska. He had about given up on ever getting to go until our last son Rob's American Legion Baseball team made it to regionals, which of course was in Alaska and of course we had to go!!! What a great trip. Ralph didn't get as much fishing and site seeing in as he would of liked to but it was so exciting to be their when our Bear Lake Regional Baseball team took 1st place. Wouldn't have missed it for the world! Ralph is hoping to go back someday and spend more time fishing and site seeing. We can only hope he gets to. We



## Chapter 4 Geniel Kunz Smith

are proud to say all 6 boys served LDS missions I'm sure their grandmothers are just as proud as peacocks, as we are for them doing the Lord's work and returning as honorable missionaries.

We have 12 beautiful and handsome grandchildren that we love to death. And I can't forget about our 3 little girls. Sadie, Roxy, and Zoey. They are our dogs of course. They are the only little girls we could get.

Ralph started work at APC in Soda Springs, Idaho when he graduated from high school. It has changed ownership several times while he worked and now is known as Agrium. It is a fertilizer plant. As of May 8, 2008 he decided he had had enough of that work and wanted to pursue something different. We loaded up our 34 foot "fifth wheel" trailer and went to Rock Springs, Wyoming (we kept our house in Montpelier). He got his CDL license to drive a semi and went to work for John Bunning Transfer moving oil rigs from one location to another. He started there May 16, 2008. He has traveled with loads from North Dakota to Texas. Being out on the highways with these big loads were a little on the scary side especially when you didn't know where you were going or if the roads were bad as up in Wyoming. In the winter they are always bad. To say the least we DID NOT like Rock Springs at all. The wind blew most of the time and it is a very unattractive dirt hole. Hopefully by the end of April 2010 we will resume employment elsewhere and are looking forward to what's in store for us. To be continued...



**Hilda and Parley Kunz at Williamsburg Dairy**

Chapter Five

## Carol Mary Kunz Howell

### Carol Mary Kunz 1925

### Donovan Virgin Howell 1923

David Allen Howell 1946

Mary Ellen Howell 1948

Kenneth Howell 1951

Janet Howell 1952

Clayton Howell 1954

Susan Amy Howell 1958

James Robert Howell 1966

Christina Teresa Ciammaichella 1950 div

Marcia Lee Thomas 1953

Gary James Newman 1945-2002

Tamara Kay Higginson 1953

Alan H Michaelson 1950

Laurie Talbot 1956- dec

Joni Shill 1958

Kendall Lee Farrow 1954

Pamela Pickering 1968

November 19, 1925 was the day I was given the privilege of entering the earth. My parents are Parley Peter Kunz and Hilda Irene Stoor Kunz. I was born in Bern, Idaho as were my brothers and sisters: Fern, LaRue, Geniel, LaVaun, Dale, Naomi, Paul, Owen, Phillip, and Eva. My brothers, Richard and Arthur, were born in the Montpelier Hospital.

I went to school in Bern. We had two rooms with the first four grades in one room and the last four in the "Big Room." We had some wonderful teachers: Maxine Blazer for the first three grades; Naomi Hirschi in fourth; Harold Hess in the fifth; and Donald Welker in the sixth, seventh and eighth.

Geniel and I loved spelling in the Big Room. We played a game with spelling like Monopoly and got shares for spelling right. We both earned many shares. It was one of our fun classes. I did spell well in my younger years even though now I make many mistakes.

My school classmates were Calvin Buhler, Leland Kunz, and Edith Kunz. Geniel was in the grade above me and we were always together and the best of friends.

## Chapter 5 Carol Mary Kunz

We grew up in Bern, Idaho and the town was like a big family. We knew everyone and spent many choice hours together playing with the children in the neighborhood. We played Kick the Can; Run Sheep Run; Hide and Seek; Cat and Dog; and many other outdoor games. In the winter, we would play board games and listen to plays on the radio. "The Little Theater of Times Square" was one of our favorites. Of course we had no television when we were growing up.

My girlfriends were Alice Schmid, Marjean Kunz and Doreen Alleman. Doreen lived in "Lower Bern" so I didn't get to visit her as much. Alice, Marjean and I married three boys from Fish Haven. Marjean was my cousin and married Earl Beyeler who was Donovan's cousin. Alice married Wayne Perkins. We had lots of fun dates together. We all have many happy memories of our years together.

My sisters and I did a lot of babysitting for neighbors, and helping during housecleaning time with wall papering and painting. Thirty-five cents for the day was good pay. Geniel and I picked chokecherries and sold them in Montpelier by the quart and earned money for our school supplies. We also raised pet lambs and they were sold in the fall for our clothes etc. Geniel and I shared money we earned with each other. She also did when she worked at King's Variety Store after school at night. We were also able to buy family Christmas presents with the money we earned. We enjoyed all our brothers and sisters as we played together at home.

All of us sisters had fun at nights singing in our beds and harmonizing with each other. We sang in the Glee Club and special musical activities. It was fun when we could sing in a double mixed-quartet for Seminary programs as we went from ward to ward. I sang with lots of groups as did my brothers and sisters.

World War II started in 1941 when Japan bombed Pearl Harbor. Many schoolmates went into the service and some were killed. Since it was wartime, we didn't have school rings or sweaters. They encouraged us to buy war bonds and stamps instead.

Families were given ration books with little stamps. These were torn out as we needed things. Every child was issued one as well as the parents. As big as our family was, we seemed to have what was needed. Some things that were rationed that I remember were: sugar, flour, butter, meat, tires and gas. Batteries were hard to find. Margarine was bought in a little bag and a little



**Carol Kunz Howell**



**Carol Kunz Howell**

sack of yellow color was included which was mixed with the margarine to make it yellow. We never worried about this as we made our butter at home.

Once a month, the school bus would stay after school and we could go to a movie. Before the movie started, we would have a short newsreel and then a cartoon. We would hear about the war on the reel. We had no TV then to get the news like we do now. Twenty-five cents would get two movie tickets and a candy bar. Rates were cheaper for school children. I have many happy memories of home life. I don't remember my parents ever saying an angry word to each other. We had a happy home.

On stormy days, father took us to school on the "Rook Sleigh," which was a small sleigh

about 5 x 7 feet pulled by one horse. Father used the sleigh to take milk cans to the creamery for cheese making. It also got its name when our parents had Rook parties at various neighbors' homes.

It was always fun when aunts, uncles, cousins etc. came to visit. We would make floor beds and were happy to give up our beds for company. Sometimes when we were little, we would sleep four across the width of the bed. We sawed logs at home into blocks for firewood with two at the saw. We learned to work together, or the saw would buckle and you couldn't push or pull.

Kerosene lamps were used for light at first and then we got coal oil lamps. I remember when electricity came to the house. What a great blessing that was.

There were no snowplows in the wintertime and we would go to town in a wagon box and team. Sometimes when we went, we would heat bricks or bottles of hot water to keep our feet warm.

At Easter time, we knocked the ends of hard-boiled eggs with each other and called it "bumping eggs". Father won most of the time and his egg was still good when ours were all cracked. He seemed to know how to hold the egg.

Egg yolks were also used for a ball to "Enny I Over" as we threw it over the house for the other team to catch. On our way to school, sometimes we would stop and get an egg to spend for candy. Aunt Myrtle Steckler was our postmaster and had candy to sell at our post office.

## Chapter 5 Carol Mary Kunz

As a child, I remember when Gypsies came to town. They would be in a wagon box with a team. They were given food at homes where they stopped. We were afraid when they came; thinking they might take us as little children.

Every morning, father would give us a spoonful of Cod Liver Oil just to keep us well. We got all the diseases of childhood going around before vaccinations were given as they do now. We would have a quarantine sign placed on our door so no one would come in when we had a disease. It took us a long time to take the sign down as one of us children would get a disease and, about the time they'd get better, another child would get it which meant another two-week's quarantine. After the illness, the bedding was washed, the house was fumigated with some kind of spray.

We had a lot of love in our home. We learned to play together; to share; to work together; to feel each other's joy; and to love to read. On occasion, we would have an argument as to who was to do which chore. Father would take several matches and break them into different sizes. Each size of match was given a specific chore. We would then draw a match and know which chore was ours.

Our family always went to church and tithing settlement was a must. Father would take each of us at this time to the Bishop. Mother was a great cook and we always had a really special dinner on Sundays. We had Sunday School in the morning and Sacrament in the afternoon. Relief Society, Mutual and Primary were held during the week after school. The Block Program, started in March of 1980, is a wonderful program.

In the summer of 1939, Aunt Anna Kunz was operated on and was very sick. I stayed at her home and cooked for her husband, Orlando, his brother, Nick, and two children, Donna Lee and Wendell. I wonder how they survived with what I knew. Mother would come and help on wash day. I made bread; baked cakes; and fried chicken etc. Some days I worried that if she died I would have to stay there and take care of the family. It was a good learning experience for me anyway.

Anna (Mother's sister) and Orlando Kunz were very close to our family and we shared many fun times together. Christmas and Thanksgiving dinners were always spent together. Anna and mother would take turns cooking the meal.

Mother made her own wedding dress and all her clothes. She'd take a piece of paper, cut out a pattern, and they'd always fit. Dresses were made from flour sacks etc. Her father was a tailor and taught her to sew early making doll dresses.

High school days were fun. I graduated in May of 1943. The bus usually took us to dances and sometimes we stayed after school for a movie. Since we lived out of town (Montpelier), we couldn't be in a lot of school plays and extra activities. We had a big dance hall called the Melita that was across from Modern Drug or thereabouts. They always had an orchestra and had fun dances. Sometimes we went on the bus and other times with dates.

## Chapter 5 Carol Mary Kunz

During the summer while still in high school, I worked at Fish Haven at the Fish Haven Resort for Joe and Annie Stock. My, the summers were fun with lots of activities! I worked at the house and also at the confectionery. The resort at this time was the biggest resort on Bear Lake and many people came. Stocks treated me as a daughter and I was happy there. The last summer, Alice Schmid worked with me. It was fun having her there. We took turns going to church on Sundays as the resort was so busy.

I met Donovan Howell at the resort and always got to see him on Sunday. He would wink at me from the Sacrament table. The last summer I worked there, Donovan asked me for a date. What a fun time we had! We started dating from then on and through the school year. Donovan gave me a ring on graduation night, May 28, 1943.



**Donovan and Carol Howell**

During that summer, I went to Salt Lake with Alice Schmid working at Keeley's Restaurant which was on Main Street just a block south of the Temple. It was a fun summer and gave me a chance to earn a little money to buy a few things that I wanted to get before I was married. We lived with Alice's sisters, Dorothy and Anna.

Apostle Richard R. Lyman married us in the fall on Donovan's birthday, September 30, 1943, in the Salt Lake Temple. He visited us at length and admonished us to pray together always and not be so busy in our work etc. that we didn't have time for each other. We have always prayed and tried to do things together and it's been wonderful. We enjoyed Apostle Lyman's conference talks so much and asked him to marry us. In those days, we could request who would marry us. Now, the church has grown so much, it isn't possible.

When we were married, we couldn't get heavy pans to cook in and many needed items. One of these was an eggbeater. I put my name on a list at Logan and waited several months before notice came that they were holding an eggbeater for me. When I went to pick it up, they said someone that knew me took it and said they would give it to me. I never saw it. Guess someone needed it worse than I did. I continued to borrow Donovan's mother's beater until I could get one of my own. We cooked in light pans or Pyrex. It took a year before we could get good cooking utensils.

We moved a little house in from the Point -- farmland owned by Donovan's parents north of Fish Haven. It was a comfortable little two-room home that we lived in until David was born. Then we got logs out of the canyon and had them sawed into lumber. Donovan built a basement home that was home until after Mary was born. We worked and built a home above the basement as we had money and finally borrowed money when it was time to put siding on. When Jim was born, we added two bedrooms in the upstairs and in the 1970's, we added a two car garage with a family room above. This family room became a fun memory room with family gatherings with our children, church youth groups and with my parents, brothers and sisters.

Donovan's mother was always willing to try to accomplish anything. I mentioned one day that I'd like to move the living room door from the middle of the wall to the end. After getting Donovan off to work, I saw her coming over to the house. She helped me close over the door opening in the wall and make another door. We had it all finished that day. I turned off the lights and went to bed. Donovan came home from work. It was late and dark. He didn't turn on any lights; just headed for the door and ran into a wall! Our children have always enjoyed hearing that story.

Those living in Fish Haven had a lake for "swimming lessons." We only had irrigation ditches in Bern and I never learned to swim. After our marriage, Donovan and I attended a church party at the lake. I sat and watched others jumping in the water and swimming. One fellow came; figured I just didn't want to get wet; and threw me in the lake without even thinking I couldn't swim. I



## Chapter 5 Carol Mary Kunz

remember just going down in the water and waiting for someone to help me. It didn't take them long to realize I couldn't swim.

Wash day was on Monday. I had a wringer wash tub and two rinse bins. We would heat water in a big boiler on the stove. I made soap at home that was very good to wash clothes with but I had to be careful with the lye cans. I would hang the washed clothes on a line outdoors. In the cold months, the clothes would freeze on the line and I'd take them in the house and hang them up inside until they thawed out. They seemed to dry faster after freezing. I'd then sprinkle them with water, roll them up and place them in a basket until "ironing day" on Tuesday.

During World War II, there was a lookout station on the top of the local post office--grocery store. Donovan, David, Mary, Kenneth and I were part of the ground observer corps volunteers and would take turns watching for airplanes. Donovan and I took first aid classes and had a sign on our lawn stating that we could give first aid at our home.

We built a small building for a drive-in and called it Cream Haven. Our older children helped us and we served many hamburgers and shakes before closing the stand after Jim was born.

We had party lines on our telephone. There could be five to seven families on the same line. Each house had a different ring to identify their call - two, three, one long and one short etc. If we called out of town, an operator would come on asking: "Number please"? Then we'd place the long distance call. Sometimes you'd pick up the phone to call and hear another party talking. One family had a canary and, when we heard it sing, we could tell she was listening to our conversation.

We have seven beautiful children and many grandchildren and great-grandchildren. We have been so blessed. Our children are David Allen born March 21, 1946; Mary Ellen on April 17, 1948; Kenneth on September 16, 1951; Janet on October 27, 1952, Clayton on August 5, 1954; Susan Amy on April 12, 1958 and James Robert on March 8, 1966. All our children were born in Montpelier Hospitals.

I made extra money during the summer months by picking raspberries for two to three weeks at a raspberry farm in Garden City. I also made money quilting for a lady and could finish a queen-size quilt in a week during my spare time. The ladies in town would help each other wallpaper and paint. It didn't seem like work as we had fun working together.

A special highlight of my life was a trip to Switzerland with 35 relatives of the Kunz Family including my mother, Hilda, and five sisters: Fern, LaRue, LaVaun, Naomi and Eva as well as Aunt Lillian. My cousin, Paul Nielsen, was our tour guide. He lives in Switzerland and is a historian and genealogist. We visited many Kunz sites etc. The only sad note was my sister Geniel wasn't able to go with us.

I have always had the desire to help in the Church in whatever way I was called and tried to fulfill the responsibilities that I had been given. I've worked in all areas in the Primary, Relief

## Chapter 5 Carol Mary Kunz

Society and Mutual; Primary President in the ward and stake; Relief Society President in our ward and served on Primary and Relief Society Stake Boards for many years. I enjoyed my work as Scouting Director in the stake and was awarded the Silver Beaver.

Many years later, I think the most challenging call was my calling as Relief Society President when the wards were first combined in Garden City and Fish Haven to form the Bear Lake Ward. There were a lot of feelings in the ward and lots of feathers to smooth. The Bishop called me and said I would be a peacemaker in my calling. I hope I fulfilled that assignment as we had many deaths during this time and funeral lunches to prepare as well as earning money to build our new chapel. We had many sales in the summer and quilted the year around to keep ahead of it but made lots of money. It was a thrilling time when we finally had all the money we needed for our share of the new building. I got to use a shovel too in the groundbreaking ceremonies of the building.



**Carol and Donovan Howell**

I also served in the community; PTA President in the high school and helped with the Cancer Society and Red Cross drives.

We have had a good marriage and I am so thankful for Donovan. There were many assignments we had that could be filled together and we enjoyed that. We sang at many funerals and special programs. We were called to the stake choir after we were married and sang with them until the wards were assigned the music for stake conference. We enjoyed all the songs we learned and it was a great experience for us. Donovan has a beautiful voice and it was a joy to sing with him. He sang tenor and I sang alto.

Our sons served missions and fulfilled the dreams we had for them. David served in North Western States; Kenneth in South Australia; Clayton in Georgia South Carolina; and Jim in the Spanish Anaheim California Mission.

When it was Jim's time to go, someone suggested that we go at the same time inasmuch as he would be gone for two years and we would be gone for just eighteen months and would get home before he did.

We got our call to West Africa and wondered where and found out it was in Nigeria. We entered the MTC the same time as Jim. We had many wonderful experiences teaching and working with the leaders and trying to strengthen them.

## Chapter 5 Carol Mary Kunz

After we returned home, we knew the need for couples in the mission field. We knew we had to serve again. We continued missions for eighteen months each in Singapore spending most of the time in India; Cape Town, South Africa and ended in the Baguio Philippines Mission.

They were all great experiences and we couldn't have done it without the support of our children and all the encouragement they gave us. They were so supportive and understanding. It was hard to be away from them so long but we knew we had to continue serving where the need was so great.

We just hope we set an example for our grandchildren and hope they will forgive us for being away from them so much. When we were set apart each time, we were told our family would be blessed in our absence and they certainly were. They are all doing great and are a blessing to us.

After our mission release, we were called to work in the Logan Temple. What a great blessing this has been to us! We traveled back and forth for the first two years and then decided it was time to sell our home in Fish Haven and move closer to the temple. We didn't like all the driving at our age. The Lord blessed us and we were able to sell after some time and found the perfect home in North Logan. We could see the hand of the Lord in the choices we have made.

We had built our home after getting the logs out of the canyon and having them sawed to lumber. We only left one winter to work in Albuquerque, New Mexico. It wasn't hard to leave our home and move to Logan - I think because we had seen so much poverty in the mission field and the people were poor and still very happy. Material things didn't mean that much to us anymore. It was a big, big job to move but all our children; their spouses and grandchildren helped us move in a short time. We can't express our gratitude enough for the great family we have. The in-laws are like our own; we love them all dearly.

We worked at the Logan Temple for fourteen years and enjoyed every minute of serving the Lord in this Holy House. We also served in the nursing home. I was Relief Society Secretary and Donovan was Counselor in the Branch Presidency. Donovan and I were able to attend and graduate from Institute.

Just before moving to Logan, I was diagnosed with breast cancer and had treatments in Salt Lake. At this writing, my cancer is in remission.

I have so much to be thankful for. Our children are wonderful and following the path that will help them return to our Heavenly Father. We have so many blessings from our membership in the Church. Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God and restored the gospel in these latter days. President Monson is serving now and has accomplished so much in moving the kingdom forward. I just hope that I can stay faithful and be with my husband and family in the Celestial Kingdom. Carol K. Howell. June, 2009

## David Allen Howell

**David Allen Howell 1946   Christina Teresa Ciammaichella 1950** div

Jill Howell 1972	Richard Aaron Winn 1968
Kimberlin Jill Winn 1994	
Jonathan Mark Winn 1996	
Brinlely Kristen Winn 1999	
Amber Brooke Winn 2001	
Heather Winn 2003	
Jonathan David Howell 1973	Kay Jean Bowman 1972
Daphine Kay Howell 2001	
Carter David Howell 2002	
Arless Howell 1975	Thomas Lee Demaree 1972
Alora Marchi Demaree 1997	
Sadie Marie Demaree 2001	
Angela Kiezee Ciammaichella Howell 1975	Matthew W. Johnson 1976
Annika Jean Johnson 2003	
Sofia Johnson 2005	
Liberty Ann Howell 1979	Jeremiah Kirtland Yates 1977
Masen Jeremiah Yates 2001	
Mayalei Yates 2004	
Mark Howell 1981	Janette Maurine Stevens 1982
Kadie Howell 2005	
Mary Howell 2007	
Michael Howell 2009	

**David Howell 1946**

**Marcia Lee Thomas 1953**

CharEl Corinne Hawkes	Burton Daniel Kunz 1976
Tyler Dean Kunz 2009	
Tamara Ann Hawkes 1984	Brandon West 1982
Abigail Marie West 2007	
Michael Douglas Hawkes 1986	Michelle Banner 1990
David Anthony Hawkes 1990	
Daniel Joseph Hawkes 1996	

## Chapter 5 Carol Mary Kunz

I was born at a very early age. Some wonder if I will ever grow up, but I am working on it.

I was born in Montpelier in 1946. I remember from an early age being surrounded by aunts and uncles on both sides of the family. I felt accepted and loved.

I grew up helping on the farm, milking cows, plowing, planting, hauling hay, fixing fences and all the other stuff that goes with farming. When I started high school and sports I'm sure I didn't help as much as I remember, with Dad picking up the slack. I enjoyed school and was involved in sports, and other activities. I did wrestling, football, track, and basketball. I was the seminary president my junior year and student body president of the high school my senior year.

I have always enjoyed hunting and remember hunting with family and also a lot of times alone. I was lucky enough to get a nice bull elk my sophomore or junior year in high school. At that time



**Back:** Thomas DeMaree, Arliss, Chris, Jonathan, Kay Jean, Mark, Dave **Front:** Jill, Kimberlin, Richard Winn, Jonathan, Angela, Liberty

there weren't many elk around, so I was looked on as somewhat of a hunter. I'm sure Dad got tired of helping me get deer and elk out of the mountains.

After my high school days I went a year to Utah State in Logan. I was considering a career in the area of forestry.

After one year I left for a mission to the Northwestern States. I felt at first a little disappointed because most of my friends were going to more exotic places. I spent time in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho. At that time the mission was one of the top baptizing missions and I was able to do a lot of teaching.

After my mission I decided to go to BYU. I took awhile to decide on a major, but ended up going into teaching with a Psychology major and Math minor. I also took classes for the Seminary program. A blessing came from all the teaching I had done on my mission, and it led me to getting hired by the seminary.

I started teaching in Pocatello. I had met Chris Ciammaichella at the end of my last year at BYU. I was single when I started teaching, but got married in November of my first year. We left after

## Chapter 5 Carol Mary Kunz

one year in Pocatello and were transferred to Malta, Idaho. From there I had teaching opportunities in Pine Ridge and Martin, South Dakota; and Billings and Hardin Montana. I was working with the Indian CES program, teaching Institute and supervising some early morning seminars. My next move was to Lander, Wyoming. I was teaching released time seminary and also an early morning class in Riverton, Wyo.

In Lander I got exposed to backpacking in the Wind River Mountains. It soon became an annual outing with my kids that I am still doing. I also spent a lot of time on the Pioneer Trail. I have been over the trail numerous times, with lots of pictures and great experiences. I was asked to help lead a group of seminary teachers on three different trips. From Lander we moved to Rockland, Idaho. We were there for about 8 years. I taught released time seminary, an early morning class in American Falls, and some institute classes at Idaho State University.

With the seminary program I was able to travel to Jerusalem, Italy, Greece, and Egypt. I also was able to pick up my son Jon from his mission to Belgium and also visit roots in Switzerland which was a great experience.

I have been active in the LDS church my whole life. I have worked with young men, Sunday school, and most other organizations. I was in the branch presidency in Hardin, Montana. I also served as a counselor in the Bishopric in Lander, Wyoming and also Rockland, Idaho.

In Rockland my wife and I divorced in 1996. This put me out of house and work. I got a job in Dubois, Idaho as a counselor at the high school. I was there for three years and then got a job in Soda Springs, Idaho as a counselor at the high school. I was at the high school for most of the time and then was moved to the Junior High.

I met my present wife, Marcia Hawkes in 2000. We were married in 2001. I moved to Pocatello but continued to work in Soda Springs and am still working there. Yes, the commute is not much fun.

I am still enjoying hunting and fishing. I was able to take my son Mark to Alaska which fulfilled a lifetime dream. We fished a lot, and had a great time. I like to ski, play tennis, and most other sports. I have played basketball all my life, playing on church teams, some city league teams, and playing with students. I finally had to give it up because of "old age" slowing me down. I stopped about the age of 60 and started playing racket ball which I enjoy. I also enjoy photography, gardening, and anything outside. I worked some summers after my divorce for the forest service building campgrounds.

Family: Jill and Richard Winn, Jon and KayJean Howell, Angela and Matt Johnson, Arliss and Thomas DeMaree, Liberty and Jeremiah Yates, Mark and Janette Howell. Numerous grandchildren.

Marcia's Family: Charel and Buddy Kunz, Tamara and Brandon Burt, Michael and Michelle Hawkes, David Hawkes, Daniel Hawkes. Two grandchildren.

Dave Howell



**David and Marcia Howell**

## Mary Ellen Howell Newman

**Mary Ellen Howell 1948    Gary James Newman 1945-2002**

Shane Gary Newman 1970

Ellen Newman 2001

Josie Newman 2000

Clay Donovan Newman 1972

Kari Ann Newman 1975

Lisa Carol Newman 1981

Joshua Charles Slaton 2003

Benjamin Slaton 2005

Samuel Slaton 2006

Addyson Slaton 2008

Edith Lorriane Ayad 1971

Judy Schober 1971-2004

Jason Slaton 1978

Mary Howell Newman

Born: Montpelier, Idaho, April 17, 1948



Education: Graduated from Brigham Young University in 1970, with a degree in Sociology, and minor in Psychology.

Marriage and family: Married Gary Newman, May 29, 1968, in the Salt Lake Temple. Shane was born in 1970, Clay in 1972, both while we lived in Provo. Kari was born in 1975 in Chicago. Lisa was born 1981 after we had moved to Oklahoma.

**Shane Newman, Mary Howell Newman, Kari Newman, Gary Newman,  
Clay Newman, Lisa Newman**

Places I have lived: My childhood was spent in Fish Haven, Idaho, other than a year we spent in Albuquerque when I was 7. Summer between my junior and senior year was spent at Grinnell College in Iowa.



## Chapter 5 Carol Mary Kunz

After I married, we lived in Provo while we were going to school. Summers were spent in Twin Falls, Idaho, Cassiar, British Columbia, Midland, Texas, and in Denver, Colorado.

After Gary graduated with his Masters in Geology from BYU, we went to Iowa City to begin a PhD program. Our first job was in Chicago and we lived in Oak Park. After living there 5 years, we were transferred to Cairo, Egypt in 1977. After 2 years there, we moved to Denver, and then to Oklahoma City and have lived here for the last 30 years.

On March 2, 2002, Gary died from a massive brain hemorrhage, and lives of our family took a very different turn than we had ever anticipated.

Shane and Edith were married May 29, 1998, are the parents of 2 girls, and live in Oklahoma City.



**Mary Howell Newman**

Clay and Judy were married December 28, 1993. Judy died very unexpectedly in September 2004. Clay still lives in Austin, Texas.

Kari works as a special agent for the Customs Service, and is presently assigned here in Oklahoma City.

Clay and Kari enjoy traveling together and have been to Peru, Ecuador, Nepal, Great Britain, and are planning a trip this year to New Zealand.

Lisa and Jason were married December 16, 2000. Gary had the opportunity to perform their sealing in the Oklahoma City Temple. They are the parents of 3 boys and 1 girl, and currently live in Houston.

Occupation: I am currently working as an administrative assistant in the pharmacy department at Mercy Health Center. It has been a good job for me, and there are always new challenges and things to learn.

Reading is one of my favorite pastimes, although time to do it is limited. I have just started learning to play the harp. A couple of years ago, Kari introduced me to running and I am enjoying that. I ran my first half marathon in November.

## Kenneth Howell

### Kenneth Howell 1951

Melinda Kay Howell 1975  
Aubrey Lisanne Smith 1996  
Tyler Elijah Smith 1997  
Cooper Isaac Smith 2001  
Jason Kenneth Howell 1976  
Ashley Joy Howell 1999  
Olivia Kay Howell 2002  
Jason Kenneth Howell 1976  
Donovan Lee Howell 2008  
Brenda Marie Howell 1979  
Kaitlyn Marie Price 1997  
Kevin Preston Price 2003  
Ethan Price 2006  
Geoffrey Brian Howell 1982  
Allston Howell 2007  
Jake Eli Howell 2010  
Adam Michael Howell 1984

### Tamara Kay Higginson 1953

Brandon Christopher Smith 1973  
Jennifer Larsen 1977 div  
Dallas Domire 1983  
Troy Preston Price 1974  
Felicia Riggs 1987

I was born September 16, 1951, in Montpelier, Idaho. I lived my growing up years in Fish Haven, Idaho and enjoyed that very much. I attended schools in Fish Haven, St Charles, Bloomington, Paris and Montpelier.

After graduation from Bear Lake High School, I attended a year at BYU and then went on my mission. I served in the Australia East Mission. I enjoyed it very much as the country was beautiful but a lot warmer than I was used to. Because Australia is in the Southern Hemisphere the seasons are just the opposite of what they are here. Our summer months in the states were winter months in Australia and the winter months were summer there. It was really different to have Christmas in the middle of summer and it was very warm. The humidity was hard to get used to also.

After my mission I returned to BYU where I met Tamara Higginson and we were married in the Ogden Temple August 21, 1973. We lived in Provo and I finished up there, graduating in Business Management with a minor in Accounting. We had fun at BYU and enjoyed being together. While there we had Mindy (born 28 April, 1975, Jason born August 13, 1976 and Brenda born April 28, 1979. It made for a busy life for us. I was going to school full time and

## Chapter 5 Carol Mary Kunz

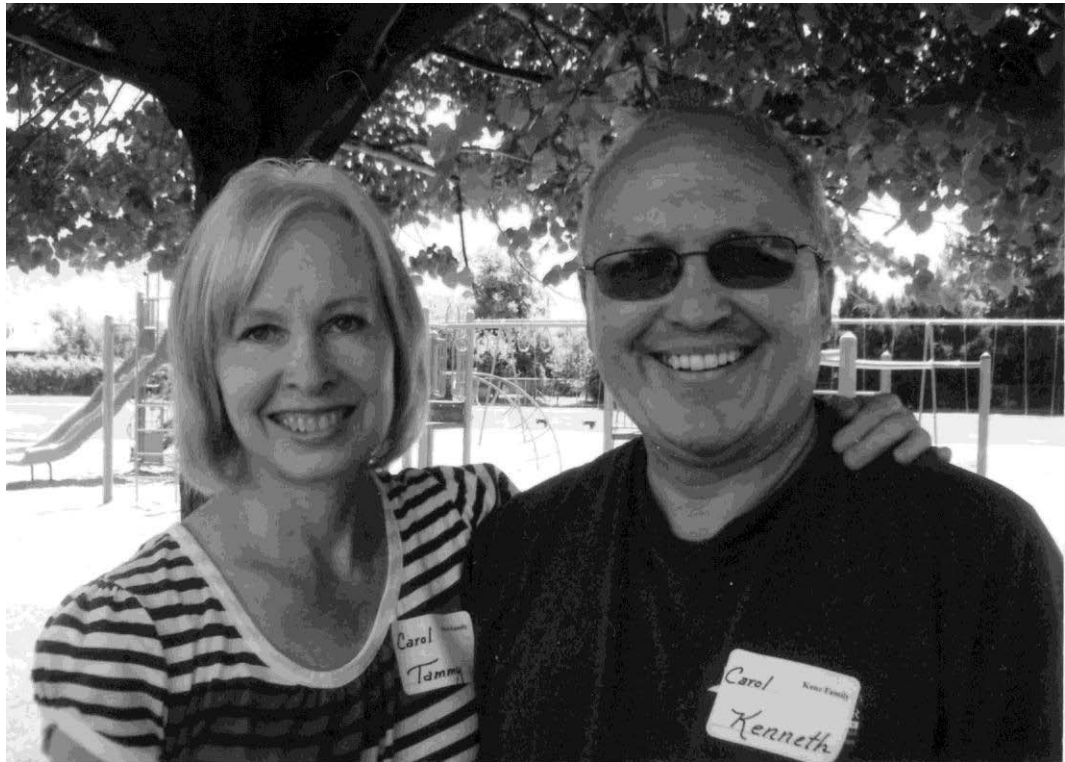
working full time to earn enough money to live and Tammy worked some and tended kids. it kept us out of trouble and busy.

After graduating from BYU we moved to Salt Lake City and I worked for a hardware company as their accountant for a while and then tried other jobs and finally I tried my hand at running an accounting business. Finally I settled on working for the Post Office where I have been for a little over fifteen years and hope to retire in five years or so.

We added Geoffrey, born May 19, 1982, and Adam, born February 23, 1984, to our family and have enjoyed all of our children very much. We moved to Bountiful just after Geoff was born and have lived here since. We really enjoy the area and life here.

Tammy and I are currently empty nesters and enjoy visits from our children and grandchildren when they can come. Mindy married Brandon Smith and they have three children: Aubrey, Tyler and Cooper. Jason married Jennifer Larson and they have two children: Ashley and Olivia. They divorced and he married Dallas Domire and they have a son: Donovan. Brenda married Troy Price and they have three children: Kaitlyn, Kevin and Ethan. Geoffrey married Felicia Ricks and they have two children: Allston and just adopted Jake. Adam is still looking. He will graduate from the University of Utah with his master's in Engineering next Spring. We have enjoyed all of our children and grandchildren very much.

Tammy enjoys teaching violin lessons and making porcelain dolls. We love life and doing things together.



**Tammy and Kenneth Howell**



**Jason Howell, Brandon Smith, Adam Howell, Troy Price, Geoff Howell,  
Front Row: Dallas Domire, Mindy Howell Smith, Tammy Howell, Kenneth Howell,  
Brenda Howell Price, Felicia Riggs Howell**

## Janet Howell Michaelson

### Janet Howell 1952

### Alan H Michaelson 1950

Patricia Michaelson 1973	Jeffrey Rulon Williams 1970
Tyson Jeffrey Williams 2001	
Beth Ann Michaelson 1975	Timothy Clay Passey 1975
Tanner Timothy Passey 1998	
Shaylynn Passey 2001	
Mackenzie Passey 2008	
Kevin Alan Michaelson 1977	Julie Beth Birchell 1981
Jaylie Michaelson 2004	
Chazlynn Michaelson 2008	
Jacob Alan Michaelson 1983	Camile Christensen 1983
Brody Michaelson 2008	
Stockton Michaelson 2010	

Janet Howell was born in Montpelier, Idaho on October 27, 1952 to Donovan and Carol Howell. She was the 4<sup>th</sup> of 7 children.

Janet was blessed to live next door to her Father's parents, and 20 miles from her Mother's parents. There are many happy memories with grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins. After her marriage, she loved the "club days" spent with her Mother and Grandmother Hilda Kunz along with aunts and cousins.

Raised in Bear Lake Valley, she enjoyed piano and dance lessons as a child. Teenage years found her busy picking berries in the raspberry patch, cleaning cabins, and babysitting when she wasn't enjoying water activities with friends at Bear Lake.

Summer trips with her family included Seattle World's Fair, Disneyland, and church sites in Nauvoo, Illinois.



Janet and Alan Michaelson

## Chapter 5 Carol Mary Kunz

She married her childhood sweetheart, Alan H Michaelson, in the Logan Temple on May 28, 1971 – the day after she graduated from Bear Lake High School.

Janet and Alan attended and graduated from Idaho State University Vo Tech – Janet in secretarial and Alan in Auto Mechanics.

They were excited to return to Bear Lake Valley after graduation where Alan worked for a mining company in Wyoming until he began working as a maintenance employee for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

They purchased Alan's Grandfather's home in St Charles, Idaho where they raised their 4 children: Patricia (Jeff Williams), Beth Ann (Tim Passey), Kevin Alan (Julie Burchell), and Jacob Alan (Camile Christensen).

Janet has served in various ward and stake presidencies. Alan has served as Bishop, Stake High Councilor, and 20 years as Scoutmaster or assistant scoutmaster.

Janet served in city and county planning and zoning committees, while Alan has served as St Charles Mayor.

Janet is working for the Bear Lake County as Deputy Clerk in the Magistrate Court. She enjoys spending time with Alan grooming trails in the winter months, camping in the summer, and riding bikes. They especially enjoy precious memories with their children and grandchildren.



**Alan and Janet Michaelson**



**Brody, Jacob, Camile C Michaelson**



**Julie, Chazlynn, Jaylie, Kevin  
Michaelson**



**Jeff, Tyson, Patricia Williams**



**Beth Ann, Mackenzie, Tim,  
Front: Tanner, Shaylynn Passey**

## Clayton Howell

### Clayton Howell 1954

Matthew Clayton Howell 1978  
Benjamin Howell 2007  
Theron Howell 2009  
Kirsty Howell 1983  
Evrett Nash 2005  
Caden Nash 2007  
Shandi Howell 1985  
Richard Swift Howell 1987  
Callie Howell 1990

### Clayton Howell 1954

Sunny Shill 1981  
C. Quincy Woods 2009  
Lindsay Shill 1982  
Colby Waldrop 2007  
Peyton Waldrop 2008  
Hillary Shill 1986

### Laurie Talbot 1956-2006

Mary Coza Whetten 1977

Christopher Nash 1978

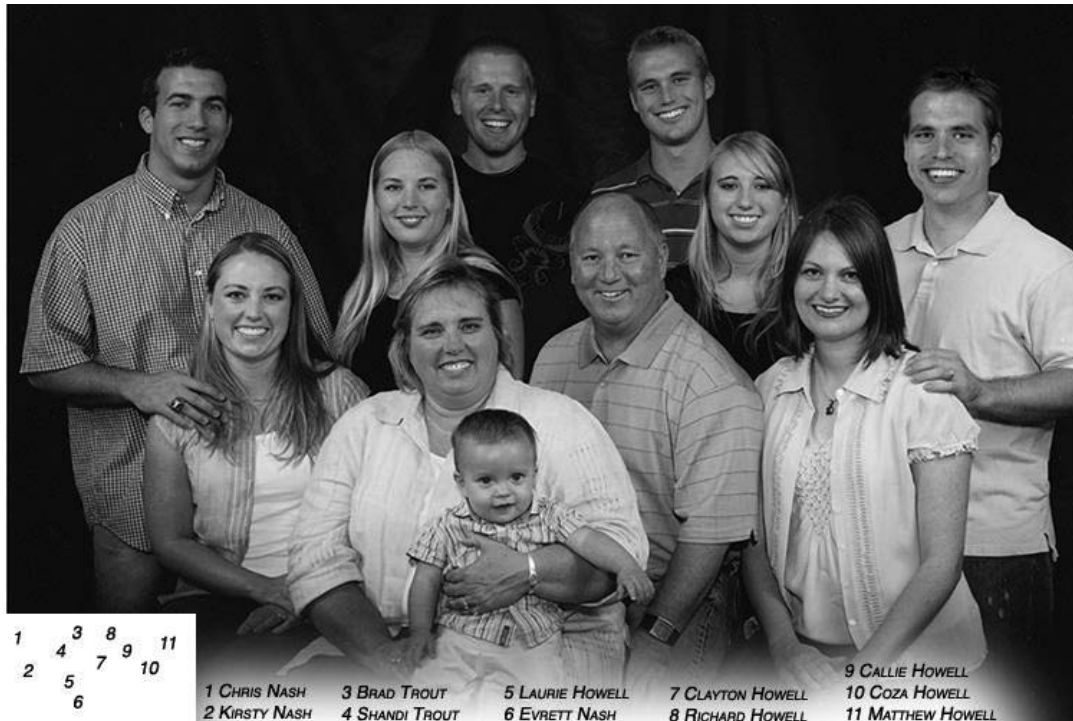
Bradley Trout 1980  
Kellie Smelzer 1989

### Joni Shill 1958

Adam Woods 1978  
Jason Waldrop 1982  
Matt Pritchart 1983

Clayton Howell: I was born in Montpelier, Aug 5, 1954. I grew up in Fish Haven. Most of my fondest memories growing up were either being alongside my Dad and brothers on the farm taking care of the animals or hauling hay, (perhaps not fondest on the hay end), or being up in the surrounding mountains hunting deer and elk or fishing in the small canyon creeks. I enjoyed the lake activities from fishing, skiing, ice skating, even down to pushing ourselves around on big chunks of ice in the spring with long poles. The snow brought skiing and all sorts of fun and work growing up. After living in the city for so long I look back and wonder 'what we did'. Life was never dull. I know we worked but we had plenty of time to just play, and we did it without electronic gadgets or big stores. Growing up in such a small town gave many opportunities to invent and do things that my kids couldn't imagine and would probably be in trouble if they did.





I loved growing up there and feel a peace just driving through after all the years. Family life was always peaceful and we enjoyed vacations and being together. I never saw either my Mom or my Dad miss an opportunity to serve others. Their example of service and work ethics have been invaluable to me in my life.

I remember very well getting up on my 8<sup>th</sup> birthday. It was a Sunday morning and going out to the bishops house to get baptized in the lake. I have never looked back when it comes to the gospel and have tried my best to instill the same great faith to my children that I received from my parents and my grandparents. I stayed in Bear Lake until I graduated from High School. Then I went to BYU for a year before heading to Georgia-South Carolina on a mission. I returned to graduate from BYU in 1978 with a degree in music.

While I was at BYU I met my wife Laurie Talbot, from Bountiful Utah. We got married and moved to Arizona to continue on with school there. Laurie taught music in the schools for many years, while I went to school and started painting houses part time. I ended up with a painting company that has kept us fed and housed for the last 30 years. We enjoyed Arizona and stayed where we raised our five children.

We continuously served in the church in many different callings. I worked many years with the youth and in scouting. I had received my Eagle Scout as a boy and while working with all the



other boys I had the honor of watching my two sons get their Eagles and continue on to serve faithful missions, both in Japan.

We fished, scuba dived, developed a love and passion for music, and many different activities as we worked and played together as a family. I still have the joy of my youngest daughter living here. Each of the other children have found eternal companions and have started their own families. My history means nothing without them, my beautiful grandchildren and the joy that comes from family.

Tragedy struck in 2006 when my beautiful wife of almost 30 years died suddenly. I am so grateful for the knowledge of the gospel that my forefathers passed down to me, especially in times like that. As quickly as my life was changed the Lord saw fit to bless me with another companion. I met and married Joni Shill, who grew up in Arizona. She worked as an attorney for many years but is now able to enjoy life much more teaching in the schools and enjoying our children. She has allowed me to continue to love life and have peace. With Joni came three daughters and their husbands.

Currently we live in Gilbert Arizona in the shadow of the new temple site. I now have eight beautiful children, seven whom have found wonderful companions and have blessed me with nine precious grandchildren. That is my history. My posterity is my life, and watching them grow in the gospel is all that matters to me.



**Clayton and Joni Howell**

## Susan Amy Howell

### **Susan Amy Howell 1958**

Benjamin Lee Farrow 1978  
Kaitlyn Farrow 2004  
Natalee Farrow 2007  
Mark Alan Farrow 1982  
Bryan Ken Farrow 1984  
Brenna Jo Farrow 2009  
Greg Tyler Farrow 1992

### **Kendall Lee Farrow 1954**

Jessica Thomas 1981

Briauna O'Haver 1981

After graduating from Bear Lake High School, I went to Brigham Young University. Two of my roommates were from Idaho Falls and introduced me to Ken Farrow. We were engaged by December of 1976. Ken's Great Aunt Louise discovered that we were actually 4th cousins – no problem, we still got married.

Ken and I were married June 24, 1977 in the Idaho Falls Temple. We continued to attend BYU. I was working on my Secretarial Associate Degree and Ken was working on his BS in Engineering. I had to take incompletes for the Spring Term of 1978 because our first child arrived. I did graduate in August with my associate.

We have been blessed with four sons: Benjamin Lee, June 1978; Mark Alan, December 1982, Bryan Ken, September 1984, and Greg Tyler, October 1992. Ben married Jessica Thomas in May 2001 and they have two little girls – Kaitlyn Annie and Natalee Claire. Bryan married Briauna O'Haver January 2009 and they have one little girl – Brenna Jo.

During the course of our marriage we have lived in different states. No, we have not been in the military just company changes that have caused us to move. We lived the first 15 years of our marriage in the Provo/Orem, Utah area. When Signetics shut down we moved to Albuquerque, New Mexico for the next five years. We changed companies and moved to Phoenix, Arizona with SGS Thompson for the next five years. Thanks to 9-11 we suffered a layoff and took a job with Texas Instruments in Texas and lived in Frisco, Texas for two years. We then had the opportunity to move back closer to family and came to Gilbert, Arizona where Ken works for Microchip Technology.

In the first part of our marriage I worked in the BYU Geology Department. Later I spent some time as a legal secretary and an administrative assistant in the Bio-med Department at Utah Valley Hospital in Provo. Fairly recently, I decided to take advantage of BYU's extended

## Chapter 5 Carol Mary Kunz

learning program and received my Bachelor in General Studies, with an emphasis in Family Life in 2004. I took general education classes at the local college and the others by home study through BYU. The journey of accomplishing this goal was by far more enjoyable and rewarding than the goal itself. After not working for almost fifteen years, I currently work part-time as an administrative assistant for some Financial Advisors.

I enjoy the piano and feel very blessed to have the talent of being able to play the piano. I also taught piano lessons for over 20 years. Counted cross-stitch, crocheting, knitting, and just recently piecing quilts together are some of my hobbies.

Over the years we've kept busy with the boys and their activities. All four boys have been involved in soccer in city leagues and in high school. Some also tried cross country and track.

Music lessons were thrown in the mix as well as cub scouts and other activities. All four boys have received their Eagle Scout award. Ben and Mark both served their missions in Germany and Bryan in England.

While living in Utah, we enjoyed the mountains for camping, backpacking and cross country skiing. We miss Utah for those

activities. Now that we're older, the winters in Phoenix are wonderful!



**Front: Sue, Ken, Briauna, Brenna Middle: Jessica, Benjamin, Natalee, Kaitlyn  
Back: Greg, Mark, Bryan**

Most of the memories I have of Grandpa and Grandma Kunz are from the Sunday afternoon visits that we would make. One quality of them that I remember has to be their perennial smiles and good-natured attitudes. They were a joy to be around and you always left feeling good about yourself. We seldom went upstairs which held a great mystery to me as a child wondering what was up there. Grandma was one who was always doing something creative and Grandpa had that mischievous twinkle in his eyes. A good game of Aggravation could always be enjoyed during a visit and it was also great fun watching Grandpa "catch" your finger in between his closing fingers. Grandma was always gracious in allowing me to play the organ which I thought was a treat. Grandpa and Grandma were stalwart people who enjoyed life and lived it to the

Chapter 5 Carol Mary Kunz

fullest. They were so giving of themselves and great role models in their examples.



**Ken and Susan Farrow**

## **James Robert Howell**

**James Robert Howell 1966    Pamela Pickering 1968**

Jesse Robert Howell 1989  
Ryan Gary Howell 1991  
Justin Howell 1995  
Cody Donovan Howell 1999

I served a Spanish speaking mission in the Anaheim California mission. I was home a couple months when I met Pamela Pickering and she informed me that she was the one. We were married a few months later on November 25, 1987 in the Salt Lake Temple.

A couple years later our first of four sons Jesse was born. Ryan followed in 1991. I graduated from Brigham Young University with a BS in Environmental Health and was hired by the Public Health Service. In the fall of 1991 we went to Fairbanks Alaska. We had a great time in Fairbanks. We spent summer vacations in Valdez fishing for salmon and halibut. The falls were spent picking blue berries and hunting. Winter was spent enjoying the northern lights. Spring was spent watching the river ice go out and the days getting longer.

For work I traveled to the nearby Athabascan native villages. I would travel by small plane to the villages and if the weather cooperated I would get home on time. In the village I inspected the public utilities and schools for safety, and vaccinated dogs for rabies. The Athabascans would set up summer camps along the river where they could catch salmon and get a vacation from the village. In the summer I traveled the Yukon River stopping at fish camps to vaccinate their dogs for rabies. It was a really tough way to spend a couple weeks.

We enjoyed watching the reactions when we told family and friends that we lived north of the North Pole. There was a town a few minutes drive south of Fairbanks that was called the North Pole and it had the house of Santa Claus.

Justin was born in 1995 and we moved to Kotzebue Alaska in 1997. Kotzebue is a small town 20 miles north of the Arctic Circle along the Bering Sea. The only way in is by plane. Most of the population is Inuits or Eskimos. We enjoyed hunting, fishing and blueberry picking. Late May we enjoyed watching the ice go out. It sounded like tinkling chandelier

## Chapter 5 Carol Mary Kunz

crystals.

Cody was born in 1999 in Anchorage. The older boys were involved in wrestling, scouts, spelling bees and science fairs. We enjoyed taking the boat across the sound to get out of town.

In June of 2003 we moved to Crownpoint, New Mexico to work on the Navajo Reservation. The boys were involved in football, basketball and track. Jesse attended a semester of college at BYU, then served a German speaking mission in Zurich, Switzerland. Ryan is in his second semester at BYU and will put in his mission papers this spring. Justin and Cody play sports and do well in school. We volunteer in Cub Scouts and Boy Scouts. I am Branch President and Pam serves in the Relief Society Presidency and as Stake Young Women's Camp Director. We enjoy being in the outdoors, woodworking, pen making, gardening, and spending time with the family. We enjoy living in a small town.



**Pamela and Jim Howell**





*back: Jessie, Pam, Jim, front: Ryan, Cody, Justin Howell*



**Hilda and Parley Kunz**

Chapter Six

## LaVaun Kunz Hansen

### LaVaun Kunz 1927      LaVarr Morrie Hansen 1926-2007

Larry LaVarr Hansen 1948	Melanie Stone 1952
LaRena Hansen 1951	Lee Glen Folkman 1950
LaMont K Hansen 1958	Leslie Parrish 1959

One beautiful Monday morning on the 16th day of May, 1927, I bade farewell to my lovely friends in the spirit world and thanked my Heavenly Father because the day had arrived for me to be privileged to leave my heavenly home and come to earth to receive my body, thus gaining my Second Estate.

How blessed I was to have been born to such wonderful parents: Parley Peter Kunz and Hilda Irene Stoor. More goodly parents just aren't to be had. Their examples and the lives they have lived will surely lead us back to our Heavenly Father if we will but follow those examples. I was born at our home in Bern, Bear Lake County, Idaho, probably with a mid-wife to assist my Mother. One of the ladies who helped mother at times with deliveries was Marge Buhler along with the doctor. I was the fifth daughter born to my parents.

My older sisters were Fern, born on May 23, 1920; LaRue, born July 6, 1922; Geniel, born March 21, 1924; Carol, born November 19, 1925; then myself, LaVaun, born May 16, 1927. I hope that my parents were not too disappointed to have another girl. I am sure they were excited when our brother, Dale John, was born on April 30, 1929. We too were excited and Aunt Mae Kunz, who was helping Mother, one day showed us sisters how Dale was *different* from us!

Each of us was shown the same love. The other members of our family who increased the family to 13 children - A Baker's Dozen - were: Naomi, born January 12, 1931; Paul Roy, born June 20, 1932; Owen Lee, born June 30, 1934; Phillip Ray, born July 19, 1936; Eva May, born March 12, 1938; Richard R, born August 28, 1939 and Arthur S., born January 23, 1944. All of us were born at home except Richard and Arthur who were born at the hospital in Montpelier, Bear lake County, Idaho.

## Chapter 6 LaVaun Kunz Hansen

I was blessed by my Father, Parley Kunz, on June 12, 1927. I received a wonderful blessing from him and the name, LaVaun Kunz. During this time, Uncle Robert Schmid was the Bishop. Father later held that position for nearly ten years.

When President Budge of Paris came to our home and saw all of us kids, he told Father if he would always keep the Word of Wisdom, he would live to see all of us grow to maturity.

On May 16, 1935, I had a very special birthday. I had a party and then the glorious privilege of being baptized in the water by the outlet bridge near Bern by Dennis Young and was later confirmed by David Buhler. Now I was a true member of the Church. I could now have the Spirit of the Holy Ghost to be with me all of my life to help me. I have always loved the Church and know the gospel is true. I have been so blessed from my membership all of these years.

We loved our home which was white with green trim with two little cupolas on the second level on the south and one cupola on the east side second level. We had five rooms downstairs and three rooms upstairs. The stairs went up to the second level from the hall. There was a little room we called the parlor.



**LaVarr and LaVaun Hansen**

We had a little basement. I can remember when electricity was put in and water put into the kitchen. We did not have a bathroom for years so had to use the outhouse and take baths in the little round galvanized tub in the kitchen. We were glad for the heat of the stove when the oven door was down for heat. We took turns bathing. The little kids were first. In later years, the living room was enlarged, the stairs changed, and the front remodeled. Also gas was put in for heat. How happy we were when we could get a refrigerator and then could stop bothering Kate

Buhler, who lived half a block away, to freeze our punch into cubes for us.

We, as children, were always so happy each spring when Father would let us buy a sucker at the post office and then go with him to drive the sheep down to the stock yards. Geniel went with us and caught cold and later got pneumonia. She had a lot of problems with her lungs and had drainage for a long time. With our family as large as it was, we did not have many serious illnesses.

Richard lost some fingers in a pulley during haying time and Naomi got her arm broken. We hated it when we got Measles or Chicken Pox and had to have that dumb red quarantine sign on our house. We couldn't go to school or out until we were all over the disease. With Measles, we had to have the room darkened and that was awful.

## Chapter 6 LaVaun Kunz Hansen

I remember a lot of times when Father would take us to school in a wagon pulled by two horses named Rock and Steel. They were spirited horses and full of pep. I remember one day they were running away with us. They were finally stopped with one horse on each side of a telephone pole. We were lucky we were not killed. Father later sold those horses.

We had to scrub floors and wax them and scrub the little three-foot boards [Wainscoting] that were all around the kitchen going up and down. Aunt Anna Kunz had them in her house too. It seems like they always needed washing. We did wallpapering and painting when it was needed and we were always doing the dishes and helping Mother when she needed help.

She taught us how to bake bread and to cook. She was a wonderful cook and made such delicious bread. She could always make a meal out of little or nothing. We helped wash clothes and hang them. Mother was fussy about how they were hung on the line. She always wanted to be the first

to get her washing out before her sister Anna.



**Carol and LaVaun Kunz**

Someone said that one time she hung out unwashed diapers so Anna would think she had beaten her. Doing the wash in the winter was awful. When we brought the clothes in, they would be stiff and had to hang around the house to dry. I remember a time I got caught in a corner on the porch while washing clothes. We had a wringer that sometimes kept going around and around. Each time it would hit me in the stomach. It took a long time for one of my sisters to turn the machine off so I could get out.

I helped Father tend the little baby chicks that he would get through the mail in a little box. They were so cute and fluffy. They were kept in a pen with a little umbrella-shaped brooder with a light under it. We filled quart jars with water and they could drink out of the little tray when it was overturned. We also fed them mash in the little containers.

## Chapter 6 LaVaun Kunz Hansen

As they grew bigger, some were kept in a scratch pen. Maybe they were called pullets.

I don't really remember how this experience got started because we were small but Dale blames me because I was two years older. We drove some chickens into the scratch pen and both took sticks and hit several of the chickens until they died and then threw them into the pigpen. Maybe five or six were killed. When Father found out, we both got a spanking. It was a waste and how awful for us to do it. Do you think the Devil made us do it?

We had a big chicken coop where the hens were kept to lay eggs. It wasn't fun to go in there to get the eggs. It was a stinky place! Sometimes we would take some eggs to the post office where we could get some candy for them. Dale and I did this. We would buy Snaps, Guess What's (a prize wrapped with some taffy in a package,) licorice, suckers, and Bulls Eyes, and then go up into the hayloft and eat them. We would crack apricot nuts and put them in the little lid boxes to eat them too. We were always very close. I think a lot of him and, not long ago, he said he always wanted a twin sister so he considered me his twin. That is nice.

We had a very spiritual home. We always had family prayer morning and night and the blessing on the food. I have had blessings of the Priesthood many times which have blessed me each time and helped me through the illness. I am grateful for the priesthood in our home both then and now.

I remember when I was young and Father told me I would soon have to take my turn saying the family prayer. I was so frightened I would go to bed early so I would not have to. How foolish I was! I do love my Heavenly Father and need to thank Him for all of my blessings more than I do. Prayer has been such a big part of my life and I have seen the power of prayer many times.

We always had wonderful food prepared by Mother and never went hungry because we had animals and milk etc. I can't remember ever going hungry during the depression. Mother was such a good cook. She made such wonderful bread and could always make a good meal from very little. They were always inviting others who came to our home to eat with us. We were not very well off financially but the love and spirituality in our home was wonderful.

We have always loved to sing and often were given some money to learn songs. One of the songs was: "In Our Lovely Deseret." I have always loved to sing with family members. Our special family hymn is: "Love at Home," We sing it whenever we get together. We sisters used to sing together from our different rooms at night.

Holidays at home were fun too. On July 4th, we got to go to Bear Lake at Fish Haven and take our lunch. On Easter, we got a few jelly beans we counted out to make sure we all got the same. We always got a new homemade dress for Christmas and candy and nuts and maybe a toy. I remember one doll I got and a little pink metal doll buggy about 8 inches tall and about a foot long. Mother did so much!

## Chapter 6 LaVaun Kunz Hansen

She always decorated the tree after we were in bed so it was a great surprise when we got up in the morning and saw it and our socks filled. We did not get a lot of things but loved everything we got. There were a lot of us and our dear parents did all they possibly could do for us.

We did not have a lot of money and it was embarrassing in high school when they sold stamps and bonds during the war and we couldn't buy any. I hated those days! How foolish that was as I think of it now that we have grown up. Our blessings were far greater than anything that money could buy. Our happy home and wonderful parents and brothers and sisters are so much more valuable than all the money in the world.

On Thanksgiving, many times we would go over to Anna and Orlando Kunz's for dinner. Anna always had such good chicken soup and all the trimmings for a wonderful dinner. Its funny that Anna and Orlando were our aunt and uncle and we did not seem to be able to call them that, but yet, we called Uncle Rob and Aunt Nellie and others aunt and uncle when they were not really uncles or aunts at all.

Father was always reading and could go to the special book in which he had read something he wanted to share. He took a lot of wonderful knowledge with him. My parents were so noble and kind. They always showed charity to others, never spoke ill of anyone, and were always so friendly to all those they met. They lived their religion to the fullest and truly endured to the end. They were faithful in keeping the commandments and were such wonderful examples to all of us.

With all of the chickens and animals we had, we used a lot of mash etc. The bags were pretty and Mother made us many clothes from them, not just for the girls, but for the boys, too. They got shirts from the sacks. Mother was a beautiful seamstress. She was taught by her father. Most of the kids at school had mash sack dresses etc. Mother did make Carol and me cute little blue dresses maybe for Christmas.

Father hooked up the rook sleigh and took us down to the school house where Uncle George took a picture of us. We were so proud of them. Our hair was cut in bangs and just straight around. We never had curls. Geniel and Eva had curly hair.

We had to wear long underwear when it was cold. Mother made us under-waists with long garters attached to hold up the brown ribbed stockings. There would be bulges under them from the underwear. Some of the girls would take them off and roll up the underwear. I never did that. I wanted to keep warm.

There was no pantyhose in those days. How grown up we felt when we could finally wear rayon or silk hose. They had a seam down the back and it was really hard to keep it straight. During the war, it was hard to get nylons so, whenever there was a rumor that a store had some, everyone made a mad dash to get them. One pair only was allowed. They got runs in them easily which we sewed up. Now ladies would throw them away and get a new pair. At one time, there was some "liquid ladies" rubbed on their legs to look like hose.

## Chapter 6 LaVaun Kunz Hansen

Sometimes at Christmas time we would sell stamps for Tuberculosis research. It was fun to get pencils as prizes. Later, we could collect soap wrappers and send them in for premiums, like bracelets with birthstones, code rings etc. I remember a special program the ward or primary had below the schoolhouse in the old gymnasium. We were dressed up it seems, for the program. It was fun.

After watching my sisters go to school, I was so happy when my turn came. I attended school in Bern, Idaho. My first grade teacher was Merle Blazer, Orlando Kunz's niece. I loved her! She was so pretty! I was always afraid of indoor toilets that would run as I was afraid they would run over. So one day, while in the first grade, I remember wetting my pants.

One day when Merle was out of the room, Lynn, Melvin, and Tommy (all Kunzs) came up and kissed me. I started to cry. When Merle came back, she said next time to just slap them. Later, I had schoolgirl crushes on Lynn and Melvin.

Naomi Keetch taught me in the second, third and fourth grades. She lived in David J. Kunz's home. We used to walk over to her home so we could walk back to school with her. She always wore her hair in a bob in back. She later married Roy Hirschi. Many times he would come to the school and play his accordion for us. She was a good teacher too.

At times, we would have cooked food at school. Lydia Barlow was the cook. We had soups and stew and were not always fond of the food there. We mostly went home to eat if the weather was good. We loved our mother's cooking better. She was such a wonderful cook. She could always make a good meal when anyone came that she wasn't expecting. We loved her bread and melted cheese in a platter. It was so good!

I was so excited when I got to go into the "Big Room" at school, which held grades five through eight. Donald Welker was the teacher and I really liked him a lot. He would play baseball, marbles and games with us. One time he was teaching us about dating. We were having a dance so the boys would ask us to go. I remember Lynn Kunz asked me. He gave me a handkerchief.

One experience I remember with him was when we were in the Eighth Grade. Some of us were unruly so he made the whole group stay after school. He left us there and went to Montpelier. He forgot us at school. Some of the parents came looking for us and wanted us to come home but we did not want to since he left us there. They made us go home. Later that night, Mr. Welker came to our house and apologized. I was still angry so I stayed in the kitchen. When we graduated from the eighth grade, we went to the Paris, Idaho Tabernacle for the graduation, and after it was over, he took us over to the drug store and bought us a sundae.

I attended eight grades of school at Bern, Idaho, then four years at Montpelier High School from which I graduated in 1945.

I can remember the old church house with the pot-belly stove in the center of the large building. There were curtains to partition the different class areas. I remember how warm the stove was



## Chapter 6 LaVaun Kunz Hansen

and how Vivian Kunz would lead the singing in Primary "Give Said the Little Stream." Vivian had two daughters, Afton and Farrell, who played violins at different occasions. When they would play, I thought they were scared when their fingers would shake.

I sang a solo once in the old church about some candy and I would take a bite of candy as I sang it. Marantha Bienz was my Sunday School teacher and taught us the scripture, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraided not and it shall be given thee." She was a good teacher. Aunt Anna Kunz was a good Primary President and we enjoyed winding the maypoles in May and a program, held in the old gym below the schoolhouse. We wore costumes. I graduated from Primary on the 17th day of September, 1939 in the old church house. In those days, we had to repeat all thirteen Articles of Faith.

Other memories of the old church was of George Alleman and how he would lead the singing, especially the song, "Praise to the Man". The ward clerk, Robert H. Kunz, had a pen that he would use with a little tab on the tip that would move as he wrote. Robert H. also was the town barber. He had a big, brown, leather chair. Mother got upset with Carol and me once when we were there and had him cut our hair. She had wanted us to look nice for a reunion that was coming up.

We would go down to Robert H.'s when the dentist, Seymour Kunz, would come to Bern to get our teeth checked. We hated that! One time when I thought I saw his car at our house, I hid down by the lambing sheds for a long time. When I went up to the house, it was a salesman. Father would pull our baby teeth as they became loose.

Vera Alleman was our Mutual teacher and, one time when we went to Bear Lake on an overnight trip, we girls would chomp our gum and get her upset. She was a good sport. Other teachers I had were: Wanda Kunz; Nellie <sup>no</sup> Schmid in Mutual; Robert Schmid and Mother teaching me of the Life of Christ in Sunday School. We made scrapbooks on Christ and my scrapbook took the prize; I got a dollar.

Dale and I sang duets a lot of times in programs. Whenever he would get his soprano too low and I couldn't get the alto pitch, I would poke him in the ribs or pinch him and the audience would laugh at us. We sang, "Oh There Was A Little Billy Goat", that Donald



Old Bern Church

## Chapter 6 LaVaun Kunz Hansen

Welker taught us. That was fun.

Sometimes Geniel would play a guitar and the girls would sing at programs. We would always sing in bed or play a little game when we would tap our fingers on another's leg to try to guess the song we would be thinking of. I used to sing with Ramona Kunz and others. A group of us sang at Rudolph Bienz's father's funeral. We sang, "Unanswered Yet." Aunt Wanda Kunz played for us. I took a few piano lessons but couldn't read notes. I would memorize the piece and play it by ear. I finally quit taking them.

We would go to Lava Hot Springs for Stoor Reunions or to the Hot Springs at St. Charles, Idaho. I was always afraid of water so never learned to swim. On the 4th of July, we were excited to go to Fish Haven to have a picnic.

We had special friends who played games in the yard: "Run, Sheep, Run"; "Prisoner's Base"; and "Cat and Dog" played with a long stick, a short stick and a hole in the ground. It was fun! We also played, "Andy Over the Chicken Coop." I can remember my 12th birthday when we were playing outside. Some of those who were there were: Dale, myself, Lynn, Melvin Kunz, Dorothy and Zenna Schmid and maybe others.

Instead of going in the house at dark, we decided to go with friends for a walk down Uncle George's lane; south to Uncle Johnny's lane; and then back home. It was late when we got home. Father was in bed. He called me into the bedroom, sat on the edge of the bed and made me lay across his lap and gave me a good spanking. I shouldn't have dragged Dale with me too. I got the spanking for both of us. I was really humiliated to have my pants pulled down at 12 years-of-age! That hurt more than the spanking! I really had it coming! We must have worried the folks a lot.

When I was 12 years old, I was thrilled for the opportunity to go to the Logan Temple to be baptized for the dead. It was an embarrassing time for me. I had a button missing on the outfit I wore for the baptism. I would be baptized for a person and then get into the confirming chair for the confirmation. Every time I got in the chair, a man would whisper and tell me I was open in front. I knew I was open in front but I couldn't do anything about it. Each time I got up again, he would tell me again. Finally he handed me a pin to close the gap so I would not "moon" them anymore. I was so embarrassed! It was a good experience to be in the temple and I will always remember it.

Some of my good friends through life were Dorothy and Zenna Schmid, Betty Buhler and Ramona Kunz. We went on a lot of hikes to the peak for a wiener roast and watermelon busts; candy pulls; having slumber parties when we tried to be the last to go to sleep. We picked the pretty wildflowers, Buttercups and Indian Paintbrush, as they came up and would take them to the cemetery to decorate the graves.

Uncle Rob Schmid cured meat and would always give us a piece on our way home from school or a piece of Hershey's chocolate bar. William (Billy) Boss always had pink peppermints in his pocket and would give us one at church or wherever he saw us. He had a sweet wife, Annie. I

## Chapter 6 LaVaun Kunz Hansen

always loved Aunt Myrtle Steckler and Aunt Amy Kunz and sent them birthday cards since their birthdays were around mine. We visited them a lot too. I have always had compassion for older people and have loved to cheer them up anyway I could.

I did a lot of babysitting to Reed's, Tony's, or Orlando's for 10 cents or 25 cents, if we were lucky. We had to clean the house, do dirty dishes, and feed the kids when we tended. Sometimes, we did not get any pay unless we asked for it later. It was funny I had to tend Reed's kids when their son, Lynn, was as old as I was. I was tending Delmar and Wanda's kids one time when the power went off. Ramona, Montain and I all sat under the table on the floor where there were wires to the radio.

I was scared of lightening so all of us, with Montain leading us, crawled on our hands and knees into the bedroom where we got on the bed. Later, O'Neal Kunz, Delmar's brother, came over to see how we were and then the lights came on. I have always been afraid of lightening and thunder.

It was wonderful news that we would get a new chapel in Bern, Idaho. Uncle Orlando Kunz was the Bishop of Bern during this period. I worked for him when Anna was in the hospital. One day he came in and told me that I would have to make dinner for the building inspector, a Mr. Bagley, from Salt Lake, who had come to inspect the progress on the new Bern Chapel. "I can't do that," I told him. He said, 'You'll have to. You can cook a chicken.' So, I guess he killed it. I scalded the chicken; plucked the feathers off cleaned the organs from the inside; and then cut up and cooked the chicken; and made potatoes and gravy. Maybe I made some ice-cream from a box mix. I guess it turned out okay. I was so scared to have to do that for such an important man!

Some of my high school teachers I thought a lot of were: Lewis Munk, Helen Ream, Virginia Ekins and Forrest Hauck. I loved English, Home Economics, Typing, Music, and singing in choirs and choruses. I sang with groups at my Seminary and High School Graduations. When I graduated from Seminary, Uncle George took a picture of me that night. I wore the dress mother made for me. When I graduated from high school, I received an award of the National Honor Society. I received a Golden Gleaner Award from MIA at Church.

I received a Patriarchal Blessing from Hyrum Oakey at Montpelier, Idaho. One of the things promised me was that I would be a leader among my sex. This has truly come true and I have been grateful for the opportunity to serve among my dear sisters in any capacity.

I remember when LaRue and Eugene came home from being married in the Logan Temple. When they were coming in the house, I played, "Here Comes the Bride", with one finger. We were excited to have Eugene in the family! He was so good looking and always so nice. I do remember though once when he gave me a "friendly pinch" for some reason.

They lived in Pocatello and other places the early part of their marriage so we did not get to see them very often. It was nice when they moved to Montpelier. They lived in a little house between the Kit Kat Confectionery and the theater in Montpelier. It was such a shock and so sad for all of

## Chapter 6 LaVaun Kunz Hansen

us when Eugene was killed near Border, Wyoming, while working for the telephone company. A pole broke with him and he was killed in the accident.

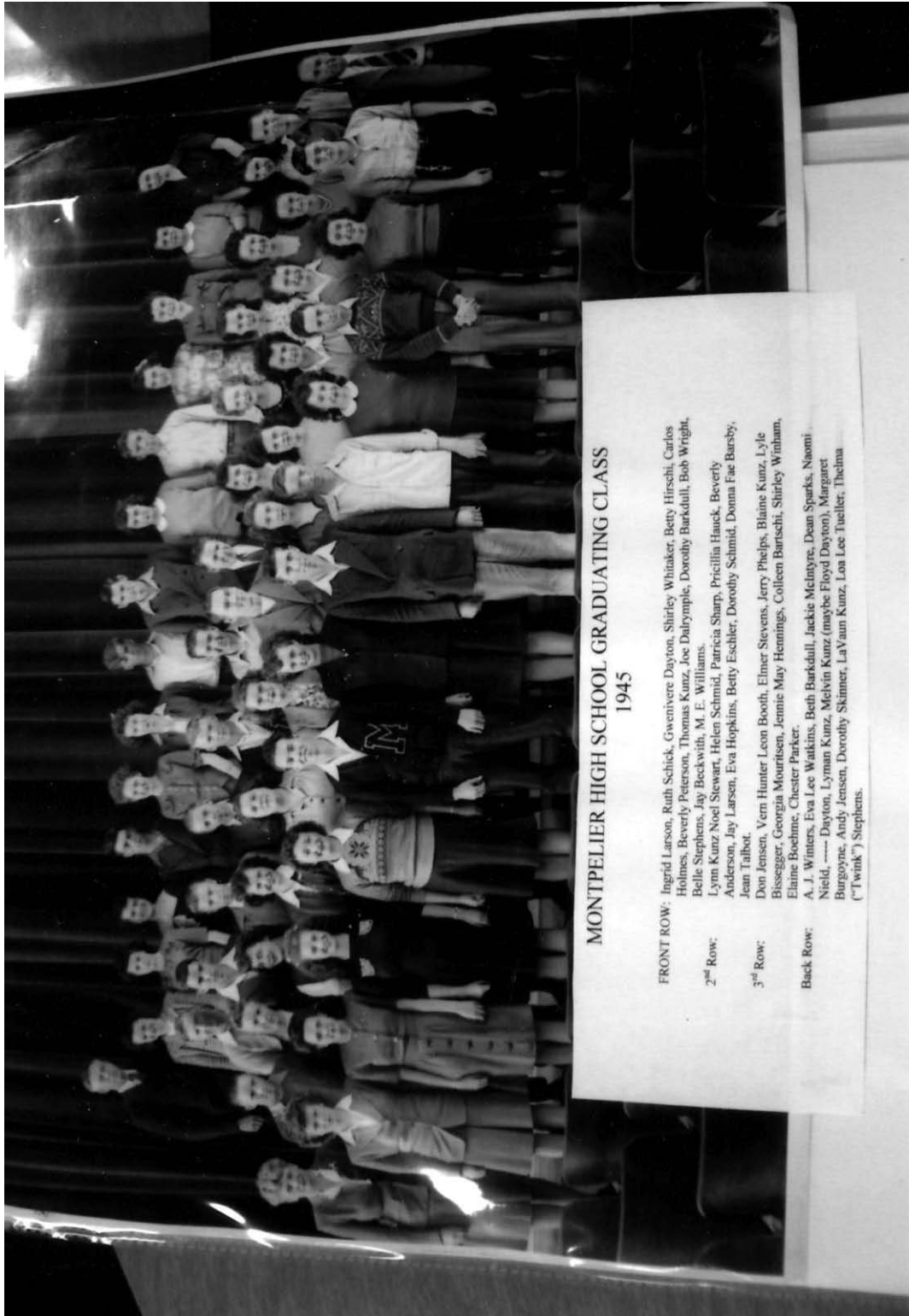
LaRue was so young to be a widow and had two small children, Judy and Barbara. How could she ever survive? Her daughters both adore her for the wonderful mother she has been to them.



**LaVarr and LaVaun Hansen**



**LaMont, LaRena, Larry *front*: LaVarr,  
LaVaun Hansen**



## Chapter 6 LaVaun Kunz Hansen

She was such a "brick" facing the turmoil in her life. She has such courage and faith and, although she was devastated inside, it never showed. She did not spend her time moping around but kept smiling. She busied herself thinking of others. She was an immaculate housekeeper.

Father and LaRue bought the Kit Kat Confectionery to give her something to do. There was an apartment above where she and the kids lived. It had two bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, and living room. I stayed with her there and helped watch the girls and worked for her in the confectionery during my Junior and Senior years.

I am surprised that Judy and Barbara still like milk shakes and hamburgers the way they had to eat so many of them there. We had many special times. I really scared LaRue one day when she came running up to the apartment and put her hand around the door of the bathroom to turn the light on! I hid back there and grabbed her hand! That was so awful of me to do that! For a while, Geniel and Glen lived there also.

The Kit Kat was the bus stop for the Bear Lake Stages [the bus] that also went to Pocatello and Logan. LaVarr's brother, Willard Hansen, Thaniel Bird, and William Lauridson, were the drivers. The Kit Kat had a long candy counter, magazines, hamburgers, milk shakes, sandwiches, ice cream cones and soft drinks. It was fun to listen to the jukebox with the old songs. Sometimes, we would dance there after the day's work was done.

The cash register was so old and would really be an antique. There were also punch boards where one could pay for a punch and try to win a box of chocolates. There were some old women who would hide the punches and not pay for them. We would make the caramel, marshmallow, and fudge toppings for the sundaes. We should have kept the recipes but did not do that. They were so good! We were afraid to go down to the basement since the former owner was old and we were afraid of things down there. He had some barrels and boxes that we never looked in.

We were scared one night when we were counting the money on the marble tables and making a noise with it when the cop, Melvin Mourtsen, came from the back room. We had forgotten to lock the back door. We learned a lesson and were sure to lock up after that.

LaVarr Hansen came in the Kit Kat often with his nephew, Eugene Windley. One night when I was working, he said to Eugene, "I am going to marry that girl!" Eugene said he would never have a chance since I dated Army and Navy boys since the war was on. LaVarr said I had cute legs. He would come in and sit on a stool and just watch every move I made. It really made me nervous! He had also lost a couple of teeth on top and, when he would smile at me, it kind of turned me off.

LaVarr had a good friend, Vern Mayfield, who would come in with him a lot. They worked together on the railroad paint gang. Vern was so good looking and always dressed so nice. Glen and Vern would tease LaVarr and me about our "paint-bucket kids" so I did not like him very

## Chapter 6 LaVaun Kunz Hansen

much. Later, Vern dated LaRue so we would double date at times. They were married later and lived in Bern, Idaho.

One night, LaVarr and I were going someplace and I was getting ready while he waited in the living room. I needed my garter belt from the bedroom so called Glen to see if he would go get it for me. He did, but instead of hiding it, he held it up in front of himself, dangling it! I was so embarrassed!

One night, I was going to make LaVarr a really special sundae, at least I meant it to be special. I used several kinds of ice cream, marshmallow and chocolate. There were a few nuts in a dish that I put on top along with a cherry. He called me over to the table and showed me that, on top of the nuts, was a dead cockroach. I was so embarrassed, I threw the whole thing out! He always told everyone afterwards that the cockroach was alive, lying on its back in the marshmallow, and frantically kicking its legs to get out. He spent money on me and I should have danced with him.

Father and Uncle Rob Schmid administered to me sometime after that when I had an appendicitis attack. Later, after we were married, I was operated on by Dr. Spencer H. Rich to have the appendix out.

Movies, baseball games, basketball tournaments held at Paris with all the little towns participating, were about the only entertainment we had. They were always so much fun and lasted all day. LaVarr was really a good basketball player. The tournament players from Garden City and Paris were mostly his family: LaVarr, Willard, Russell, LeRoy, and Ross Smith, his brother-in-law. They had a good team. LaVarr also played for his high school team and was such a good player. He was so short compared with his other team members.

We visited a lot with LaRue and Vern in Bern. I loved to sing with LaRue's husband, Vern Mayfield. He had such a pretty voice. We would sing: "Old Shep;" "The Letter Edged in Black;" and, "Home on the Range." When we were engaged, we used to visit Vern and LaRue. One night they had a lot of company - Wayne and Alice Schmid Perkins and Jay and Francis Buhler. The six of them wanted LaVarr and me to elope. One would loan us a dress, another something else. They almost had us talked into it then LaRue said maybe I should go ask the folks first.

We went up to the folk's place. It was late and they were in bed. We woke them up and said we wanted to go get married. Father said, "Wait until the morning and we will go with you." The next morning, I was so embarrassed I hated to go downstairs and face the folks. All those married people should have known better even if we did not.

They all probably got a good laugh out of that! LaVarr was persistent and, after all the times I treated him mean: not answering letters, not dancing with him after he paid for a train fare to go to Cokeville, Wyoming, and a dance ticket for me, he still did not give up with me. I am so glad now that he loved me enough to keep trying to get me. I guess our marriage was supposed to be. He always felt as though our marriage had been planned from above. We have had a wonderful marriage of 61 years, as of 2007, when he passed away.

## Chapter 6 LaVaun Kunz Hansen

We had two receptions, one in Bern and one in Garden City. The war was on so it was hard to get appliances and a lot of things. We did have nice showers though and got a lot of nice things that we still use.

Our Christmas tree would fall over on the floor whenever our neighbors would shut their front door hard. Friends, Lynn and Carol Kunz and Douglas and Betty Stalder stayed with us one time and we had a lot of fun times together. It was nice to be close to his brother too. Hans's wife, Deane, and I would put puzzles together while the men were working on the railroad. Before we were married, LaVarr stayed with Hans and Deane and paid them rent. Rent for our apartment was \$19.00 a month. It was a lot in those days.

LaVarr had to move to Pocatello for his railroad job so we bought a little one-room silver trailer home. We parked it in the trailer park of Ilene Barrett on Yellowstone Ave. I was pregnant with Larry. I rode the train to Montpelier at times to see my parents. LaVarr had to go to Montpelier for a while. We were staying with the folks at that time. It was conference time in Salt Lake so the folks were going down there for it. I began to have labor pains so LaVarr came from work at Montpelier to get me. Larry was born on October 2, 1948, in Montpelier, Idaho. He weighed 5# 14 oz and was a cute baby. My doctor was in Pocatello as were the clothes we had for Larry. So we had Dr. Spencer H. Rich then as the doctor. My sister, LaRue, was in Montpelier then so she went shopping for the clothes we would need in the hospital. We lived in Pocatello until LaVarr's job on the railroad caused us to move to Ogden, Utah. It was here on June 5, 1951, that we were blessed with a darling little daughter, LaRena. We were so happy to have her join our family. She weighed 7 lbs 1 oz. The Burch's, Ted and Hulda, were so good to us and helped with Larry while LaRena was born. They loved LaRena and she later played with their daughter.

LaMont was our third child - our second son. He was a wonderful addition to our family and has brought a lot of love and happiness into our home. We are proud of him and his wife and special family.

We have had special parties with our children. They surprised LaVarr and me the day we retired - he from the railroad and I retired from IRS.

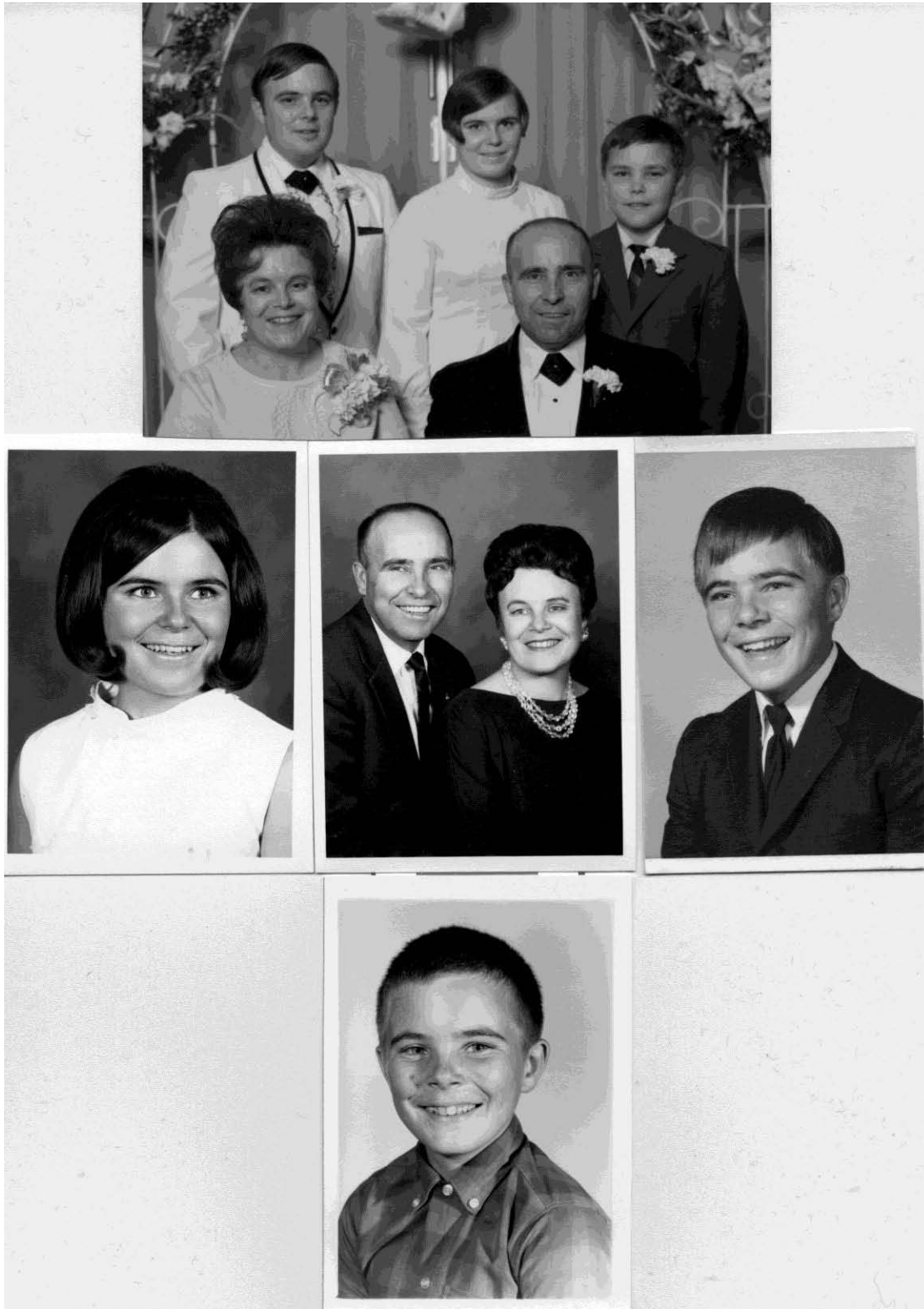
I was proud to be able to sing in a stake Primary chorus that practiced in the old Ogden Tabernacle. We went to Salt Lake to sing in the Primary Conference. It was a special experience to sing in the beautiful tabernacle in Salt Lake

My brothers and sisters who have served missions are: Carol and Donovan - four missions; Naomi served two missions; Dale, Richard, and Phillip each served missions. Dale and Richard, with their wives, Rosemarie and Beulah, served in the Germany Freiburg Temple together on a mission. Phillip and Joyce, his wife, were Mission President and wife in Baton Rouge, Louisiana and later in the Russia Moscow South Mission, assigned to Belarus as humanitarian missionaries; and Eva and her husband, Garylee Berry, served a mission in Lewiston, Idaho.



## Chapter 6 LaVaun Kunz Hansen

Larry served a mission in Switzerland, Austria and LaMont served in Frankfurt, Germany. Many of our posterity have served missions.



LaVaun and LaVarr's Family

## Larry Lavarr Hansen

**Larry LaVarr Hansen 1948**

**Melanie Stone 1952**

Jeremy William Hansen 1975  
James Larry Hansen 1976      Amber Decaria 1977  
    Marlie Hansen 2003  
    James Hansen 2006  
    Jack Mowry Hansen 2008  
Wendy Marie Hansen 1978  
Cody Stone Hansen 1979      Tiffani Wheeler 1981  
    Elizabeth Rose Hansen 2009  
Anne Kay Hansen 1981  
Joey LaVaun Hansen 1983

I am the oldest son of LaVarr and LaVaun Hansen, and brother to LaRena and LaMont. We lived most of my first years in a little trailer, and then moved to a little house in Ogden just before I started school.

I graduated from Ben Lomond High School in 1966. I served on a mission to Switzerland and six years in the Army Reserves while I went to college graduating from Weber State in 1974. My work life has been one of learning, variety, and diversity with a focus on banking, finance, and management during which time it was my privilege to complete professional study at the University of Wisconsin, University of California at Berkeley and Cornell University.

I now work as the Riverdale City Manager and will probably do so until I retire in a few more years.

My blessings in serving the Lord have included a variety of positions of leadership, but the most enjoyable have been the teaching opportunities and those responsibilities that gave me opportunities to be with people in their homes, in their challenges and difficulties.



**Melanie and Larry Hansen**



All of this foregoing did establish and contribute toward and set in context the most important and valuable role and blessing in my life, that of being a husband and father and now a grandfather.

Melanie and I were married in the Logan Temple on Friday November 13, 1970. I am incomplete without her and I love her with all my heart and thank the Lord for our relationship and life together.

We have been blessed with six children Jeremy (1975), Jimmy

(1976), Wendy (1978), Cody (1979), Anne (1981), and Joey (1983), three sons and three daughters.

Two of our sons, Jimmy and Cody have also married on Friday's the 13<sup>th</sup> and brought two wonderful daughters-in-law into our family, Amber and Tiffani.

Jimmy and Amber turned Melanie and me into Grandparents with our oldest granddaughter Marlie (2003), their sons James (2006), and Jack (2008).

Cody and Tiffani have just recently blessed our family with another granddaughter Elizabeth Rose (2009).



Since this writing will become part of a record and tribute to my maternal grandparents Parley and

Hilda Kunz, I must conclude with my own personal tribute to them individually and together as the head of this

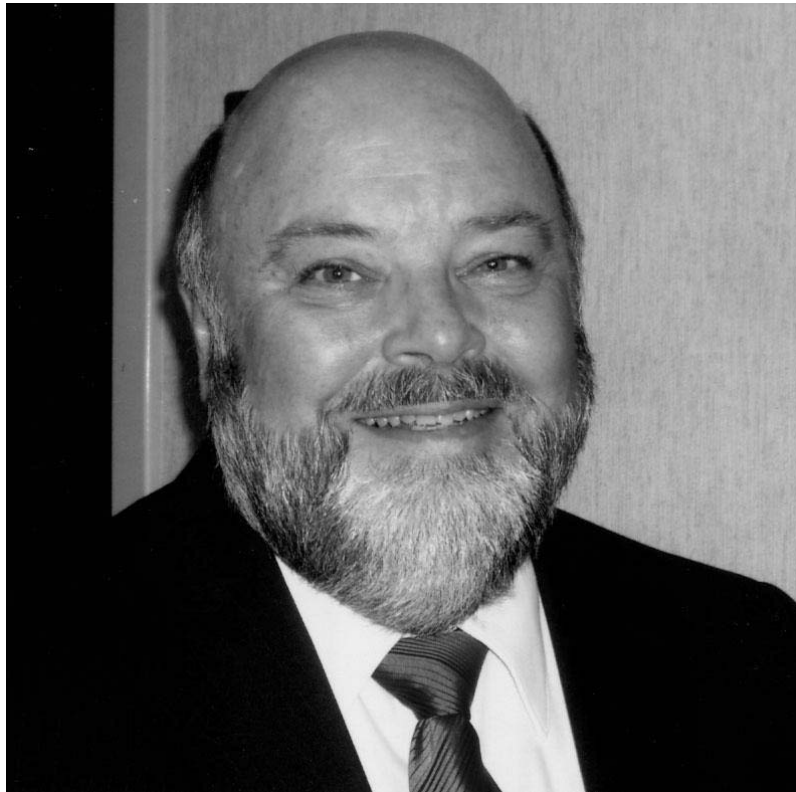
## Chapter 6 LaVaun Kunz Hansen

branch of my family.

Grandpa Parley was the definition of a righteous man without guile who lived a pure life of hard work and service to the Lord. Although there were times I might have felt I was just one of so very many grandchildren, I did feel that I was important to him if for no other reason than his very deep love for my mother and that I belonged to her.

Grandma Hilda's most important and indelible impact on my life has been the imprint she placed on my dear mother through her duties, skills, and performance in service as a wife and as a mother. It wasn't only what she did but how she did it that was transferred in almost a clone-like fashion to my own mother.

As a couple these two noble Grandparents have firmly established a foundation upon which as grandchildren we can all safely build lives of happiness and joy in mortality and through which we can lay up treasures in heaven to be enjoyed throughout eternity. Thank you, I love you for blessing my life!



**Larry Hansen**

## Larena Hansen Folkman

### LaRena Hansen 1951

### Lee Glen Folkman 1950

Justin Lee Folkman 1972	Jodi Lynn Hadlock 1970 div
Garret Justin Folkman 1995	
Justin Lee Folkman 1972	Lisa Warburton 1965
Dylan Justin Folkman 2001	
Brett H Folkman 1974	Kimberly Ann Peterson 1974
Alexa Katrena Folkman 1996	
Anna Lee Folkman 1999	
Ellie Ann Folkman 2002	
Kamron Folkman 2004	
Neil Glen Folkman 1977	Sunshine Deanna Price 1978
Zackery Neil Folkman 2001	
Avery Ann Folkman 2004	
Cannon Folkman 2005	
Sally Folkman 1980	Bryce Bonnell Wade 1978
Mason Bryce Wade 2001	
Brylee Wade 2004	
Gavin Wade 2007	
GunnerWade 2009	
Casey LaVarr Folkman 1985	Katelyn Henderson 1990

I am the middle child and only daughter of LaVarr and LaVaun Kunz Hansen. My older brother is Larry and my younger brother is LaMont. I was born on June 5, 1951 in Ogden, Utah where I grew up.

My first ten years of school were spent in the same building – Mound Fort Elementary and Junior High. The elementary was on one side and the junior high on the other. Then I went to Ben Lomond High School, where I graduated in 1969.

After a short time attending Weber State College, I went to work at Internal Revenue Service, where I worked for three seasons. During that time, (1970) I married my husband, Lee Glen

Folkman in Ogden. A year later we were sealed in the Logan Temple. After a year or so, we moved to Warren, Utah, a farming community, and lived in the house that Lee was raised in, buying it from his mother. After thirty-one years we moved to our present home in Farr West.

My IRS years ended in 1972, a while before giving birth to our first child, Justin. I was very fortunate to be able to stay at home while raising my children. We have five children: Justin, Brett, Neil, Sally, and Casey. It has been a wonderful experience being a mother to these great spirits of Heavenly Father. They have blessed my life and taught me so many things about myself. They are not only my children, but also my friends. All of them are now married and have great spouses, whom I consider my own.

Equally exciting has been becoming a grandmother. As of this year, 2010, we have thirteen grandchildren – eight boys and five girls, ranging in ages from fourteen years to ten months old. They are each so unique and I can see their parents in each of them. I am looking forward to having more in the future.

Since I made my first cross-stitch picture in Primary, I have had deep yearnings to sew cross-stitch pictures. When counted cross-stitch became popular, I was part of a team that cross-stitched pictures for the Vanessa-Ann Company, which designed the patterns and published the finished pictures, with the patterns, into books for sale. It has been my goal to make each person in my family a counted cross-stitch picture as a way to show my love for them. Of the pictures I have made for myself, my favorite is a close-up of the head of a tiger. It took six months and countless hours to finish.

Although cross-stitching is my forte, my mom has also interested me in crocheting and knitting from time to time. Even when I was little, very seldom did I see my mom's fingers idle while she was just sitting. I know she learned this from Grandma Kunz. Whenever they were together the needles flew!



**Lee and LaRena Folkman**



**Bryce, Sally, Katelynn, Casey, Lisa, Justin, Kim, Brett, Neil, Sunshine**

I also enjoy reading all kinds of books, growing a vegetable garden each year, sewing clothes, going for walks with my husband, spending time with my family, among other things. I have always been active in the church and served in various callings. At the present time, I am involved with my stake in the family indexing program. It is amazing to see lists of families from years ago, especially the immigrants, who came to

America for a better life. Many of them struggled for existence and it has made me wonder about their lives and hardships.

I know that I am very fortunate to having been born under such favorable circumstances, with parents who love me and have done their best to raise me. It has also been a blessing to be a granddaughter of Grandpa and Grandma Kunz. Grandpa had his gentle ways and grandma was always welcoming our family to stay with them at any time. They have always been a great example to all of us. Of course, I can't leave out my dear cousins. It was and is so fun to spend some time with them. My aunts and uncles are also close to my heartstrings.

I am truly blessed to be a part of the Kunz Family!



**Back: Brylee, Anna, Alexa, Dylan, Zackery, Ellie, Mason, Avery  
Front: Kamron, Cannon, Gavin & baby Gunner**

## Lamont K Hansen

### LaMont K Hansen 1958

Kellie Lynn Hansen 1981  
Taylor Josh Hansen 1997  
Holly Michelle Bess 2002  
Kambrie Bess 2006  
Lindsay Jo Hansen 1985  
Hadley Jo Phenes 2007  
Michelle Hansen 1987-1991  
Christopher LaMont Hansen 1989

### Leslie Parrish 1959

Shaun Michael Bess 1980

Mark Keven Phenes 1981

I am the youngest son of a wonderful mother and father LaVarr & LaVaun a brother to Larry & LaRena. I remember living in a little 2 bed room house in Ogden and sharing a room with Larry and LaRena. It was a nice little place that dad had labored hard on to make it nice. At the age of 6, I remember moving into our larger home on Madison Ave.

I attended school at Ben Lomond High School and graduated in 1977. Only three months after graduation, I had the blessing of receiving a mission call from President Spencer W. Kimball to serve in the Frankfurt Germany Mission. I had numerous occasions of being lead by the spirit to many people that needed to hear of the blessings of the gospel. We did meet and baptize some that were ready to accept the truth. Most of our work was planting many many seeds among the German people. The Frankfurt area has grown and has been blessed with some beautiful chapels and a temple. It was difficult, but wonderful to have been able to serve a mission.



A few weeks after returning from Germany, I met my beautiful wife Leslie Parrish. On April 25, 1980, I was blessed to marry my sweetheart in the Ogden Temple. What a blessing she has been in my life. I love her dearly.

Dad informed me of a steel mill that was being built that was just starting to hire crews. I interviewed and started my new job casting molten steel with



Nucor Steel in June of 1981. It's been a very hot and sometimes dangerous type of work, but it has helped me to support my family for the past 29 years.

We have been blessed with four great children Kellie (1981) Lindsay (1985) Michelle (1987-1991) Christopher (1989).

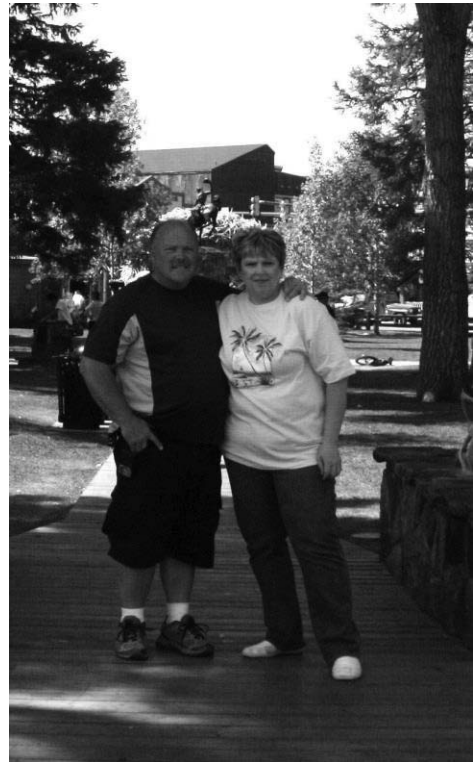
Kellie is married to Shaun Bess and together they have three children. Taylor who is 12, Hollie who will be 8 in June, and Kambri who is 3.

Lindsay is married to Mark Phenex and they have a daughter Hadley who is two and they are expecting another baby in October, 2010.

Kellie and Lindsay both live in Brigham City and we get to see them often. We love opportunities to visit and play with them and the grandkids. Chris lives in Salt Lake City and works for Qwest. Because of his work schedule, we don't get to see him nearly as often as we would like. We miss our dear Michelle constantly, but know that because of the Plan of Salvation, we will have the opportunity to be with her again. Our children and grandchildren are such a joy in our lives. They continually teach us and keep us young at the same time.

I have had some wonderful experiences serving the Lord in different callings. Elders Quorum Presidency, Ward Clerk, Scouts and many other teaching positions.

I really enjoy photography and the opportunities to help create memories for the many people I meet. I am very outgoing and sociable. I enjoy meeting new people and making many friends. I am a lot like my dad in this way, I can make new friends wherever I go.



**LaMont and Leslie Parrish Hansen**

I also love music. I love listening to it and opportunities to play drums when I'm able. I've played with many different musicians and in different bands. I will always love my music. I hope to play music many years to come. Kellie, Lindsay and Chris have all been richly blessed with music talents. It makes me very proud of them all.

Grandpa Parley was such a wonderful example to us all in his testimony of the gospel and his honesty dealing with others. His legacy will live on forever through the generations. Grandma Hilda was always so full of love and caring for others. She was always one to put everyone's needs before her own. Her vast talents of creativity and making things to share with everyone was huge. She loved doing for others. I always enjoyed the summer when I was able to visit with them for a week or two. No wonder I've been richly blessed through mom's

## Chapter 6 LaVaun Kunz Hansen

upbringing. The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

It's a blessing to be part of this wonderful family. Much love to all.



## Chapter Seven

# Dale John Kunz

### **Dale John Kunz 1929 Rosemarie Christa Klara Steinbrecher 1935-2006**

Monica Kunz 1955-2010

Karen Kunz 1958

Kevin Dale Kunz 1962

Charles Edward Ogden 1951

Derek Jay Wenn 1956

Elise Thomson 1965

I hope that my parents, Parley Peter Kunz and Hilda Irene Stoor, were happy but a little surprised when I decided to make a grand entrance into their family after five girls. This was probably a great surprise as there wasn't any such thing as an ultrasound at that time so I was an unknown until I arrived. I was born April 30, 1929 at home in Bern, Bear Lake, Idaho. I presume there was probably a midwife to help with the birth but I am sort of hazy about that time and do not remember exactly who was present besides Mother.

I must have been a very special person in the pre-life to be sent to the most wonderful family on earth. So it was a great blessing for me to be here with them. This was also probably the most embarrassing moment of my life because my five older sisters: Fern, LaRue, Geniel, Carol, and LaVaun, were all given the great opportunity to see how I was different from them. I wonder if I blushed as they examined me?

I guess after that experience, I probably had about a normal childhood life, if you could call living with five sisters normal. From then on, I guess everything seemed normal to me as the rest of the brothers and sisters joined the family: Naomi, Paul, Owen, Phillip, Eva, Richard, and Arthur. I never knew that Mother was pregnant or expecting a baby as it was never talked about at home.



**Dale, Rosemarie, Karen, Monica Kunz in front**

I didn't know anything until after the fact as it just happened that we would wake up some morning, or come home from church, to find a new baby had arrived. Anyway, I have always been so proud and happy to belong to the Baker's Dozen. I guess we had our ups and downs while growing up as normal kids but we have always been a close, loving family. I am so grateful for all my brothers and sisters and want them all to know that I love them very much!

I do not remember much about my early life but I did start milking a cow when I was five years old. Maybe I didn't do too well but guess I helped with the work around home from then on. I have thought

many times about all the time and hard work we all did while growing up. I didn't get to do a lot of things other kids did like going to Scout camps, vacationing, and other things.

There was always work to do every day: milking, feeding cows, horses, sheep, pigs, chickens, hauling manure, cleaning pens, working in the fields, plowing, harrowing, disking, planting, weeding, mowing hay, raking, pitching hay, harvesting grain, helping neighbors, helping with lambing, herding sheep, cutting trees in the canyon and bringing them home to cut-up for firewood, besides other normal work needing to be done.

I have often thought about all the work that had to be done but it was a normal thing and, I guess I really didn't think about it being otherwise. If I could change anything about my life then and could live it over, I wouldn't want to change anything.

I learned to work as did the rest of the family. That was worth a lot more than not being given that responsibility. I am grateful to Father and Mother for all they taught me because I have never been afraid of work. I know that it probably kept me from a lot of mischief, but not all.

I guess I probably had my share of spankings for my misbehaving but I know that I was never abused by Father. He was always kind to everyone even though there were those who took advantage of him on occasion. I remember how he would take his team and wagon and work on the roads all day for a dollar. The projects were part of the Ciivilian Conservation Corp (a government make-work program) Mother would pack him a lunch and I always looked forward to his return in the evenings so I could check his lunchbox for leftovers. There was usually something so he probably left some on purpose for me and, I guess, some of the other family too.



**Dale John Kunz**

I remember on one occasion when Father and Uncle Able went to Ovid for something. Anyway about halfway there, they ran out of gas. They both left me in the car while they went to go get some more gas and I guess I thought they were gone a long time. I do not remember if I was scared or what but I had a little toy hammer with me and I used it to break the back window in the car. I do not remember what my punishment was, if any.

LaVaun and I got into trouble for killing chickens one time. LaVaun was in the chicken pen and would kill a chicken and then hand it out to me and I would throw it into the pigpen for the pigs to eat. I do not know why we did that but I guess I ought to put the blame on LaVaun because she was older and should have known better. I guess that isn't entirely true though so I will accept some of the blame. Anyway, Father

sent us to bed without supper. Our loving mother would always bring us

something later though so we didn't go hungry. She did this on more than one occasion. I am sure Father probably knew that Mother did this but didn't let on.

I always enjoyed being with Father in the hayfield in Cokeville, Wyoming, or around home. He always worked hard and taught us children to do likewise. I remember one time when we were riding our horses out to Slug Creek to take the cattle out on the summer range. It would take us two days to drive them out. As we were just starting our second day, I wasn't feeling good. Father told me to ride back to Georgetown and have Verona Hayes make me some tea.

Anyway, as I was riding back, I remembered that we didn't drink tea. I do not know what kind it was because I thought all tea was the same. I didn't want any so I turned around and caught up with Father and told him I was okay now. I never did drink any tea or coffee, except peppermint tea. When I was in the Army and there wasn't much else to drink except water as coffee was generally the only alternative and I was not going to drink that.

## Chapter 7 Dale John Kunz

With all the work that had to be done, Father saw to it that we never did any work in the fields or any unnecessary work on Sunday. The milking, and other things needing to be done, was all that we did.

Father was the Bishop of the Bern Ward for about ten years. I remember the big roll-top desk in the living room that he had to keep all the papers in. I remember some of the older men who came to tithing settlement when it was so cold that ice-cycles would be hanging from the mustache, I guess from a runny nose.

Sometimes tithing would be paid in the form of grain and we would take the wheat or whatever kind to the tithing storage shed until it could be sold. Our church building was a one-room with a round potbelly-stove in the middle to heat the church in the winter. The outhouse was out back by the fence about fifty-yards away.

I guess on one occasion, I was talking or something so Father motioned for me to come up on the stand and sit by him. I only had to do that one time. I was happy to be able to help tear down the old church and then helped build the new one. We finally had indoor plumbing. We did a lot of the building ourselves.

We helped Robert Schmid kill a lot of pigs. He would do it for lots of friends and neighbors. He had a smokehouse where he would smoke the meat and then return it to whoever owned it. He would shoot the pig between the eyes and then we would lift it into a large vat filled with hot water. It would then be easier to scrape the hair off before it was hung up to be cleaned. Some days there would be quite a lot of pigs to kill and other neighbors would also come to help.

Father and Mother never really preached to us. They taught us by the example they set. They just assumed that we would follow their examples. We would all be a lot better off today if we had just done that. If I could be all that Father was, I would never have to worry about doing wrong. He was about as perfect as anyone could be.

Mother liked to pick huckleberries, raspberries and chokecherries. She could always find better huckleberries and pick more than anyone else. She could go up and down the mountaint faster than anyone else. It was always fun to go with her and Aunt Anna as well as others from the family.

When grandchildren came to visit, one of the highlights was for Mother to race them to the barn and back. She would usually win. She always bottled a lot of fruit and vegetables for food in the winter. LaVaun and I would take the pits from the apricots Mother was bottling. We would crack them open and put the nuts in a box. We'd also shell peas and then sit up in the barn on the hay and eat them.

I always liked when it was time to shear the sheep. I enjoyed getting into the wool bags. I think they were about ten or fifteen-feet deep. I would stomp on the wool as it was thrown into the bag to fill the bag completely. It was a dirty job when the wool would go down the

## Chapter 7 Dale John Kunz

neck until we got more to the top of the bag. I think the bag must have weighed more than five-hundred pounds.

Mother was always fun-loving and loved to play jokes on others. She was a lot like her brother, Uncle Roy, as he was the same way. Mother liked to dress up at Halloween. One time she went to the Halloween party dressed up and no one knew who she was until the end when the masks were removed. Even Father did not recognize her with the mask on.

She was a very special mother! I remember her telling how she and her sister, Anna, went to the meat locker in Montpelier to get some meat. I think Anna accused the owner of taking some of her meat out of the locker. Maybe she was getting after the owner and Mother stood back and said, "Hit him, Anna." I do not know how it turned out about the meat.

Mother told us a story about Little Peter one time when we were all home. I do not remember the story but she had us rolling on the floor with laughter as she was telling it. She probably didn't know why we were all laughing so hard but then maybe she did. I think LaVaun recorded the story on one of her tapes.

During World War II, I remember they brought large bales of cotton into the old gym in Bern and we all worked making mattresses. This work was our contribution to the military. I think all the people in Bern helped there.

We had straw ticks for a mattress when we were growing up. The straw started getting old and maybe smelly toward the end of summer so we would replace it with fresh straw when the harvesting was finished. It was a lot better sleeping when we finally got rid of the straw and got new mattresses so we didn't need straw anymore.

Before we got electricity to the house, we had coal-oil lamps. I remember how the girls hated to clean the black smoke off the glass chimney on the lamp every day.

Our telephone was on a party line. There were three, four or five families on the same line. We could listen in on other's conversations. Of course, they could listen in on ours too. Sometimes you would have to ask someone to please get off the line so someone else could use it. Our number was "**J3**."

We didn't have indoor plumbing in our home so we used the old two-holer outhouse. When I left for Moscow to go to school is when they finally got the indoor bathroom. Guess the girls were happy because they didn't have to empty the pot anymore. I guess the boys helped once in a while too.

We had our regular Saturday-night baths in the little round washtub. The water would be heated on top of the wood burning stove and poured into the tub. Then, starting with the little kids first, three or four would have a bath. Then the tub would be replaced with fresh water and then another few would bathe. I do not know if we really needed a weekly bath but we got one anyway.

## Chapter 7 Dale John Kunz

I do not remember Mother ever getting angry at me or giving me a spanking. Sometimes when I was going someplace special, she would slip me a little extra money to spend. I do not think she ever had much but she always shared with us.

Mother taught the same class in Primary or Sunday School, I do not remember which, for about thirty-five years. She also was in Relief Society and doing other things. I think she received some kind of an award for her service with the Red Cross. She made a lot of quilts and other things to give to family and neighbors. It was always fun to play under the quilts when some of the neighbors came to help quilt. That was our play area.

While I was in the army stationed in Georgia, Mother and Arline Galloway, my niece, came to visit. We took them to Alabama and other places where she and Father had served their mission. She really enjoyed being able to take us there and introduce us to friends and members there. It was a special time for all of us to have Mother and Arline with us for a few days.

The day I met Rosemarie for the first time, I found out that she was at church filling an assignment for her church calling. She was not a member of the church at that time but was given permission to hold a church calling. After the meeting, a few of us servicemen walked some of the young people to the U-Bahn to catch the train to their homes.

I didn't see Rosemarie again for a few weeks even though I looked every Sunday. When she did return, I got more acquainted with her and asked her for a date. On our first date I took her to a play called, "Das Glas Wasser," The Glass of Water. I do not even remember what the play was about. I did give her a music box with a dancing ballerina when it was opened. Rosemarie was baptized July 31, 1953 in Lake Grunewald in Berlin. She was like a member and had a calling in the church even though her mother didn't allow her to be baptized until she was 18.

After many dates, I asked her to marry me as we were in a beautiful Botanical Garden in Berlin in September, 1953. We were married on February 27, 1954 in Berlin. After the civil marriage, we went to the church in Dahlem, Berlin, where we were married again by the branch president.

That evening, we were given a reception by the members of my military unit and church friends. Some of the military friends fixed up a punch bowl and, unknown to us, put some Vodka in it. I guess they did that on purpose because they knew that we didn't drink alcohol. Rosemarie and I were so busy dancing and visiting that we didn't have anything to drink. We found out later that the branch president was feeling pretty good.

After the reception, our friends from the military, Val and Lael Feller, took us to our apartment which we had rented. They sat and visited until early morning and we thought they would never leave. We didn't go on a honeymoon at that time because of work but we did go a few weeks later. We went to Frankfurt, Germany, for a few days and attended a servicemen's conference. Rosemarie sprained her ankle while getting off a bus and was limping for a few days.



## Chapter 7 Dale John Kunz

When I finished my tour in Berlin, I came home on a military ship with my friend, Val Feller. Rosemarie couldn't come at that time. She came a little later with Val's wife, Lael, and her daughter on another ship. We lived with my parents until we finished building our home in Bern.

I was really blessed when Rosemarie chose me to be her eternal companion. Most of the time when we went on vacation or went other places, we usually went as a family. These were always very special times we shared. We saw a big part of the world in our travels, camping, and other things we did together. Rosemarie and I did have some vacations together which were always enjoyable times just to be together doing and seeing things that we both enjoyed.

After about fifty-five years together, the two of us were on a little vacation together when she died. She was then with her parents, brother, and other family members. I'm sure they had a very special and happy reunion together. I love her so much and hope that our love will help me to always remember our wonderful life together.

It was really hard for me to come home and to leave her behind. I am grateful to Kevin for flying to California to be with me, for the drive home, and for Karen and Monica and families for taking care of the necessary things here which really helped me so much. I will always be so grateful for all they did for me even though it was difficult for them, as well, by losing their mother.

I am so blessed to have such a wonderful family and I love them very much. There isn't a greater blessing I could have here. We have all been blessed so much as a family and especially knowing that we will always be together for eternity. They are such a special example to me and others by the way they are living their lives. Each one of them is a very special part of my life. I'm sure most of the reason is because of the example and teachings of their mother, Rosemarie. Thanks to her, we have an eternal family.

While we lived in Bern, our oldest daughter, Monica, was born in Montpelier, Idaho, on September 4, 1955. She married Charles Edward Ogden, born November 18, 1951 at Hill Air Force Base, Utah, in the Washington, D.C. Temple January 20, 1976.

Karen was also born in Montpelier, Idaho, April 1, 1958 and is married to Derek Jay Wenn born in Jefferson Parish, Louisiana, August 8, 1956 in the Salt Lake Temple September 4, 1986. Derek was taught the gospel in Louisiana by Kevin while he was there on his mission. Derek was baptized and then went on a mission to Washington, D.C. He then came here and married Kevin's sister, Karen. They have three children: Jared Ian, born in Provo, Utah, September 13, 1987, Colton Ryan, born July 20, 1989 in Provo, Utah, and Jamie Lauren, born April 15, 1991 in Provo, Utah.

Our son, Kevin Dale, now a bishop in Gresham, Oregon, was born May 3, 1962 in Bremerhaven, Germany. He married Elise Thomson born January 21, 1965 in Provo, Utah in the Salt Lake Temple August 26, 1983.

## Chapter 7 Dale John Kunz

Their five children: Kami Marie, born June 26, 1985 in Provo, Utah, married Jonathan Glenn Tyler, born January 4, 1980 in Idaho Falls, Idaho in the Salt Lake Temple December 27, 2006. Their daughter, Amelia Marie, born July 19, 2008 in Rexburg, Idaho. John McKay, born July 4, 1988 in Provo, Utah, married Jennifer Allen, born September 21, 1987 in Provo, Utah in Clackamas, Oregon, December 16, 2006, then sealed in the Portland Temple December 22, 2007.

Their son Kevin Ayden, born June 24, 2007 in American Fork, Utah. And another son, Ethan Carter, born January 20, 2009 in Provo, Utah. Corrine, born January 12, 1990 in Clackamas, Oregon. Chelsea Brynn, born October 31, 1991 in Clackamas, Oregon. And Taylor Dale, born May 31, 1994 in Clackamas, Oregon.

When Bishop Montain Kunz called Father and Mother to go on a mission, Father said that they couldn't go but that he would pay the support for someone else to go. They decided to go anyway and Father was worried about flying as he always got so carsick in the car.

All turned out well for them and they served an honorable mission and set a great example for the rest of the family. Their children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and spouses have served many years on missions. I know that I do not have everyone now, but I have a list of 142 missions from all over the world in which family members served. That is about 280 years of missionary work by Father and Mother and their posterity.

I received a mission call after my second year in college, July 1949, to the Swiss Austrian Mission. I was really excited because I had always wanted to go to Switzerland as that is where my grandparents on Father's side came from. Also, my grandfather went there on his mission.

I spent a couple of weeks in Salt Lake at the Mission Home then got on the train to Chicago, then to Niagara Falls, then to New York. After a couple of days there, I got on a ship for Europe,



**Rosemarie, Karen, Kevin, Monica, Dale Kunz**

## Chapter 7 Dale John Kunz

the SS Marine Flasher, which was a military ship converted to civilian use.

We landed in LaHarve, France. There were still quite a few partly-sunken ships there in the harbor from the war. We took a train to Paris and stayed there overnight. The missionaries from Paris took us to see the Folies Bergere, which was not so good for missionaries, but I saw the French Mission President and his wife there so guess it was okay.

Then we took a train for Basel, Switzerland, to the mission home. President Bringhurst interviewed me and asked me if I would like to go to Austria. I didn't know where that was but said that would be okay. I was a little disappointed to not be staying in Switzerland.

My companion, Elder Schwendiman, about 60 years old, and I left for Vienna, Austria, after getting our special permits from the Russians as we had to go through the Russian Zone to get to Vienna. Then Austria was divided up into four sectors. We were the first two missionaries in Vienna after World War II. There were two missionaries in Salzburg so there were only four of us in Austria.

I was in Vienna for nineteen months then went on to Graz for one month then Linz for four months. Finally I was sent to Switzerland, to Winterthur, for one month and then to Zurich for six months where I finished my mission on January, 1952. At this time, there was no Missionary Training Center where we could learn the language so we had to learn it after we arrived in the mission. Therefore, it was a two and a half-year mission.

Besides my first mission to Switzerland and Austria, I served two missions with Rosemarie. We served in Belgium Brussels 1991-1992 where we microfilmed records in Belgium and Luxembourg. Our second mission was in the Germany Freiberg Temple as ordinance workers 1997-1998.

I was a service missionary in the Lindon Cannery for a year and am now serving a part-time mission in the Missionary Training Center in Provo along with my daughter, Karen. Rosemarie and I both served in the Swiss Temple, Provo Temple and Mount Timpanogos Temple as ordinance workers for about fifteen years.

My church callings were quite a few over the years. I was a Counselor in the Mutual Improvement Association Presidency in Bern, Sunday School Teacher, and Montpelier Stake Missionary among other callings. I was put in the bishopric of the Bern Ward with Dean Kunz as Bishop. I was first counselor and Montain Kunz was second counselor.

I served as counselor in other bishoprics in Fayetteville, North Carolina, Augusta, Georgia, Sierra Vista, Arizona, and three times in Orem. I also was on the high council two times in the Orem Suncrest Stake, and one time in a BYU Married Stake. I was a counselor in Bremerhaven Servicemen's Branch and then the president. That was in Germany. I was high priest group leader a couple of times, ward clerk and membership clerk. I've probably had a few other callings which I can't remember at present.

I went to Bern Public School for the first eight years and our graduation was in the Paris Tabernacle. I went to Montpelier High School for four years and graduated. While there, I

## Chapter 7 Dale John Kunz

also graduated from Seminary. One year, our Seminary class got to go to Rexburg to hear President George Albert Smith, who was the prophet at that time, speak to us. The only thing I remember about President Smith's talk is that: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." I sang in the Glee Club and also played the saxophone in the band. When I graduated, the saxophone was passed on to Paul so I never got to play it again. He played it better than I did anyway.

Every year the Glee Club got to go to Pocatello where all the area high schools met and had a big concert. These were always special trips because we got to stay overnight in Pocatello. I guess I was about an average student and didn't get into much trouble. My cousin, Dave Kunz, and I got kicked out of Chemistry Class one time for sleeping. I guess we had been out too late the night before. Anyway, we had to go see the principal before we could go back to class.

I went to Moscow, Idaho, to the University of Idaho for two years, 1947 to 1949. I studied agriculture because I probably didn't know much more than farming so I thought that's what I should study.

Darrell Bienz from Bern was going there and talked me into going with him. I guess that is the only reason I went clear up to northern Idaho when I could have just gone to Logan. I didn't return to school after my mission because I was drafted into the army and that was the end of my school which, of course, was my choice. I did take some courses from the University of Maryland and the University of Arizona while in the army and also many other training courses.

After my mission, I worked building Monsanto Chemical Company out of Soda Springs for a few months until I was drafted into the Army in July 1952. I took my physical in Boise, Idaho, then on to Fort Lewis, Washington, to get my uniform and other items then on to Camp Roberts, California, for basic training.

Most of my company was sent to Korea as the war was going on there. As I could speak German, I was sent to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, and then on to Germany. After a couple of months at two military intelligence units in Germany, I was sent to Berlin. I was then assigned to the United States Military Liaison Mission to the Soviet Zone of Germany, living in Potsdam. Our headquarters was in Berlin.

After I got married, we had an apartment in Berlin and lived there until returning to the states where I was discharged from the army.

I worked for Bear Lake County on the roads, patching roads, hauling gravel, and driving the water truck to wet the roads. I worked at J.C. Penney as a sales clerk, and at Burgoyne Shoe Store selling shoes. I worked at San Francisco Chemical Company up Montpelier Canyon at the phosphate mine hauling overburden to uncover the phosphate and then hauling phosphate to the mill in Montpelier. I also worked for the Union Pacific Railroad as a yard clerk, the grain mill in Montpelier, and Western Auto.

## Chapter 7 Dale John Kunz

While working at Western Auto, I fell down the elevator shaft with a roll of roofing paper on my shoulder. I ruptured my back and was in a body cast for a few months until I was able to return to work. Also during this time, I was working with Paul on the farm.

After retirement from the army, I had a job as the Executive Director of the Utah Professional Electronic Association. I didn't last long there as it was a selling job and I hated it. I quit there and was hired at Brigham Young University in the Food Service Department. I worked there for about thirteen years and then retired. I worked for a retail inventory company for a few years, but only on and off when I wanted to. It was a good job which I enjoyed until Rosemarie passed away and then I quit working.

My military career began when I was drafted at the age of 23. This was still after World War II had ended and the Korean conflict was happening and the draft was still in effect. I never did worry about being in the army during wartime as I had been promised that I would be preserved from temptation and from harm and danger and that I would return to my loved ones in peace and safety.

I proceeded to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, while waiting for a ship to continue to Germany. At that time, all travel was by train or ship. My life was really blessed while I was in Germany because that is when I met and fell in love with my beautiful wife. I was discharged from the army in Fort Carson, Colorado, in 1952. I was in the Inactive Reserves in Montpelier. I then signed up for the army again as I had decided to make it a career. I started out in 1958, again in Fort Carson, Colorado. This time my family went with me, except for Kevin who wasn't born yet. From there, we went to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, to the Special Warfare Center. Then I went on to Fort Gordon, Georgia, for a radio repair school for six months and then back to Fort Bragg.

It was at this time that Rosemarie went to the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D.C. where she had open-heart surgery. When she had recovered enough, we were assigned to go to Bremerhaven, Germany. This is where Kevin was born.

We were assigned to other places throughout the years: Fort Huachuca, Arizona, Baumholder, Germany, and Fort Gordon, Georgia, again. Then I went to Fort Huachuca and then to Korea for thirteen months without my family. It was back to Fort Huachuca again and then to Vietnam, again without my family for another thirteen months. Then it was back to Fort Huachuca again and then once more to Korea. After another thirteen months there, I received orders to go to Texas. I had enough army by then so I asked to be transferred to Fitzsimons Hospital for a few months before I was able to retire.

I retired as a Master Sergeant and was finally finished with the army. It was a great life and it gave me and my family the opportunity to see a lot of the world. The only bad part of my military life was the three times when I had to leave my family behind.

Chapter 7 Dale John Kunz



**Corinne Kunz, John McKay Kunz, Kami Marie Kunz, Kevin Dale Kunz, Elise Thomson Kunz, Chelsea Brynn Kunz, Jared Ian Wenn, Derek Jay Wenn, Colton Ryan Wenn** *Front:* **Monica Kunz Ogden, Charles Edward Ogden, Taylor Dale Kunz, Rosemarie Steinbrecher Kunz, Dale John Kunz, Jamie Lauren Wenn, Karen Kunz Wenn**



**Fern Galloway, LaVaun Hansen, Rosemarie Kuna**

## Monica Kunz Ogden

**Monica Kunz 1955-2010 Charles Edward Ogden 1951**



**Charles and Monica on Wedding Day**

Monica passed away February 9, 2010 before having the opportunity to write about herself and Chuck. So I, her younger sister, Karen, am writing some of the things that I remember in hopes that I can do her life justice.

Our family was stationed in the Military in the state of Georgia when Monica first met Chuck. He too was stationed there for the Military. She met him through the Single Adults in the ward. Because of her disease, Syringomyelia, she was in a halo cast after having a bone fused into her neck to help her hold her head up. He fell in love with her despite her appearance in the halo cast and her condition. Chuck also knew that this would be a life-time of taking care of her as her condition would worsen through time.

January 20, 1976, Monica and Chuck were married for time and eternity in the Washington D.C. Temple. That was the closest temple to where they were living in Georgia and she was thrilled.

Monica was able to walk with crutches and still get around quite good as they started their life together. For some time after their marriage, she could get around pretty good, only needing occasional help, or with her crutches.

Five months after they were married, Chuck got stationed in Saudi Arabia, June, 1976. It would be a 12 month tour. Monica lived with Mom and Dad for a short time while he was gone, then moved down to Key West, Florida, to live with Chuck's family for the remainder of the time.

Upon Chucks' return home from Saudi Arabia in 1977, he was then stationed in Kansas. Monica was able to move there with him and it was there that they made their home for two years.



## Chapter 7 Dale John Kunz

Monica and Chuck inherited a dog named, Toto. He became their child as Monica and Chuck were unable to have any children of their own.

In 1979, Chuck got out of the Military and they moved to Utah to be closer to family. Chuck's parents eventually moved to Utah and our parents were already here. They lived in a few different apartments until finally being able to purchase a home of their own, right next to Mom and Dad. I was on one side of Mom and Dad and Monica was on the other side. What a pleasure it was being so close to each other.

After a few years in their home, they moved into an apartment just around the corner from their home. That is where she spent her final days.

Even though Monica was not able to play the piano anymore, she still had a deep love and desire to spread joy through the music she had in her heart. She taught piano lessons to children and taught them to have a love for music as she did.

Monica and Chuck loved to travel. They traveled to Europe, Hawaii and many places in the United States.

Monica's illness overtook her body and she spent many years in a wheelchair, depending on others for everything. But nothing took her spirit down. Through everything, she continued to serve the Lord with everything she had. She served in the Primary, teaching and loving her Primary Class. When I was called to be the Young Women President of our ward, I called her to be my Secretary. She gave her all for that calling and loved each of the Young Women and they loved her. She was then put back into the Primary when I was called to the Stake Young Women. Again, she loved her children. And her Primary children always became "her children." When I was called to be the Ward Relief Society President, I called her to be my Secretary. Monica was always organized, conscientious and helped me a great deal in my calling. After a couple of years as serving as my Secretary, the Primary called her back to teach some wonderful girls, who again, became "her girls." Primary was the calling Monica had when she passed away. When she passed away, her Primary girls, with great admiration, brought a beautiful tribute to her home.



**Monica and Charles Ogden**

Genealogy was a passion that Monica had. Many miracles occurred because of her efforts and labor. Many doors were open and I have no doubt that she received help from above on many of those miracles finding long lost family members. Because of her, temple work and sealing's for many family members has occurred. All of those for whom temple work has been completed are reunited with Monica now. I am sure there is a great celebration going



**Monica Kunz  
Ogden**  
1955 ~ 2010

Monica Kunz Ogden was called home to her Heavenly Father on Feb. 9th, 2010. She was born on Sept. 4, 1955 in Montpelier, Idaho to Dale and Rosemarie Kunz. She married Charles Edward Ogden on Jan. 20, 1976 in the Washington DC Temple of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Monica lived throughout the United States and Europe. She loved to travel and teach piano. Her church work involved Primary, Young Women, Relief Society, and Genealogy.

Monica spent many hours in a labor of love, finding and reuniting long-lost family members in her family. Her efforts resulted in many miracles. Monica's greatest joy in life was found with her eternal companion, Chuck. She was a great example to all of faith through adversity and overcoming life's challenges with a smile and a kind heart.

She was preceded in death by her mother, Rosemarie. Monica will be greatly missed by those whom she left behind, including her husband Chuck, father Dale Kunz, sister Karen (Derek Wenn), brother Kevin (Elise Kunz), sisters-in-law Deborah & Mark, Sheila & Bob, Peggy & Grady, Cindy & Kevin, 17 nieces/nephews and 5 great-nieces/nephews.

Funeral services will be held Saturday, Feb. 13, 2:00 p.m. at the Suncrest 5th Ward, 130 N. 400 W., Orem with a viewing prior 12:00 - 1:45 p.m. Services under the direction of Sundberg-Olpin Mortuary.

*Daily Herald*  
Feb. 11, 2010

on.

Monica could not brush her own teeth, she could not brush her own hair, she could not hold a pencil, she could not scratch her own nose, but she had love to give to everyone. Whenever someone asked her how she was, she always replied, "Good". She was more concerned about others than herself. She served the Lord until the very end.

While Monica will be greatly missed, how grateful we are for the gospel and the knowledge we have that if we live righteously, we will see her again. I have no doubt that she is with Mom and many others that she brought together through her Genealogy work.

## Karen Kunz Wenn

**Karen Kunz 1958**

**Derek Jay Wenn 1956**

Jared Ian Wenn 1987  
Colton Ryan Wenn 1989  
Jamie Lauren Wenn 1991



**Karen and Derek September 4, 1986**



**February 28, 2010 - *back:* Jared, Colton,  
Jamie *front:* Derek and Karen**

I was working full time with a great career going for me when my brother, Kevin, was called to serve a mission in Louisiana. I told him he was going there to find my husband. Several months into his mission, he wrote me and said he was helping to convert a great young man named Derek, and would I please write Derek to encourage him as a new member of the Church. I started writing Derek and we became fast friends. A year after Derek was

baptized, he decided to serve a mission himself. He flew to Salt Lake City to enter the MTC, where our family picked him up and he stayed with us for a few days. Kevin and Elise were a few days away from getting married, so Derek was able to leave the MTC for the day and attend Kevin's wedding with us. I was able to attend Kevin and Elise's wedding because I had received my endowments a couple years prior and was attending the temple weekly. Derek left on his mission and I wrote him the entire time.

As Derek's mission progressed, we became closer and closer as "Pen-Pals". During this time, I was asked to move to Denver, Colorado, to help open up an office for a Mortgage company I was working for. I did so, not knowing where my future stood and I wanted to succeed at my career. After living in Denver, Colorado for 6 months, I quickly learned that this was not for me. I was not happy in the situation I was in and moved back to Provo, Utah and got a job as Executive Secretary for the Manager at Signetics. That was a wonderful job and I was glad to be back in Utah.

Derek's Mission was coming to an end and he was trying to decide what to do once he had completed his call. He had given up his job as an Architect, (he had completed college and was working as an Architect before he left on his mission). He had sold his car and everything he had to go on his Mission. He decided he would move to Utah and see where life would take him and me.

When Derek returned from his mission, I flew to Louisiana and spent a couple of weeks with him and his family, really getting to know him (outside of letters). I knew I already loved him, but realized it even more so after spending time with him. A couple weeks after I flew back home to Utah, Kevin flew to Louisiana to help Derek move here to Utah.

Derek moved in with my family so he could find a job and get settled. It didn't take him long to find a job as an Architect with a great firm here in Provo, Utah. After a couple of months, he moved in with Kevin and Elise, and I had an apartment of my own. We dated about a year once he got home from his mission.

Derek loves sailing and a few months into our dating, we decided to buy a hobby cat so we had something to play on the water with. One evening he came over to my apartment to "christen the boat". It was that evening that he proposed to me. At first it didn't dawn on me that he was proposing and he waiting for an answer sat in silence. He had to ask again until it finally clicked. I was, of course, was thrilled. I thought that day would never come.

September 4, 1986 we were married in the Salt Lake Temple. Derek's family came from Louisiana for our marriage. Not being members, they were not allowed in the temple with us, but we had a ring ceremony later that day so they could feel a little involved in our wedding. We spent a couple days in Florida, and then took a cruise for our honeymoon.

Back to reality after the honeymoon. I was still working at Signetics and Derek for the Architectural firm. We wanted to start our family as we were both in our late 20's. We also bought a duplex, where we lived in the top half and rented out the basement. We lived in Orem, a few blocks South from Mom and Dad's home.

## Chapter 7 Dale John Kunz

The last six weeks of my pregnancy with Jared, I was laid up with Toxemia. September, a year later from when we were married, September 13, 1987, our first son, Jared was born. We were thrilled to have him come into our family. He was such a sweet baby and a joy in our life. He was in NICU for 2 weeks after he was born because of complications I had delivering him. But he soon overcame everything and was able to come home with us.

Our second son, Colton came into our home, July 20, 1989. We were also so thrilled to have him in our home. He too was put in the NICU for a couple weeks after he was born. He had a small growth on his right knee when he was born and the doctors did not know what it was, so they kept him in the hospital to monitor him. It was so hard going home from the hospital after delivering him with no baby (a second time for us). When he was finally sent home, we could not have been happier.

Throughout the months to come, the growth on Colton's little knee began to grow, eventually invading his entire leg and he had hair growth on it like a man's leg. We took him to so many doctors and no one could figure out what it was. Finally when he was 9 months old, we took him to Primary Children's Hospital where we found a doctor who was willing to investigate. We eventually found out that this tumor had wrapped around his entire right leg, from almost his ankle to up his thigh. It was attached to the skin of his leg and also his main walking nerve. It had to come off. The doctor told us because of those conditions, they would either have to remove his leg, or he would probably never walk if they did not remove his leg. They would have to do a complete skin graft on his entire leg. The day we handed him over to the doctor for surgery, we did not know the outcome. A few hours later, the doctor came out of surgery and asked to speak to Derek and me in private. I just knew that it was something bad. The doctor told us he had taken the tumor out, leaving a small portion in because he could not get it all. Colton's leg was still attached. He said that he was getting ready to get the skin scraping machine so they could get skin from Colton's back to graft onto his leg. When he turned around, there was enough skin lying on the table to wrap around his leg and sew it up. He did not need to do a skin graft. His leg was still attached, and he would indeed walk. The doctor said he saw a miracle happen right before his eyes. Needless to say, we knew where that miracle came from and we were so grateful. A few weeks into the recovery, Colton crawled so much that he wore the skin off of his tender knee and had to have a small skin graft to cover a small patch, but we were grateful it was not his entire leg. Colton still has part of the tumor in his knee today, but that has not stopped him from doing anything. How blessed we all were.

April 15, 1991, a beautiful baby girl, Jamie, came into our home and we welcomed her with open arms. How we loved to dress her up and put bows in her hair after having two boys. She came with no complications and we were able to bring her home from the hospital right away.

When Jamie was 9 months old, we moved to Sandy, Utah, where we had just built a beautiful new home. It was the home of our dreams and we worked hard on it, laying all the grass ourselves.

## Chapter 7 Dale John Kunz

I started a preschool, daycare out of our home, so I could still be home with the children, yet earn some income. We purchased a restaurant and Derek gave up his job to run it. Almost daily I was called in to work because employees did not show up. It was turning out to be a nightmare.

March 1998 we moved back to Orem, Utah. Derek found employment elsewhere and I started work at Suncrest Elementary School, where our children went to school. I was Media Specialist there for 11 years. We purchased a home right next door to Mom and Dad and have been so grateful to live so close to them. My children truly have gotten to know their grandparents and have grown extremely close to them throughout the many years.

Jared graduated from High School in 2006, and served a 2 year mission in Peru. Our whole family, including Grandpa, was able to pick him up from his mission in Peru, October 2008. We were totally amazed with that third world country and felt so blessed for all we have. Jared is now attending BYU, studying Pre-Med. He is also working at Utah Valley Regional Medical Center, in the Emergency Room.

Colton graduated from High School in 2007, and is taking Real Estate Classes and attending Utah Valley University. He has grown into a great young man and loves skiing, mountain biking, lifting weights and Rock Climbing. All the trials he went through as a baby, with his knee, have not limited him from anything.

Jamie graduated from High School in 2009 and is attending Utah Valley University, studying Pre-Nursing. She graduated from High School with her CNA already, so she is able to work in American Fork Hospital, on the Mother-Baby floor. She has her heart set on becoming a RN.

Derek is working as a Real Estate Agent for Ivory Homes, and has been there for several years. He was just released as the “Senior” High Councilor in our Stake and was recently called to serve in a Branch Presidency at the MTC.

As for me, I served as Stake Young Women President for 5 years, then was released to be called as Relief Society President of our ward. I too was just recently released and I will be able to serve with Derek at the MTC. I am so thrilled to be able to serve with these fine Missionaries. I am also working in the Small Business Development Center at Utah Valley University.

We are still blessed to be able to live next door to Grandpa. We love him dearly. Grandma passed away September 2006, and we miss her very much. How grateful I am to have been born into a goodly home, where my parents taught me to love the Lord, they taught me to move forward no matter what life throws in front of me, they taught me to serve the Lord and to serve others, and they taught me the value of family.

## Kevin Dale Kunz

**Kevin Dale Kunz 1962      Elise Thomson 1965**

Kami Marie Kunz 1985      Jonathan Tyler 1980  
Amelia Tyler 2008  
Jace Louis Tyler 2010  
John McKay Kunz 1988      Jennifer Allen 1987  
Ayden Kunz 2007  
Ethan Kunz 2009  
Corinne Kunz 1990  
Chelsea Brynn Kunz 1991  
Taylor Dale Kunz 1994

### Kevin Dale Kunz

Grandson of Parley Peter Kunz and Hilda Irene Stoor

I was born of goodly parents, Dale John Kunz and Rosemarie Christa Klara Steinbrecher, who taught me in the ways of my forbearers. My life has not been without trials or struggles but I feel, as Nephi did, that I have been highly favored and blessed of the Lord in all my days and have witnessed countless numbers of His tender mercies on my behalf.

My parents were stationed at a military base in Bremerhaven, Germany, where I was born on May 3, 1962. Our little family included my two older sisters, Monica and Karen, and we remained in Bremerhaven until I was two. At that point we boarded a ship and moved to the United States. From that point on I have been infected with a desire to travel, explore, and to experience the four corners of the globe. In my formative years, my father served in the US Army. This gave us an opportunity to live and travel in many places around the country and overseas. Until I was in high school, we generally moved about every two years. Sometimes it became difficult but mostly it kept life new and exciting. It gave me great

appreciation for the freedoms of our country and the blessings of the gospel of Jesus Christ. More often than not we found ourselves in locations where only small branches of the Church existed. The Church became our extended family as we became close knit groups with many things in common. We also had to rely on the Lord to sustain us, particularly during the many occasions where my father was stationed overseas for long periods, away from us, and sometimes in areas of combat.

My parents taught me the value of hard work and faith in Christ through their examples more than their words. As we visited Grandpa Parley and Grandma Hilda throughout the years, it was clear that what my parents taught me was simply an extension of what had been taught to them by their parents. Visiting Parley and Hilda was always something that I loved tremendously. Over the years they taught me so much through our visits and by their examples. I can still smell the flavors of Grandma's cooking, especially her bread. I miss having egg cracking battles at breakfast with Grandpa or going out to the field with him to count cattle. I never heard an unkind word come out of the mouth of either of my grandparents. They sent money religiously each month for decades to support each of their missionary grandchildren, relatives, or friends. They were constantly serving others in word and deed, including Grandma's countless hours quilting, knitting, crocheting, cooking, or baking for someone. As the years went by, Grandpa's hearing worsened. I remember being awakened from slumber relatively early in the morning to the sound of Paul Harvey's voice blaring loudly on the radio for Grandpa to listen to. Those and so many more memories of my grandparents are something that I will cherish for the rest of my life. I can't wait to pass through the veil to greet them again one day.

As mentioned previously, I grew up living in a number of places until my father retired from the military in Orem, Utah. These places include Germany (twice), Idaho, Arizona (twice), Georgia, and Utah. No place that I've lived at any point in my life has ever really "felt" like home but when I'm with my family I can be comfortable and happy in any place. I went to high school in Orem where I graduated in 1980. Throughout my life I've always loved athletics and the outdoors. In high school, I discovered a great passion for skiing. While I could be found at just about any of the Salt Lake, Park City, or Provo ski resorts, I spent most of my time at Sundance where I had a season pass for several years. It was a wonderful thing, as a teenager, to be able to keep my skis in the trunk of my car and decide each morning whether to turn right and continue to school or to turn left and discover untouched powder on the mountain. Fortunately, I don't have to worry about my own children deciding on such foolishness.

Following my high school years, I enrolled at BYU in Provo where I attended a year before I received a mission call to serve in the Louisiana, Baton Rouge Mission for the LDS Church. At the time, I really didn't know where Louisiana was. However I soon discovered that this wonderful place would change my life forever. I found the circumstances to be challenging, the people wonderfully hospitable, and the food to be amazing. During my mission, I was able to strengthen my faith in Christ and solidify my testimony of the restored gospel, the truthfulness of the Book of Mormon, the reality of a living prophet, and of the role of Joseph



## Chapter 7 Dale John Kunz

Smith in each of those things. That testimony has continued to grow and sustain me throughout my life. I cannot express my profound gratitude for that. I would be utterly lost without it.

Upon return from my mission I quickly turned to someone special whom I had met before my mission, Elise Thomson. While I've had the opportunity to date and socialize with many young women, I've never met anyone like Elise. Her warmth, kindness, and humility are unparalleled among women. She is perhaps the only person on the earth who can smooth my rough edges with her softness and make me want to be a better person. She is truly the most beautiful, both internally and externally, among Heavenly Father's daughters. I am eternally grateful that she accepted my awkward proposal of marriage. Our marriage was solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple on August 26, 1983. She remains my sweetheart, bride, and eternal companion.

In the early years of our marriage, we lived in Utah, first in Provo and then in Orem, where we bought our first home. I worked hard to provide for our little family by working full-time at night at Signetics (a semiconductor company), part-time at a shoe store, and part-time school at BYU. Frankly speaking, life was pretty demanding. As I look back I can see that it was preparatory to the coming years where challenges remained but sometimes took other forms. Ultimately, I left BYU before graduating in order to focus my time on my career. I didn't complete my bachelor's degree in business until later.

While in Orem, we were blessed with our first two children: daughter, Kami Marie Kunz on June 26, 1985, and son, John McKay Kunz on July 4, 1988. We moved to Oregon in 1989 and were blessed with three more children: daughter, Corinne Kunz on January 12, 1990, daughter, Chelsea Brynn Kunz on October 31, 1991, and son, Taylor Dale Kunz on May 31, 1994. These five children have brought us more joy than we could have imagined. Each is special and wonderful in their unique way. I have learned more from them, perhaps, than they have learned from me. They are truly life's greatest delight for me.

For virtually my entire career of employment I have been blessed to work in the semiconductor industry, where I have been able to provide sufficiently for my family. Each company that I've worked for has given me opportunity for growth, advancement, challenge, education, world-wide travel, and a better than average paycheck. The Lord has always taken care of us financially, and I attribute those temporal blessings to strict obedience to the spiritual law of tithes and offerings.

Over the years, my personal interests have evolved as I continue to have interest in "re-inventing" myself. I discovered a great passion for scuba diving and ultimately advanced professionally by earning certification as a Master Scuba Diver Trainer. I have been able to teach many people how to scuba dive, as well as personally logging a couple of thousand dives spanning 6 continents over several years. I love the world under the seas. More recently I have discovered a love of running and have participated in, and completed, a half-marathon, full marathon, and a 197-mile team relay (Hood to Coast). My plan is to continue

## Chapter 7 Dale John Kunz

to grow physically in this arena and eventually participate in triathlons, including the Ironman.

My first calling in the church was in the Primary as an 18-year-old prior to my mission. I taught the 11-year-old boys and enjoyed that very much. Throughout my life I have found joy in each of my callings and have strived to magnify each of them. They have included Nursery Worker, Aaronic Priesthood quorum advisors, Elders Quorum presidencies, Ward Executive Secretary, Bishopric Counselor, High Councilor, Stake Executive Secretary, and currently Bishop. I have loved each calling and have felt guided, strengthened, and improved as a result. After my ordination to Bishop, I realized that mine is the opportunity to serve in that or branch president capacity in a line of 5 generations. My hope is that I am able to serve as honorably as the previous 4 generations and continue that legacy of faithful service.

As I get older my appreciation for life's blessings continue to increase. I'm grateful to have a strong testimony, a wonderful family, good health, solid employment, and a growing posterity. Over the past few years our family has grown in wonderful ways. Kami married Jonathan Tyler. They have a beautiful daughter, Amelia Marie Tyler and are soon expecting to deliver their first son. McKay married Jennifer Allen. They have two handsome sons, Kevin "Ayden" Kunz, and Ethan Carter Kunz. I'm grateful that both Kami and McKay have been to the temple to be sealed for eternity. In time as my other children marry my prayer is that they will be worthy of a temple marriage also. I look forward with joyful optimism to watching my posterity grow. I feel like the world's most fortunate person to have all these blessings in my life and I have so much to be grateful for. Because I am a product of my Grandpa Parley and Grandma Hilda, I hope my life will be a positive reflection on their good names.



**Karl Kunz and Kevin Kunz - cousins**



**Taylor Kunz (sitting), Jon Tyler (kneeling), Corinne Kunz (sitting), Kami Kunz Tyler (kneeling), Amelia Tyler (standing), Elise Kunz, Kevin Kunz, Jennifer Allen Kunz (kneeling), Ayden Kunz (sitting), McKay Kunz (kneeling), Chelsea Kunz (sitting), Ethan Kunz sitting on knee**

Chapter Eight

## Naomi Kunz

### Naomi Kunz 1931

Donald Pugmire 1948  
Douglas Pugmire 1951  
  
Daryl Pugmire 1952  
Darla Pugmire 1955

### Fayon Pugmire 1924-1986 div

Donna Hansen 1949  
Karen Higgs 1952 div  
Norine Barnett 1956  
Becky McGregor 1952  
Denis McLaughlin 1954

### Naomi Kunz 1931

DeeAnn 1957

### LaVan Hunsaker 1918-1997 div

Kenneth Collins 1941 div  
Donald Moyes 1955 div  
Lloyd Lofland 1947 div

I was born January 12, 1931, in the family home at Bern, Bear Lake, Idaho. I was the seventh of thirteen children. There are five girls and one boy older and five boys and one girl younger. I always wondered if my parents wanted to send me back for a boy, after all the girls. I am sure they loved me. There was a bad Bear Lake blizzard the day I was born. The doctor could not make it from Montpelier, so Marge Buhler came up through the snowdrifts, to help deliver me. She lived down through the block.

My father was five feet, eight inches tall, and about one hundred sixty pounds. He had dark brown hair, blue eyes, and medium complexion. He wore a size six shoe. My father presided over our home with love and kindness. He wouldn't allow arguing and fighting and calling each other names, nor would he allow us to tell each other to shut-up. He said, "You only tell a dog to shut up."

My mother may have been small, five feet two inches in height, one hundred to one hundred thirty pounds, but she was large in heart. She could accomplish more than two or three women.

Naomi Kunz Chapter eight

She wore a size four shoe. Mother had medium brown hair, which never turned gray, blue eyes, and medium complexion.

My parents had pretty good health. My father had trouble with a shoulder and at one time the Budge doctors in the Logan Budge Clinic wanted to cut off his arm, but he wouldn't hear of it. I remember as children how we would hold some kind of a light, (ultra violet) on it and we had to massage his shoulder too. Over the years it got better and he had full use of it. Mother had a sick spell with gallstones and stomach problems. She went to Mayo Brothers Clinic in Minnesota and had surgery. Two thirds of her stomach was removed. She got better and enjoyed good health the rest of her life.



**Naomi Kunz**

My parents were great examples to me. My father served as Bishop of the Bern Ward for nearly ten years. He spent a lot of time playing with us kids when he could. He was a hard worker. We never went hungry, or were cold, or bare footed.

We had family prayer night and morning. We learned not to laugh

or giggle during prayer or the consequence was to stand on the porch.

Neighborhood children gathered at our place to play under the big yard light. Come nine o'clock we could hear Father calling each of us to come in. Papa, that's what I always called him, was good to us, however, I could manage to push him over the edge and got some spankings, but he would always come to me after, for a kiss and forgiveness.

One day I asked him if he had ever done anything that he had to repent of. He just laughed and said he wasn't perfect, but in my eyes he was. He didn't gossip or condemn people. One time we had been to a funeral and the speakers had poured it on pretty heavy about the person being so good. Mother and I commented about it but all Papa would say was for us to write our own funerals so that wouldn't happen to us.

Mother was really lonely after Papa died and even though some of us would be around, she missed Father. One morning she was sitting by the heater and feeling pretty low, she felt hands on her head and a peaceful calm came over her. She knows that father gave her a blessing. Mother died January 11, 1985. She transferred to an angel as her veil was put on her. I was standing by the coffin and was amazed. She is buried by Papa, in the Bern Cemetery. The day after the funeral, I was permitted to see her and Papa holding hands above our home in Bern. They were dressed in white, looking down smiling. We were dividing their things up and enjoying each other. That was a special blessing in my life.

Our parents were hard workers and we all had to work too. Waste not, want not, that was my father's motto. When we left a room, we turned off the light. An apple core went in the pig bucket, not coal bucket, potato peelings also went in the pig bucket. We were taught to only take what we could eat and then clean up our plates.

We had many visitors in our home. Some were church leaders and relatives and friends. It was nothing to sleep four, five, or six in a bed. One of the visiting brothers came for a conference and came up to the house first to see Papa and he could see us all there sitting around the table. He thought that was where the meeting was.

I wanted to start school with my cousin, Donna Le Kunz. I would have still been five years old, but the school board wouldn't let me. I was really disappointed. We had grown up together and were like sisters. I attended grade school in Bern, Idaho. Arlene Welker was my teacher in the first four grades. I always sat behind John Kunz. He was so bashful. I'd get a hold of his ears and pull him back. He never dared say anything. I was naughty, but he has forgiven me, even though he has big ears now. He still calls me and visits.

Donald Welker taught me grade five, Ida Stone grade six, Jay Buhler grade seven, and Ruth Rohner grade eight. We had a lot of fun in grade school. I remember the Christmas plays and programs we practiced for. One was Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. I was Snow White and Paul and the boys his age were the seven dwarfs. The dwarfs all had big clay noses that would fall off when they bowed to me. They would pick them up and push harder for them to stay on. It was funny. I was standing behind a table making biscuits and everyone started laughing. (We were doing a performance for the school students.) I wasn't sure why all of them were laughing. Well, come to find out, my long legged underwear legs had fallen down. I had rolled my brown cotton socks down and my underwear up. Being cotton, they were stretched and probably dirty and I was embarrassed.

I enjoyed playing marbles in the room by the furnace room, at school. The floors were black with oil and our hands and knuckles were always that way too. As soon as the bell rang, we'd rush to see who could "lag" first. When we played for keeps, you'd know I lost all my marbles. We enjoyed playing softball, cat and dog, and having snowball fights.

I looked forward to special holidays. The pretty calendars or pictures the teacher put on the side blackboards were beautiful. It was fun to help make the Valentine Box, and then see who sent you a Valentine. I loved the Spelling Bees. I usually was pretty good or thought I was, and stood up until about last or close to it. That's what Papa claimed he did too.

I took piano lessons from Lillas Swenson and Mr. Baker. I just wish I'd have practiced more. When I was about four or five I took tap dancing from Rae Crane. We did a recital at the theater in Montpelier. At the beginning I came out on the stage and pointed to Mother and said, "That's my Mommy."

My freshman and sophomore high school days were at Montpelier High School. I did enjoy school and had lots of friends. We had lots of slumber parties. The girls from Montpelier loved to come to Bern. Just recently, I ran into Joann Dunn Barkdull working in the Spokane Temple. She told me she loved to come to our house for slumber parties because Father called us all together for prayer and she didn't have that at home. It made her feel good. I sang in a sextet at school and we went to a lot of Gold and Green Balls and sang during their floorshows.

I earned an Honor Bee Award and a Golden Gleaner Award. I received my G.E.D. from the college in Logan, Utah in 1959. I had a lot of dates and went to a lot of dances, rodeos, shows, games, etc., all over the valley. Donna Le Kunz and I went to Wayan to a dance a couple of times. Melvin Jenson, from there, decided he loved me and he sent me a nice rose gold wristwatch. I kept it, wore it, and enjoyed it. It surprised me, and I don't think I ever saw him again.

I always looked forward to Christmas dinner. It was so good. We took turns having dinner at Anna's and our place. I remember having ham, mashed potatoes, brown gravy, dressing, Jell-O salad, yams, hot rolls and pie. Usually it was apple, raisin or banana cream pie -- Ummm. We would each get a gift or two. We were happy and together as a family and they were the best Christmases ever. After we opened our gifts, we would go to the neighbors to see what they got. I have good memories of Christmas time.

I didn't graduate from Montpelier High School. After attending for two years, I decided to get married. I did graduate from Seminary. I had attended it for two years. I did my third year of Seminary at home so I could graduate.

I married Fayon Pugmire on June 5, 1947, in the Logan Temple. We lived in St. Charles, Idaho. His folks, Ray and Elva Pugmire, were good to us. They lived down through the lot from us. Ray would change Donald's diaper and that's more than he did for any of his own. At least that is what he told me. Elva was always flabbergasted he would do it.



Naomi Kunz Chapter eight

Our children: Donald (born in 1948) and Douglas (born in 1951) were born in Montpelier, Idaho. Daryl (born in 1952), Darla (born in 1955), and DeeAnn (born in 1957) were born to me in Logan, Utah.

I believe I was in almost every home, at one time or another, in St. Charles, Idaho. I collected for the Red Cross, Tuberculosis, and Cancer Drives. I taught 4-H for eight years. Several of the girls have told me they enjoyed sewing because of their 4-H years. My mother had taught me to sew. She was also my example for being a leader.

The years went by fast. Fayon and I divorced. I then married LaVan Hunsaker in 1962 in Salmon, Idaho. We lived there for about thirty years. We bought a six-hundred and forty-acre ranch. We ran about two hundred to three hundred head of cattle and horses on it. If that were not enough, we bought the bowling alley. I worked hard on the ranch and in the bowling alley. I also worked nights as a telephone operator at the telephone office.

I received the Presidential Sports Award from President Nixon. I earned this by bowling so many games every day for a certain period of time. I was proud of that accomplishment, especially considering my working schedule. I bowled the highest game ever, to that date, in Idaho at the State Women's Bowling Tournament. I can't remember where we were bowling but I think we were in the Boise area. I do remember that I bowled a 269 game. I was so excited. I'm sure by now someone has beaten it.

We contributed forty acres to Lemhi County for the fairgrounds. It was nice having it at the end of our property. We especially enjoyed being able to watch the fireworks over the Fourth of July. We'd sit outside in our lawn chairs, watch the fireworks, and the traffic come and go. We all have good memories of those days.

I directed two outdoor pageants for Lemhi County. They were part of the Fourth of July celebration. One was "Sacajawea" which my daughter, DeeAnn, played the lead role in. It was good. It was lots of hard work. I remember Mother came to Salmon to see it and stayed with me. We needed a little cross as a grave marker for the pageant. Mother went outside, found the wood, and built one for me. I was surprised and grateful.

The other pageant was the musical, "Threads of Glory." It was very patriotic and good. Some of my grandchildren were there and so were able to be a part of it. They were both fun, but a lot of worry and work!

I love huckleberries. I have spent many hours in the mountains picking huckleberries. Sometimes we would find patches where we could sit in one spot and just pick for hours. One year I bottled a hundred quarts of huckleberries. I enjoyed being able to eat them or give them away. People would always want to know where I'd go picking. I loved to tell them, "Up No Tell Em Creek!"



**Back: Douglas, Naomi, Donald, Front: Daryl, Becky, Norine, Dee Ann, Donna, Darla, Denis**  
LaVan and I later divorced. That was a nightmare! We ended up selling the ranch and the bowling alley. I retired from the telephone office after twenty-six years. I'd say it was time. There were lots of changes over those years. I was glad when I switched from the midnight operator to day job. I did enjoy my work and was able to get to know many people.

After my divorce I served two L.D.S. Missions. I served in the California Fresno Mission. It was a proselyting mission. I served my second mission in the England Leeds Mission. I worked on the 1881 Census in South Shields. I loved all of the beautiful daffodils and other flowers I saw in England. I loved my missions. I made many good friends. I have missed the beautiful country and people. I am always glad when my English friends come to the states for a visit.

While in England, I visited with the Chancellor in South Shields. His personal photographer came right in to take pictures of us with him. We enjoyed the tea wagon that came in with goodies on it. My companion and I spent several hours with him. It was interesting to see old signatures in old books and to add ours to them. He would be like the mayor or maybe governor here in our country.

I wrote the Queen of England to come and see what we were doing on the computer with the Census. She wrote and said she was not able to come but would send her representative. I guess I stirred up quite a commotion. I was the one that had to go and inform everyone what I had done.

I dreaded having to tell my companion, Peggy. She was so bossy. Everything had to be said, done, and cleared through her first, or so she thought. I did not get her permission. She informed me it was so "daft." She also informed me we did not do things like that in this country. Well, that was up until then!

The church yard was a disaster. The bishop wanted it cleaned up and fixed up to look presentable. He spearheaded the cleaning crew and furnished all the refreshments we served. What a choice experience that turned out to be. The representative even accepted The Book of Mormon from me. I used to get a Christmas card from him every year. He wrote and told me he was retiring and sent me his picture. I have not heard anything since. I have lots of fond memories from that day.

I have made my home here in Otis Orchards, Washington. Darla's family and DeeAnn and some of her family live nearby. I miss the other children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. Darla, DeeAnn and their families have all certainly been good to me. They make sure I have everything I need. Donald, Doug and Daryl are good sons and I am proud of them and all that they have accomplished.

To date, I have five living children, twenty grandchildren, and thirty-four great- grandchildren. They are all a blessing to me. They are all some of the best spirits Heavenly Father had. I love and appreciate each one of them.

I love to create and make things. I enjoy doing crafts and I love to scrapbook. DeeAnn and I call it our family history time. I enjoy sewing, painting, or anything else I can do. I've tried to fulfill my callings in the ward. I've had the privilege of working in the office of the Spokane Temple for ten years this coming September, 2010. Darla and I have served together since the temple first opened. I've thoroughly enjoyed it. It has been a blessing in my life.

I'm a breast-cancer survivor, twice now, and on the same breast! I've had a mastectomy on my left breast. I did radiation treatments. Thankfully, I haven't had to have chemotherapy, which has been another blessing I recognize in my life.

I currently have Type II Diabetes. I am also on oxygen all the time now. Aside from all this, I still go and do and enjoy. I've had a good life. I just feel badly I wasn't of service more to others. I am grateful for my heritage.



**Eva, Naomi, LaVaun, Carol, Geniel, LaRue, Fern, and mother, Hilda**

Naomi Kunz Chapter eight



**Naomi Kunz**

## Donald Fay Pugmire 1948

### Donald Fay Pugmire 1948

### Donna Hansen 1949

Debra Pugmire 1971

Dakota Yoshimura 1995

Daren Pugmire 1974

Daren Pugmire 1974

Cooper Daren Pugmire 2003

Luke Donald Pugmire 2005

Champ Var Pugmire 2009

Danielle Faye Pugmire 1981

Matt Serrano 1992

Kelli Serrano 1995

Danielle Faye Pugmire 1981

Samuel Clinton Layton 2006

Kameron Russell Layton 2010-2010

Kassidy Fay Layton 2010

Douglas Yoshimura 1964 div

Snawndi Trujillo 1977 div

Katie Lee Calder 1978

Larry J. Serrano 1967 div

Clinton Steven Layton 1979

I was born on May 7, 1948, in Montpelier, Idaho to Fayon Rich Pugmire and Naomi Kunz Pugmire. I was their first of 4 children. I came home from the hospital to a log home in St. Charles, Idaho. I lived my childhood in St. Charles and Liberty. I remember a good and fun childhood, riding and taking care of our horse, moving to a house in St. Charles that had indoor



Donna and Donald Pugmire

plumbing, living at the store/house in Liberty, building clubhouses and moving back to dad's boyhood home until I graduated from high school.

I attended grade school at Wilson Elementary in St. Charles and Emerson Elementary in Paris and graduated from Fielding High School in Paris.

During elementary school, I played basketball and played in the band. In high school I played in the band and then played football. I was on the football team that won the first

district championship in the history of Fielding. High school was probably the most enjoyable time of my life. I enjoyed everything about it. I also played a lot of church basketball and was able to become an Eagle Scout. I had several neat cars during high school (51 Ford, 55 Oldsmobile, 47 Chevy truck, 54 Ford and a 59 Oldsmobile), that I wish I still had. I had a great time dating, working on cars, summer jobs and playing football and basketball.

Although I had numerous home jobs while growing up, ( getting in wood, coal, stove oil, sorting bottles, yard work, milking cows and taking out ashes), my first real job was working for Grandpa Kunz and Uncle Paul on the farm. I worked two summers raking hay, hauling hay and moving sprinkler pipes for Grandpa Kunz and Uncle Paul. I then worked at a dude ranch in Wyoming for one summer and then worked farming, milking cows and being a service station attendant for neighbors in St. Charles until I graduated from high school. After high school, I was a choker setter and a cat skinner for a logging company and then was a motorman for a supply train in the mine before I decided to attend college.

My lifetime work history has included farming, milking cows, gas station attendant, logging, mining, snow machine assembly, transmission mechanic, construction work, parts manager, co-owner of a vinyl fence company, construction quality control manager/project assistant superintendant, school crossing guard, building custom pool tables and the military.

I married Donna Hansen, my high school sweetheart in Garden City, Utah in June of 1967. Donna and I were blessed with 3 children, Debra, Daren and Danielle. Each of them was born



**Debra, Daren, Donna, Donald, Danielle**

in a different city as the military kept moving us around.

I attended Utah State University for 3 ½ years until Uncle Sam decided I needed to join the service.

I enlisted in the United States Air Force and was then sent to DaNang Air Base in Vietnam. Although not planning to make a career of the

service, I ended up spending 22 plus years serving my country, retiring at the rank of Senior Master Sergeant. I was able to get my Associate Degree from the Community College of Air Force during my initial enlistment. I was stationed at Ogden Ut. DaNang Vietnam, Clark AB Philippines, Great Falls, Mt, Omaha, Ne, Butte, Mt, Great Falls, Mt, Woodbridge, England and again at Ogden, Utah. While in the military, I worked in the personnel career field (quality control and assignments), recruiting (induction and administering ASVAP tests to high schools), personnel superintendant for a fighter squadron, and on an inspection team. Our travels have taken us to 44 states and ten foreign countries.

Since retiring from the Air Force in 1993, we have lived in Clearfield. I have been a co-owner of a fencing company, Quality Control Director, assistant superintendent for building military housing in Utah, Texas, Oklahoma and Pearl Harbor - Kaneohe and Schofield Barracks in Hawaii and currently I'm currently doing part time duty as a parts manager for my son's motorsports and equipment shop.

Donna and I have restored a 1951 Ford (my first car) and a 1964 Ford Falcon and spend a lot of time washing/waxing and going to car shows and parades. We also spend a lot of time riding our ATV's, riding motorcycles with the grandsons, camping in our motor home, hunting and watching our grandsons at ballgames. I've been working on restoring old motorcycles and gas pumps and really enjoying semi-retired life. I am totally blessed to live near all our family and being a part of their lives. Our children are all married and live here in Davis County and we currently have 9 grandchildren (6 boys and 3 girl) with one of the twins passing away shortly after birth.



## Douglas Pugmire

### Douglas Pugmire 1951

Kirby D. Pugmire 1974 nm  
Shayla Lynn Pugmire 1994  
Kirby D Pugmire 1974  
Kirby D Pugmire 1974  
Jaxson Thomas Pugmire 2009  
Clay T. Pugmire 1976  
Sierra Michelle Pugmire 1997  
Alyssa Madison Sanford 1994\*  
Cameron Scott Goldman 1999\*

\*Children of Adam Gilbert

Sherry Pugmire 1978  
Tucker Jay Pugmire 1994  
Sherry Pugmire 1978  
Kyle Smith 1996  
Cassandra Smith 1998  
Sherry Pugmire 1978  
Jacee Michaelson 1993\*\*  
Carter David Michaelson 1996\*\*

\*\*Children of Tiffany

### Karen Ann Higgs 1952 div

Brandi Garner 1973  
Camille Lee Adams 1976 div  
Michelle Neilson 1976  
Cynda Allison Sanford 1976

Ronald Smith 1973 div

Johnny Michaelson 1978 div

### Douglas Pugmire 1951

Jonathan Rich Pugmire 1985  
Spencer K. Pugmire 1987  
Alysia Norine Pugmire 1993

### Norine Barnett 1956

Alisha Brandley 1985

## My Life Sketch

I was born on March 15<sup>th</sup> 1951 to Fayon Pugmire and Naomi Kunz, in Montpelier, Idaho. Our family would eventually grow to five children, three boys and two girls. At the time of my birth I became the 15<sup>th</sup> grandchild to Parley and Hilda Kunz and also the 15<sup>th</sup> grandchild to Ray and Elva Pugmire.



***Back: Clay, Shayla, Alysia, Jonathan, Alisha, Kirby Middle: Cynda, Doug holding Jaxon, Norine, Michelle, bottom: Alyssa, Cameron, Sierra and Spencer, dogs: Misty and Bo Jangles***

Looking back, I have always been proud of my parents, their parents, and the ancestors that came before them. These ancestors include John Kunz , Jonathan Pugmire Jr. and Charles C Rich. Their involvement in early church and American history is something to be proud of, and humbled at.

After being born, I came home to a log home, in St Charles, Idaho, I am told. After, we moved into a frame home on the same property.

I attended the first grade at Wilson Elementary, in St. Charles, Idaho. The first second and third grades were all in one room, the fourth and fifth grades were in another the sixth and seventh were in another room and the eighth grade had a room of their own.

We use to ride our horse to school and leave him tied up till we rode him home. In the winter time I remember a neighbor coming with a big toboggan sleigh to pick us up and take us home. I also remember playing a lead role in the school play, I played the part of Jibby, and maybe the main reason I remember it is because I got to be hugged and kissed, by one of the popular eighth grade girls, who played the part of my mother.

We moved to Liberty, Idaho and the folks bought a country store and service station. There I attended Emerson elementary in Paris, Idaho. In the fourth grade Mom and Dad divorced and I moved to Logan Utah and attended school there for one year then moved back to St. Charles, with Dad, and my two brothers, Don and Daryl. I finished elementary at Wilson in St. Charles. I was voted the student body president.

I attended my freshman and sophomore years of high school at Fielding High in Paris, Idaho. It was a good time there. I played in the band, was on the basketball team, football team, and on the track team. I won first place at the Ricks College invitational track meet in pole vaulting. It was a great jump of 8 feet, with an old aluminum pole.

My junior and senior years were at the newly consolidated, Bear Lake High, in Montpelier Idaho. During high school I also attended seminary, which I always enjoyed, more than the regular school classes.

During the summers, I worked first at Grandpa Kunz's farm, moving sprinkler pipes and hauling hay, then I worked in St Charles, Idaho on Alfred Keetch's farm besides haying etc; I would milk his cows. I also worked on the Glenn Rich farm, haying, etc, and milking his cows. He use to pay me fifty cents a milking, and so if I milked morning and night I would make a dollar a day. Wow, was this good. It bought me a car and paid for my gas and all the chasing around that I did. Later when I was a senior he gave me a pay raise to a dollar a milking! It seemed to make it worthwhile to deal with those stupid, stinking cows.

I also would milk for Clenneth Arnell, Arlin Pugmire, and Uncle John Rich, when they needed help.

I loved growing up in Bear Lake. I enjoyed the winter and the snow and also the skiing. We loved ice skating on Bear Lake, and having bon fires on the ice. I loved the summer time, especially water skiing.

I worked in the summer for Lakota Resort in Garden City, Utah, and then at Sterling's Service, my cousins service station on the corner in Garden City.

After high school, I moved to Logan, Utah and worked for Thiokol Chemical Corp for one year.

In 1970, I received a mission call to serve in the Ohio West Virginia mission. I served in Columbus, Newark, Springfield Ohio, and then in Morgantown and Charleston West Virginia, I served as a greenie, district leader and zone leader. I had the opportunity to see and be involved with over 40 people being baptized. I loved my mission and the experience and testimony building experience it was.

Naomi Kunz Chapter eight

In 1972 I married Karen Higgs, of Idaho Falls, Idaho, we were later divorced. But to this union I had three wonderful children, Kirby, Clay and Sherry. During this time I bought the Michelle Motel in Montpelier, Idaho.

In 1983 I met and married Norine Barnett, a year later we were sealed in the Salt Lake City Temple. We have had three children, Jonathan, Spencer and Alysia. They have also been a blessing in my life. Norine says I need to mention her more than just one line, so I am adding this line to let all know how much of a blessing she is in my life.

I attended one year at Idaho State University in accounting and business management. One year at Weber State University in transportation logistics, and then two years getting my degree in plant science.

I have worked in sales, insurance, marketing, was manager of Radio Shack computer stores, built a car wash in North Ogden, owned and operated a landscaping business and currently own some apartments. (what a headache, lol, do you want to buy them?) I have been working since 1994 in the trucking industry. I have been all over the USA many, many times.

I have had several callings in the church, including serving in the Bishopric with Bishop Rick Noorda.

Norine and I bought a new home in 2004 in Far West, where we currently live. She is still working as a RN full time at Davis Hospital, I am working with Matheson Postal, running mail from Boise to Denver .

We are enjoying watching all of our children, as they grow and experience life and seeing their families grow. We now have eight grandchildren. I am grateful for them all.

I am thankful for the legacy of our ancestors. They sacrificed a lot that we might enjoy all that we do. I am thankful for the church and the influence it has in our life. I am proud of our American heritage, and am concerned about how we currently are slipping away from our founding principles.

I am grateful for the Kunz legacy and all of our posterity.

Doug Pugmire

## Daryl Pugmire

### Daryl Pugmire 1952

Angela Pugmire 1971  
Christian Mast 1996  
Madeline Mast 2000  
Katheryn Pugmire 1975  
Brian Orr 1996  
Jeremy Orr 1998

### Becky Sue McGregor 1952

Michael Mast 1972  
Patrick Orr 1966



*Back: Angela, Katheryn Front: Becky, Daryl Pugmire*

Naomi Kunz Chapter eight

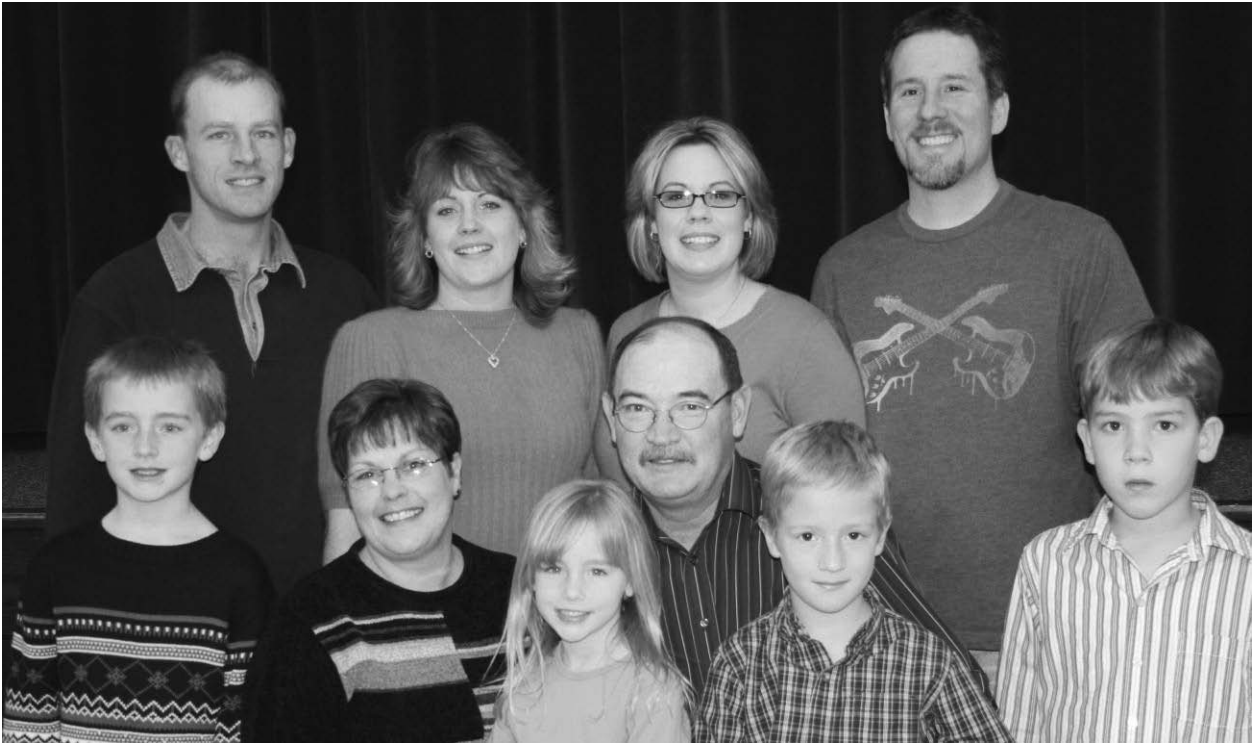
Daryl Jay Pugmire, 3rd child of Naomi  
Born Dec. 3, 1952 in Logan, Utah  
Graduated from Logan High School  
Married Becky Sue McGregor March 4, 1971.

In October 1971, I got drafted by Uncle Sam. After passing the exams, etc. I elected to join the U.S. Air Force instead of going to Vietnam. After basic training in San Antonio, Texas I was attending technical school in Wichita Falls, Texas when my oldest daughter Angela was born back home in Logan. After school, my first station was at Nellis AFB, Nevada. We were too young to really enjoy this time in Las Vegas and, being paid by the government too poor to gamble. While at Nellis, 1972-1976, my youngest daughter, Katheryn was born. In 1976, I was transferred to Offutt AFB, NE (Omaha). My oldest brother Donald was also stationed there during this time, so at least I had some family nearby during most of this assignment.

Domo Arrigato! Yep, in 1980 I was transferred to Yokota AB, Japan. This was an excellent assignment for my entire family. The kids were old enough to appreciate the differences in the Japanese culture. They also learned to speak Japanese better than me. As with Omaha, I had family fairly close on this assignment also. My sisters' (Darla) husband was stationed at Kadena AB, Japan. It was just a "\$10 military hop" away on the island of Okinawa. Then, off to the Rockies we went. In October 1984 I was transferred to Peterson AFB, Colorado (Colorado Springs). Six years later, I retired from the United States Air Force.

While in Las Vegas, I never had an inkling that someday I would own and operate a "BLACKJACK" Pizza Franchise. In December 1992, we moved to Syracuse, Utah, and opened our franchise in Layton, UT. Angela, having graduated from high school, living on her own, called Colorado Springs home and stayed. Katheryn had two months to graduate so we let her stay also. It was great being in the home area and around family during the eight years we lived in Utah. During this period both daughters married and had children. Angie in Colorado Springs, and Kathy in Oklahoma City, OK.

In 2000, we sold the pizza franchise and decided to move back to Colorado Springs to be closer to the grandchildren. We have three grandsons and one granddaughter. For six years, I was an over-the-road "Trucker". I traveled a lot. It was fun, I enjoyed it, but, I was away from home too much. So I took a local delivery job. So here I am ..... and here's a picture of my family.



**Back Row: Michael Mast and Angela, Katheryn and Patrick Orr.**  
**Front: Christian (Angies), Becky, Daryl.**  
**Very front: Madeline Mast (Angies), Jeremy Orr and Brian Orr (both Kathys)**

Thinking of childhood memories. I remember vividly going “over the river and thru the woods to grandmothers house we go.. (the dirt road from Ovid to Bern). It sure seems like those hills were bigger then as a kid. I enjoyed snacking on the insides of Grandma’s hot bread, but leaving the crust and of course always getting caught. And you know you couldn’t go to Grandma’s without playing the marble checkers game.

Current Address:

935 Paddock Road

Colorado Springs, CO 80930

719.683.6322 email: daryl@elpasotel.net

## Darla Pugmire McLaughlin

**Darla Pugmire 1955**

**Denis Michael McLaughlin**

**1954**

David Michael McLaughlin 1974	Tara Cei Jorgenson 1978
Dylan Michael McLaughlin 2002	
Collin David McLaughlin 2004	
Chase Jacob McLaughlin 2008	
Dawn Naomi McLaughlin 1975	Joseph Hunter Hamblin 1978
Hunter Lea Hamblin 2000	
Bailey Clayton Hamblin 2004	
DaLaura McLaughlin 1980	Dale Wayne Johnson 1979 div
Destiny Johanna Johnson 2001	
Dallas Nizhoni Johnson 2003	
Dauson Takota Johnson 2007	
Dianna McLaughlin 1983	Austin Charles Brown 1983
Kaitlinn Emily Brown 2007	
Carter Austin Brown 2009	
Derick Jay McLaughlin 1987	

I was born on 24 August 1955, in Logan, Utah. I was the fourth child, first girl born to Fayon Pugmire and Naomi Kunz. I had three older brothers to greet me. Donald Fay born in 1948, Douglas K. born in 1951, Daryl Jay born in 1952. DeeAnn, another sister was born in 1957. At the time of my birth we were living in St Charles, Idaho. I do have a few memories of living in that home.

We later moved to Liberty, Idaho. Dad and mother owned and operated the Liberty store and gas station. I have a lot of childhood memories there. Christmas programs at the church, Easter egg hunts across the street in the field, riding tricycles, playing in the ditch, playing up stairs with the old soda fountain that had been taken out of store, playing on the old tire swing, playing out in the garage, burying my shoes in the sawdust at the lumber yard and having to walk home barefoot. I was glad when dad found my shoes and brought them home to me.

I remember when DeeAnn and I were standing by the kitchen stove and the oven door was open. We were dressed in our Sunday dresses, getting warmed up from the heat off the oven. I could smell smoke. I moved DeeAnn away and checked her dress and found nothing. I went out in the store to tell mother who was visiting with the newspaper man. I remember he rolled up a newspaper and grabbed me and started hitting me with it. I was shocked and did not know why he was hitting me. Later, come to find out, it was my dress on fire. I was the one burning. That's





***Back: Denis, David, Derick, Austin Brown, Middle: Naomi, Darla, Kaitlinn, Tara, Chase, Dawn, DaLaura, Dianna, Carter Front: Dylan, Collin, Bailey, Hunter, Dauson, Destiny, Dallas***

what I smelled. I do remember the pain of healing from it.

I have good memories of going to Grandpa and Grandma Kunz's house and Grandma Pugmire's. It was fun to play on the stairs and in the first little room upstairs at Grandma Kunz's. I was always confused when their phone rang. I could never tell one ring from the other. I always was glad when grandma told me to answer it. She made the best bread. Ummmm! Good! I loved traveling the road from Ovid to Grandmas. Those last few hills would always put a slide on my stomach. That was the way we knew we were getting close to their house. Grandma Pugmire made the best sugar cookies. I have never forgotten to this day how yummy they were. Even though I have her recipe they do not compare to hers. I remember sitting by Grandma Kunz as she watched television. I loved it when she'd get in the little jar in the cupboard and give me money to walk up to the little store. I learned to like Postum and melted cheese at grandmas.

We moved to Logan, Utah. I went to Kindergarten, 1<sup>st</sup> grade, and part of 2<sup>nd</sup> grade at Woodruff Elementary. I remember when there was an earthquake in Logan during one of those grades. I remember riding a bike home to tell mother about some damage from the earthquake I had heard about at school. I was worried for her. She sent me back to school.

All must have been ok.

I went to school in Honeyville, Utah for about a month while in the 2<sup>nd</sup> grade. I can't pass a fresh cut field of hay and the smell of it always takes me back to living in Honeyville. I love that smell. I still remember our phone number from those days. CR9-2788! From there we moved to Salmon, Idaho where I finished elementary, junior high school, and high school.

Mother and dad divorced. Mother married Oscar LaVan Hunsaker in 1962. They bought a cattle ranch just north of Salmon where I grew up. There are lots of memories from the ranching days. There were lots of loads of hay hauled, lots of wood hauled, eggs gathered, sheep herded, cattle branded, fences walked, cows milked, milk strained, butter churned, horses ridden, garden efforts, berries to pick and canning to do. I have missed some of those days in my adult life, and also for the sake of experience for my children.



*back: David, Dawn, DeLaura, Derek, Dianna  
front: Denis and Darla*

Idaho All Events Scratch winner that year. I have since bowled on many leagues and in tournaments. I enjoyed it, and it was always fun to win.

Before high school graduation, I went with the Foreign Study League on a six week tour of Europe. We studied about each country four hours in the morning, and then toured the different places in the afternoon. It counted for a credit in high school. We visited Paris, France; Madrid, Spain; Hof, Austria (by Salzburg); Rome, Italy; and London, England. It was a fun "once in a lifetime" trip for me. I'm grateful for the opportunity I had to go. It would be fun to go for a visit again someday.

On October 13, 1973 I married my high school sweetheart Denis Michael McLaughlin, in Salmon, Idaho. We have since been blessed with five children. David born in 1974 in Salmon,

Idaho, Dawn born in 1975 in Del Rio, Texas, DaLaura born in 1980 in Okinawa, Japan, Dianna born in 1983 in Del Rio, Texas and Derick born in 1987 in Del Rio, Texas.

Denis served in the United States Air Force, and we have had the opportunity to be stationed different places. Our main place of assignment was Laughlin AFB, Del Rio, Texas. I often wondered if our last name had anything to do with that assignment. I enjoyed our assignment in Mt. Home at Mt. Home AFB, in Idaho. It put us closer to Salmon and we were able to go home often. I enjoyed our assignment to Kadena Air Base in Okinawa, Japan. It was a good experience for me. We were activated in the church while in Okinawa. What a blessing the church has been in our lives. How grateful I am for loving home teachers, a visiting teacher, missionaries, and a branch president who didn't give up on us. Thank you Heavenly Father! Thank you!

Denis and I were sealed 19 Oct 1982 in the Idaho Falls Idaho Temple. What a special day, I will never forget. We took our children with us who later knelt with us at that holy alter. Who could imagine that beautiful day and those promised blessings?

I've had opportunity to serve in many capacities in the church. I have enjoyed the different callings and growth that comes with them. There are many good people in the church who have helped me many times. My testimony grows daily of our Savior Jesus Christ and his infinite atonement. What a loving Heavenly Father we have, who loves us and blesses us daily. I can't help but be grateful. My heart is full of love for our ancestors and the testimonies they shared and lived through their legacy of love and service. How blessed I am.

Denis retired from the military in Otis Orchards, Washington where we now reside. Our five children and their families live nearby. We have 10 grandchildren whom we love and are proud of. It is fun to be a part of them. We go to concerts, watch soccer games, attend ward activities, meet for dinner, have birthday parties, enjoy holidays together, and practice loving one another.

Currently, mother lives here with us. We have had many good times together. I'm grateful for this opportunity to be able to spend time together doing the things we've wanted. We have had the opportunity to serve in the office of the Spokane Temple together now since the temple opened. Our temple opened in August of 1999 and we started in September of 1999. We are one of a few mother/daughter teams who currently serve. It has been a choice experience working with our different temple presidencies. What good examples and leaders they are. What a positive influence they have on us.

My biggest hobbies right now are my family, church callings, and temple service. I would like to do a little more family history work. It is interesting to learn of our ancestors. I enjoy doing a little traveling. Denis and I have a few places we like to go for walks together. He is the love of my life and I'm grateful to know he is my eternal companion. I look forward to one day being able to serve a mission for the church together.

## DeeAnn Hunsaker

Naomi Kunz 1931

LaVan Hunsaker 1918-1997 div

### DeeAnn Hunsaker 1957

### Lloyd Lofland 1947

Dustin James Lofland 1977

Karolina Wszendybyl

Kayla Rene Lofland 2000

Jacob James Lofland 2002

Domonic LaVan Lofland 1978

Lizette Gonzales Cordoza 1982 (mother of the twins), Kaylie and Kylie

Kaylie 2010

Kylie 2010

### DeeAnn Hunsaker 1957

### Kenneth Collins 1941 div

Darci Lee Collins 1984

Brandon Weyrauch 1981 nm

Cory Weyrauch Christensen 2001 (adopted out)

Ethan Alexander Weyrauch 2002 (adopted out)

Darci Lee Collins 1984

Richard Dale Hall 1984 nm

Tyler Henry Lofland 2005

Ashlee Marie Hall 2006

Carloas Richard Hall 2009

Patrick Loga 2009

### DeeAnn Hunsaker 1957

### Donald Moyes 1955 div

Delitra Moyes 1996

I was born July 12, 1957, in Logan, Utah. We moved to Salmon, Idaho when I was 5 years old. I attended grade school, middle school and high school in Salmon. I graduated with the class of 1975.

My parents bought a ranch just outside of Salmon, Idaho where I spent my younger days herding cows, herding sheep, gathering eggs, hauling wood, sliding down the mountain on shale rock, (you had to wear extra jeans for this), walking jack fences, playing in the loft and playing fox and geese in the snow. I had a horse names Coco Puff, after my favorite cereal. My sister and I would ride down to the Carmen Post Office to buy penny candy. She had a bike and I had a tricycle. We probably looked pretty cool going down Hwy 93. I had to pedal real fast to keep up. The penny candy was worth it.

When I was 12 years old my parents bought a bowling alley in town. Then my time was split

between the bowling alley and the ranch. Darla, my sister and I had our own bedroom in the bowling alley. We did get to bowl a lot. One year my team won State Championship.

A black widow spider bit me when I was in high school. The doctor told me I was lucky that it was in the fall and not the spring when I was bitten. I still have a large scar on my leg.

I graduated ½ year early from high school and then I went to Switzerland to attend the American Fashion College of Lucerne Switzerland. I was 17 when I ended up in the Zurich Airport late at night and my luggage did not come in. I found myself around several people speaking foreign languages but not English. I must have looked afraid for a young lady named *Heidi*, came and asked me in English if she could help me. I was so grateful for her assistance. After I got settled in Lucerne, I loved it. My friends and I would go on the trains every weekend exploring Europe. It was so beautiful there. I do have to admit I did sleep on my big white comforter, thinking it was a mattress, for a few days and piled my clothes and coat on me to keep warm. Then I was finally told to sleep under the comforter what a joy I found there.

Later in life, I did attend the College of Southern Idaho in Twin Falls, Idaho. I was on the President's list for three semesters and then the Dean's list for the fourth semester. College algebra got me.

I married my first husband Lloyd Lofland whom I met in Del Rio, Texas and had two beautiful sons, Dustin and Domonic. They have been a source of pride and pleasure since they were born. Dustin is quick to smile and very outgoing, lovable. Domonic fixes, makes, and helps everyone for the genuine joy of helping others with no fan fare. Lloyd and I divorced but remained best friends through the years. He has been a great father.

I married my second husband Ken Collins and we had a beautiful baby daughter, Darci. She was born on her father's birthday. She has one of the kindest hearts I have ever known. Ken and I divorced. We did not remain friends.

I married my third husband Donald Moyes and we had a beautiful daughter Delitra. (Pronounced dee-light-tra). She has been a true delight. She is very musically talented and I am really enjoying this. My favorite instrument is the piano and she entertains her mother very nicely. Don and I divorced but remained friends.

There have been others I have been engaged to and have gone steady with but just haven't met the one for eternity yet. Some day...

I have been working at the Mirabeau Park Hotel for the past 10 years. I really like what I do. I am the Revenue and Reservation supervisor. There are days I would rather be playing or sleeping but for the most part I am thankful I enjoy my job.

My ward is keeping me busy with being a Sunday School Teacher (12 year olds), Homemaking Teacher, Primary Worker (8 year olds), Activities Director, and Melodrama Director (for 4 years), plus being a Visiting Teacher. I have loved my callings.

Our ward has been having Melodramas every spring. They have been so fun. My mother Naomi

Kunz directed 6 of the Melodramas and I have directed the last 4. We have had 12 total.

I have traveled quite a bit. One of my favorite trips was on the Amtrak Train from Utah to Washington DC, down to Florida and then back. This is certainly a beautiful country that we live in.

My family and I have enjoyed Disneyland, Disney World, Sea World, and many other fun places



**Delitra and DeeAnn**

along the way. One of my favorite things to do is to ride roller coasters and I love water slides. Just wish they would have elevators to take you up to the top again.

I have been living in Otis Orchards, Washington for the past 14 years. I am grateful I could live so close to my mother and family. It is nice to be in the same ward and to participate in each other's lives. I made my downstairs family room into a scrapbook room for my Mother and me and, we have nice times playing in this room making lots of good memories.

My little twin granddaughters were born in 2010, which makes a total of 11

grandchildren. What a blessing in life they are. I just wish I could spend more time with them. Sometimes it's hard to believe in a couple of years I will get Senior Citizen discounts. Where did all the time go?

I hope to enjoy traveling, listening to Elvis Presley Gospel music, scrapbooking, and rocking my grandchildren. There may be a playmate or two for my remaining years.

Chapter Nine

## Paul Roy Kunz

### Paul Roy Kunz 1932   Marlene Shirley Stevens 1935

Kelly Paul Kunz 1953  
Shirley Loye Kunz 1955  
Kim Ray Kunz 1957  
Kurt Stevens Kunz 1959

Paulene Kunz 1960  
Karl DeVerl Kunz 1969  
Kenneth Jay Kunz 1972

Anne Mae Thiel 1955  
Neil Rey Harris 1953  
Melodie Dawn Toomey 1960  
Teresa Jean Doman 1961 div  
Ulla Betty Marianne Solar 1958  
James Patrick Manning 1962  
Janalee Fields 1972  
Kandice Udy 1976

I, Paul Roy Kunz, was born June 20, 1932 in Bern, Idaho, in our home, to Parley Peter and Hilda Irene Stoor Kunz. Mother's mid-wives were Marge Buhler and Aunt Mae Kunz. Marge told me several times as I grew up that I peed in her face as she was changing my diaper.

Some of the earliest recollections that come to my mind were hanging on to father's leg when we would go to church in the rook sleigh. Why it was called a rook sleigh I do not know. It was a sleigh about four feet wide and eight feet long as I remember. It was pulled by one horse, usually Buss. The sleigh never had any sides, so the only thing we had to hang on to was Father or Mother.

I remember as a kid that I was in love with a pretty woman in a green Bible Story book that we used to look at. I would crawl under Father's desk with this book and look at this pretty woman. Father was the bishop at this time and the church furnished the desk.

I also remember how Father would receive tithing in kind, that is, he would get a calf or a stack of hay and sometimes a pig or whatever else the members would want to give. Then he would have to go sell it for whatever he could get and then give the donor credit for that amount.

I believe it was about this time in my life that I remember Bobby Schmid put me on his

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

shoulders and took me for a bike ride out to Uncle Johnny's to see a little fawn deer that he had in his barn. I remember how high I was in the air as we went out there, but we made it ok. This was my first bicycle ride.

I can remember as a youngster feeding the sheep in the north and south lots, which were just north and south of the house. It was fun to take a big load of hay and start scattering it around the field in several circles and see the sheep scatter out and eat the hay with just a few sheep eating at each pile.

I remember, too, that we used to carry hay and water to the individual pens when we were lambing. We had pens in the old lambing shed and one or two other sheds around. There was always some ewes that would bunt or hit you when we would put water in the pen. As a youngster, I remember sometimes it was pretty hard to get water in the pen without spilling it.

Also I remember how nice it was when we were lambing and we would get up in the mornings, the house would be warm as Nick Kunz was the night man and he would keep the fire going all night as he would wait for ewes to lamb. He would be in and out of the house all night. I got to know Nick really well, as we spent many years with him, not only during lambing but haying and irrigating as well.

We used to load the wagon with manure and haul it down to the levees or dams to hold water on the land to irrigate. The wagon was called dump boards as it was about four feet wide and eight feet long, with a chain around the middle and a plank across the front to sit on. Sometimes we were able to remove the chain and take one board at a time off so the manure would fall out on its own. The boards were two by four lying on the bottom. We spent many hours together on this wagon not only with Nick but Father also. We would load it with manure by hand, that is a pitch fork. This way we could keep all the sheds clean and the manure cleaned up around the feeders etc.



**Paul and Marlene Kunz**



## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

We did the irrigating on the Rich Place by putting in the Bern dam on the Outlet, and raising the water high enough to run down through Abel's on two different places through ditches, so it would run on Father's place. Then we had levees around the place on every low spot against the river and also the outlet to hold the water on the land. This was an everyday occurrence to ride the levees, that is, with a team and a wagon load of manure. It seems there was always some place that the levees would have to be raised, as the water would keep rising for many days. Sometimes we would have to come home and get more loads of manure to keep the levees high enough to hold the water. So you can see that we would spend a lot of time at this job. Also we made many, many trips with Nick Kunz down here.

I remember on one occasion, we went to the north end and found the whole levee was washed out. So we went home and got Father and I believe one or two of my brothers, also a hand plow and some shovels. Then we went down with the team and a load of manure. We took the plow and plowed a few furrows a little ways from the levee. Then we cut the sod in small enough chunks that we could carry them on the levee to rebuild it. The water was quite deep here where we were working and was running into the river pretty fast as it was draining the whole north end. So we had to work pretty fast so it would not wash our sod right into the river. We finally got it stopped and then built the levee real high. This levee is still there today. There were some places the water would get so deep in the sloughs that it would swim a horse and also float the dump boards on the wagon, so we would have to try and stay on the high ground when we were traveling from one levee to the next one. I remember one time we were taking some rocks down to put on the levees. I don't remember just where we got them.

Anyway, we got part way down and got stuck and had to unload them in a slough. Most of them are still there today. That is by the culvert in the north field. We usually put in the Bern Dam around the first part of March and then would pull it, or turn the water loose, about the 10th or so of July.

Then wait for the water to dry up before we could cut the hay. We never cut holes in the



**Paul Kunz and Bp. Robert Schmid sawing wood**

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

levees to let the water go. We just waited for it to dry up by itself. So many times we would have to cut hay around sloughs that were still full of water. This land was irrigated this way from when Father got it until 1989, when I plowed the Rich place up for the first time and started farming it.

The barn would hold nine cows and two horses. This had to be cleaned every morning so it wouldn't freeze during the winter. There was a manure hole on the east side of the barn where we would park the manure sleigh, then throw the manure out the window into the sleigh, then haul it out and scatter in the field somewhere, usually south of Bern below Abel's. Then when snow got too deep, Orlando would let us go to his field west of our house. This sleigh was also pulled by one horse, usually Buss. He was better to use because sometimes coming back to the barn the sleigh would run into his heels.

Buss was usually ok, but if the sleigh hit Ginger's heels, our other horse, he would run away. The more he would run, the more it would hit him. I had a few runaways with him. He would either end up going through a fence, gate, hitting the barn or something. He was a little better to pull the sleigh, but this is why we never used him much on this or any single sleigh for that matter.

Besides the nine cows in the barn, usually we had four or five cows in other places as well. These all had to be milked every night and morning and the sheep feed and tended, barn cleaned and usually manure hauled, all this before school. All milking was done by hand some of them were pretty tough to milk, that is, you had to squeeze some awful hard and didn't get too big of a squirt, so it would take a lot longer. Then after milking we would haul milk to the dairy, this was about where Earl and Ramona Johnson live at the present time, where it was made into cheese. Reed and Edith Kunz were making the cheese then. Father used to go all over the country peddling the cheese.

One day LaVaun and Dale went into the chicken coop with sticks and killed a lot of chickens. I guess they had a lot of fun for a while until the folks found out. I'll bet they really got flogged good, as they should have.

I remember also about this time of my life when we used to take a bath, we never had any modern day plumbing, so everyone would have to bath in a round tub. The oldest always seemed to get to bath first, then us younger ones. Sometimes the water would be pretty dirty for us. Also the privy was outside, that is, the toilet. We never had soft toilet paper like you have now days. All we had was a Montgomery Ward or Sears catalog.

When Mother's parents died is when we got running water in the house. She spent her little inheritance for pipe so we could bring water from the south spring, which was located north and west of Uncle Abel's house, to our place. This was all dug by hand and through the barrow pits. On a place or two, we never went deep enough and the water would freeze in the winter, then we would have to burn old hay, straw or old tires to thaw it out. Sometimes we would spend many days to get it to run again.

During the summer we would milk the cows down at the outlet. At the time I was eight, we

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

were milking just north of the Bern Dam, and one evening when we were through milking, Father, Able, Dean and I, and I can't remember if any of my brothers were there or not, anyway, I was baptized by Dean Kunz. I can't remember if he was just going on a mission or just coming home. Then I remember how high the chair with two big arms on it was when I crawled into it to be confirmed by Edwin L. Alleman. This was in the old church which was located approximately where the chapel is today. The old one had a big potbelly stove in the middle and wires strung around the ceiling where a cloth was hung for dividers when needed. Also there was a privy outside.

We used to get together with all the neighbor kids and play night games, hide and seek, run sheep run, olly olly oxen all in free, cat and dog, this was a game with a long stick and a short stick placed over a small hole, we would hit or flip the short stick with the long one I guess to see how far we could flip it. We also dug a few caves around the town that we would play in. I don't remember just what we did there but I remember we had candles and things in them.

I think we were pretty good kids as a whole, but I remember one Halloween we took, as I recall, Alvin's cows up to Able's corral and took Able's down to Alvin's corral. I can laugh about it now but I don't think they were very happy when they went to milk the next morning. Surprise, Surprise. Also it seemed like there were a lot of privies tipped over on Halloween.

When we were kids we used to go borrow Alma Kunz's 22 rifle and go rabbit hunting. We would go sit on a hay stack somewhere and when the rabbits would come to eat we would shoot them. It had to be a good moonlight night. Sometimes we would spend hours and hours waiting for them. Lots of times if we could find a good stack with a hole in the middle, the heat from the stack would come up the hole and keep us warm. The hay would have been put in the stack a little green so it would be heating and keep us warm. Yes, it would spoil even in the winter.

We used to go ice skating on Ospha creek down by the sand hill, which is where Hardcastle has a feed yard today. There used to be a few willows there that we could use for a fire. We had a lot of fun down there.

Many times during the summer we boys would go swimming down in the outlet in the cow pasture. The girls never went as we always swam in the nude. We didn't have any suits in those days.

We all had our own chores to do night and morning. The boys worked outside and the girls inside, that is, as I remember, sometimes Naomi would help milk, etc. I don't remember any of the other girls helping outside, anyway, we had not only to do chores but get in wood and coal and cut kindling wood, empty the pot, do dishes, etc. I may add a little note here, that the pot was upstairs on the landing where everyone up stairs could find it. Sometimes it would get so cold that it would freeze solid and sometimes get pretty heavy.

It seems like for many years we would have to separate night and morning, that is, separate the milk. We had to turn the separator by hand, which took quite a while and was very tiring.

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

It seems like the girls did help a little with this chore. After we had the milk all separated we could take the cream to the house and feed the skim milk to the calves and pigs. Then the folks would take or send the cream with Reed Kunz to town to Harrison Hess. He had a place of business on Main Street just east of what is now Rowsell's Hardware. I think, also, that some of this cream was put on the train, but where it went, I cannot remember.

Mother always made butter, bread, soap and so on. We always had plenty of food to eat. We would eat a lot of mutton. Also, many times I remember hitting a calf in the head with an axe. That was a lot better to eat than mutton. Also, we used to have a lot of hard boiled eggs, fruit, etc.

Mother would always knit our gloves and sometimes a hat or make us a skull hat, which was cut out of the top of a pair of nylon stockings. That was quite warm, as I remember.

Mother always made a lot of quilts as did the other ladies around Bern. It seems like Mother made quilts all of her life, for all us kids. Whenever someone would get married she always had a quilt for them. She spent many, many years doing this. I remember her telling us on one occasion a bunch of ladies were sewing a quilt and Walter Barlow was just a little boy. Nobody was paying any attention to him, so he crawled under the quilt, and then as he came out he said, "Here come the Bear." Well, he had an awfully low voice and you would have had to have heard it to really appreciate this. After this he was always called 'Bear'. I think he and LaVaun were about the same age.

We always had 'hand me down' clothes. As soon as we would grow into something a little bigger or they were too small for the older ones, then they were passed down. I remember I got my first new coat when I graduated from the 8'th grade. How happy I was! We always wore overalls as kids until we went to high school, that is, we wore them to work but not for best.

We all ate at the same table. Each had their own place, except if we were a little unruly, then we would have to sit by Father, where he could stretch an ear when we needed it. I don't think that happened too often.

Since Wendell Kunz was my age, it seems maybe I got to go to the show maybe more often than some of the others, as Mother and Anna would go together and take us, that is Wendell, Max Stoor, and me. I remember the show ticket was nine cents.

When the new church was built Wendell and I were throwing rocks into the cement mixer. One that I threw hit the side of the mixer and glanced into a window, a brand new window, and broke the first window in the new church. I can still remember how bad I felt, and the exact window that I broke.

As kids, we all used to play a lot of basketball in the old gym. This was located just east of the school house. Also we had a lot of dances there. There was an old potbelly stove in the northwest corner that we would have to try and heat the whole building with. Sometimes we played when it was awful cold.

From the time that we boys were big enough to help, we would go help uncle Rob Schmid

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

kill pigs. This was his livelihood, and I remember spending a lot of time helping out, as did Father and the rest. Some days we would butcher 8 or 10 hogs, which was a lot of work and this was done for years and years

Father purchased the Rich place in 1942. After this we had a lot more haying and levee work to do, a lot more horses to tend, more cattle to feed and more work for all.

Father had to get three other men in the valley to sign the note with him when he bought this, as he had to pay cash. It was quite a few years before he finally got it paid off. I pay more now just to rent it for a year than he paid for the place. This shows how times change.

I have spent my whole life on this place that is from the time I was ten years old.

Bill Boss and Annie lived down in the old house on the river for a few years after father bought the place. He would help with the irrigating and fence. He would use willows for fence stays. Some of them can be seen to this day, that is, on one or two little corners that I was unable to tear out on the river bank.

Billy used to always have a pocket full of pink peppermints. After church when we would gather the song books and put them on the shelf, he would reward us with mints. It was fun!

We used to put up all the hay with horses. It was put into a big stack, thrown on a pile and stacked by hand, that is, a pitchfork, until the stack was as high as the ricker, which was an apparatus used to throw hay on a pile and high in the air, that is, probably 15 feet high or so. This was pulled up with a team. Uncle Able usually ran the pullup.

Uncle Able was the ram rod. That is, he would watch the men and try and keep everyone on the move. If someone stopped too long in the field he would unhook his apple [cart that is what the pullup cart was called] then he would go to them on a high lope to see what was the matter. He would get them going again and holler "Hit em." He was always hollering, "Hit em, hit em!" Many days he would get so hoarse the he could hardly talk by evening. Today the older generation around Bern will still say. "Hit em."

Father and Able were brothers and worked together for 32 years in Cokeville, Wyo., plus whatever either one had of their own here in Bern -- anyway, they were partners for many years. If there were ever any words between them, I was not aware of it. They got along like two brothers should -- a very good relationship.

It was during the time that they were in Cokeville that we did the milking. I remember going down to milk in a one horse buggy with Mother and Uncle Rob Schmid. I think he had a few cows at that time and we would milk at the milking corral down by the outlet. Heber Kunz had a milking corral next to ours so we had a lot of visits with him and his boys. We both milked here for many, many years. Uncle Heber had a milk corral here because when he came home from his mission he never had any land, so Father sold him about 30 acres which happened to be right in the middle of his place. Over the years this was kind of a headache to have him in the middle of Fathers place.

The reason I had to milk at this time is because I was a little too young to go to Cokeville and

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

hay. I went to Cokeville just one year to hay in my life. LaRue and Lola Kunz were the cooks that year as I remember. They would have to cook for about 30 or 35 men three times a day. It must have been quite a chore for them too.

When we were haying we would probably have 20 or 25 teams, that is, 40 or 50 horses to tend, feed, harness in the mornings, and unharness in the evening, take to pasture, then roundup in the morning.

I ran a sulky rake for a lot of years. I guess that is when I was learning. Then eventually I ran a push rake. Then I ran a push rake to put hay on the fork, that is, the ricker fork.

The rake was called a dump rake. This was pulled with a team and it had two foot pedals, one to hold the teeth down and one that would lift the teeth to dump the hay when it was pushed with your foot. We would go around the field with this and put the hay in windrows, then gather it up with a push rake. The push rake was about 12 or 14 feet wide with a horse on each end and the teeth in the middle. The teeth were small poles sharpened on the ends in a way so they would go over the ground and get the hay, but not dig in the ground. They were about 6 or 7 feet long. The wheels were on the back, on either side of the driver. There was a long board the driver would sit on to lift the teeth in the air when necessary, to keep the teeth from digging into the ground or to bunt the piles of hay when pushing in on the ricker teeth. Sometimes the teeth would go into the ground, the team would keep going and the push rake would flip upside down. Then this would scare the horses, and they would run away. We had quite a few runaways over the years.

We always had Alfalfa out south of Bern. After we would windrow the hay with the dump rake we would 'shock it' that is, we would go over the windrows the long way and put the hay on little piles so we could pitch it by hand with a pitchfork onto the hay rack and then haul it to the barn.

Usually we would have a driver on the hayrack and a man to stack the hay on the rack. First thing we would do is put a set of nets on the floor of the hay rack, this consisted of ropes and small poles with a ring at each end. After we would get quite a bit of hay on this net (about half of a load of hay) we would spread another net, and then fill this with hay, or until the hay was about as high on the hay rack as we could throw it up with a pitchfork, which was way above our heads. One day after we had finished loading the rack, I threw my pitchfork up on the load. Gary Kunz was stacking that day. The fork went through his leg when I threw it up. I felt really bad, but it was an accident.

When we had a load of hay, we would go for the barn where we had an apparatus for unloading the hay rack. There was a little car on rails that was secured to the top of the barn with two hooks on it. We would pull this down with a rope and hook onto the nets. When this was pulled up both ends of the nets would come together to hold the bundle of hay while pulling it up into the barn. We would have a team on the back of the barn tied to a long rope to pull the hay up. This rope was about one and one half inches around and there was a large pulley tied to the bottom of the barn to hold the rope so that the rope was held about at ground level to be in line with the horses and the double tree.

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

One day I was driving the pullup team. I was about to the end of the rope when I heard an awful scream. I looked back to see my brother Richard by the pulley. He was letting the rope go through his hand as it went through the pulley. He was pulled into the pulley and had cut part of some fingers off. They were unable to sew them on again.

We used to pasture the sheep up in Red Pine. Billy Salverson was one of the herders. The shearing corral was located on the turn where road turns north by Red Pine Creek. We used to put the sheep in the corrals there and shear them. Usually, we had three or four shearers that came from all over the country. That was their business. I remember we had to tie the fleeces and throw them up to Nick to stomp in a long wool sack. This sack was secured about 8 feet high on a wooden platform that had a round hoop to hold the big sack open. We would throw fleece to Nick and he would tromp them in the sack with his feet so the sack would be solid.

Father told us many times in our life about one spring they had turned the sheep out to grass in Red Pine and they were there for a few weeks, when it snowed so deep they had to bring them home and start feeding again. He said this was the year Dale was born.

Some years we would take the sheep up Maple Canyon on the forest, which is the Maple Canyon East of Bennington. I remember how steep it used to be to get the sheep up there.

I remember how I herded sheep over in the stock yards. That was some land Father and Able leased from the Union Pacific Rail Road for many, many years. I herded sheep there one year. I was paid one dollar a day. I had a tent to stay in. Sometimes, Father or one of my brothers would come over and sleep with me. I remember on one occasion, I believe it was Phil who came over to sleep with me, anyway, we had a small stove in the tent and that evening the stove was too hot. The tent was too hot to sleep, so, we took a pee on the stove to cool it off. My, what a stink!! I'll never forget this experience. And we had to sleep in it.

The war was on at this time, that is the Second World War. I remember how I had the thought come to me as I went by a slough that had cat tails in it that the Japs were there and were using the cattails for a periscope to spy on us. It's funny some of the things we think of as kids.

Father got a reserve right on the forest with the Rich place for cattle, that is another reason he went into the cattle business. This was out on Slug Creek, that is up Georgetown Canyon and up over Summit Divide. We would trail the cattle from Bern to the government corral which was about half way up the canyon, then leave them there overnight. Then the next morning we would drive them the rest of the way. I remember sometimes they would really hang in the canyon as the feed would be good and all they wanted to do was eat. We were always glad when we got them where we were suppose to go with them, as every year we had to go to a different place. Then the association had a rider who would take care of them for the summer. A month or so after we took the cows out, we would take the bulls out. We would haul them, instead of driving them like we did the rest of the stock. The bulls had to be OK'd by the bull committee. Some years we had quite a hassle with them. That is, sometimes they did not want to pass our bulls, as they graded them pretty close and all the bulls on the

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

association had to be the best.

Many times during the summer we would have to go doctor a sick cow or take out a new bull that got hurt. On one occasion Father had 5 cows killed by lightening as they were going up a trail. We went out and skinned all of them to salvage what we could. We took cattle to the forest for many years until it seemed to be too much hassle, that is, the grazing fees went up, they put us on the other end of the reserve and they were stricter with the bulls. Some of the others that had a larger right, that is, they could take more cows out -- they seemed to be able to get by with any old bull. Finally, Father sold his reserve right to Jim Wallentine from Paris. I better add here what a help Don Clark was to us over the years. He was always willing to help doctor sick cows and help with the roundup. Some years he would roundup for us. I say 'us' because the last few years I was able to take out some of my own cattle, with Fathers.

I believe it was about this time in my life that I remember as a kid, during the winter, I would stay by the kitchen window and watch cars coming from Montpelier. There were a lot of girls in Bern at that time and lots of boyfriends would come to Bern often. I would keep an eye out for them. When they would get stuck, or that is, when their lights would stop somewhere along the road between the river and Bern, I would go harness old Buss, hook a single tree over one hame and a chain on the other and go down to the lights. I remember what a terrible blizzard it would be many times. It would be a big surprise to them. They would be out shoveling and I would appear in the dark with a horse to pull them out, as I never had a flashlight or such. Sometimes I would get a 'thanks'. Other times maybe a dime, quarter, and once in a while fifty cents. I don't remember ever getting a dollar. This was the only way I had to make a few coins at that time. Anyway, I remember I enjoyed it, whether I got paid or not.

It was about this time also that Father bought a 39 Plymouth. It was green and awful hard to start in the winter and very cold, that is, it had an awful poor heater. I remember on many occasions Dale and I would go 'girling', he was older than I, so he was the driver. The battery would go dead on lots of occasions; we never had jumper cables etc. We would have to pull it with another car or a horse or team to start it. We had a lot of good times with it anyway. I remember one time, in a bad blizzard, we went out and shoveled quite a while, from the garage to the road. There was lots of deep snow and in those days we just had small shovels. Any way, we got it shoveled out, hoping to go 'cating', but Father changed our mind and made us stay home.

There was talk on the streets of Montpelier at this time that the people of Bern took over Montpelier without firing a shot because a lot of them had business in town then. Uncle Able sold Kaiser-Frazers automobiles and also had a little repair shop. Tony Kunz sold Minneapolis Moline tractors, also deep freezes and refrigerators; we still have a deep freeze (we bought from him it still works well.)

Oneal Kunz had a service station. Walt Buhler had a used war surplus store. Earl Kunz had a Cafe. Seth Kunz ran the state Liquor store. Loran Kunz had a Plumbing store. Smith Kunz



## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

sold life Insurance. Father had the Kit Kat. Uncle George Kunz had a photography Studio. That's 10 businesses. Then there were several that peddled eggs. Orlando, Heber, Smith, Alvin, Father sold a few.

Father purchased a Moline tractor from Tony and we still have it today. It still runs good but we don't use it much. Father bought a Kaiser car from Uncle Able, nice car, and we boys did a lot of good cating in this. Orlando bought a Frazer car also. One evening, Wendell and his girl friend Verla, and Marlene and I were going west just west of Soda Springs. He was just moping along. I said, "Kick her, Noot." He punched it. Well, the road was slick, and into the borrow pit we slid, sliding sideways. We hit a little ditch and rolled it over on the fence then back on its wheels. After surveying the damage and finding that we were all well we, headed home.

Dale and I had an old Model T Ford that we bought from Robert H. Kunz [Bob], that we drove to work in Nounan. We did a little cating in this also. It was a good old car. We called it Bob. I wonder why? We drove it quite a few years and got along pretty good. Too bad we still don't have it. It would be worth a lot of money today.

It was a few years after this [1946] when we were haying for Able just south of the Bern Cemetery, when Vern Mayfield fell from the hay stack. Vern was a man LaRue met while running the Kit Kat. They were married March 11, 1945. They had been married some time when he fell off the stack. The day he fell we loaded him in the back of an old Ford truck. I remember sitting by the side of him as we took him to the hospital in Montpelier. He was hurting really bad and we had to go awful slow as any little bump would hurt him. It took quite a while to get him to town. Then we carried him up the stairs. This was the old hospital across from Thiel and Olsen's Hardware Store. The hospital was above the Fair Store and there were many stairs to get up to it. He was in the hospital a short time when suddenly he died. It was very sad once more for LaRue.

In my high school days, we boys did a lot of dating, that is, Dale and me and Wendell, Max and me. We went with girls from all over the valley. After Dale was out of high school and went to college, then Wendell and Max and I went together. Looking back at it now, I believe we went several times a week, somewhere. Since we were from out of Montpelier we had access to an automobile or truck where the boys from town didn't, so it seemed we had the advantage over them as far as girls were concerned. We went to a lot of dances, etc, and had a lot of fun together. I remember going with girls from about every town in the valley, including Geneva.

Then finally, I met Marlene Stevens. She was the one. I don't believe I ever went with anyone else after I started going with her. I will have to share a funny one with you. Dale had just come home from his mission and went with me on a date. Well, I was dating Marlene. Anyway, we went around the corner from her house and got stuck in the snow. While I was out shoveling, Dale took over for me with his arms around my girl.

We never had any time for sports when we went to high school. We always had too many chores to do. Anyway Montpelier High School never had a gym when we went to school,

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

that is, when we went to high school. We always rode the bus to school, except I remember one winter Reed Kunz would take us over in a covered sleigh and team. I don't remember how many days we went this way but it was a while. The snow was just too deep for the bus and they never had good snow removal equipment like they have nowadays.



*back: Kim, Shirley, Kelly, Paulene, Kurt front: Karl, Paul, Marlene, Kenneth Kunz*

We always took a lunch with us to school as there was no such a thing as hot lunch, so it was always a cold sandwich, peanut butter and jelly, scrambled egg or something really simple like. We would leave it on the bus and then walk down town to the bus to eat, which was parked at a service station just west of Bear Lake Motor. We had to hurry so we could get back to band at 12:30.

I had taken lessons from Mr. Baker on the saxophone for a few months and must have done pretty well because I was able to play in first place position with Marian Lindsay, she was really good. Wendell used to cat her. She was Dr. Lindsay's daughter. I guess it was about

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

this time I was going with Dr. Rich's daughter, Marilyn.

Our principal was A. J. Winters. He demanded and had the respect of all of the students. The school was kept clean as were our lockers and the area around the lockers, as well as the halls. Our high school was what is known today as the Middle School.

One day I was in English class, this was the room across the hall from the office. We were throwing spit balls in the class. Someone tapped me on the shoulder. It was Mr. Winters. "Come with me," he said. Well, to the office I went, that is, his private office. He counseled me that I was not to throw spit balls, that I was here to learn. It seems like he told me many things. I was damn scared!!! I was never called to his office anymore.

I always took Glee and Band in high school, had a lot of fun on the festival trips and we always got top honors in our competition with other schools, thanks to our good teacher Mr. Baker.

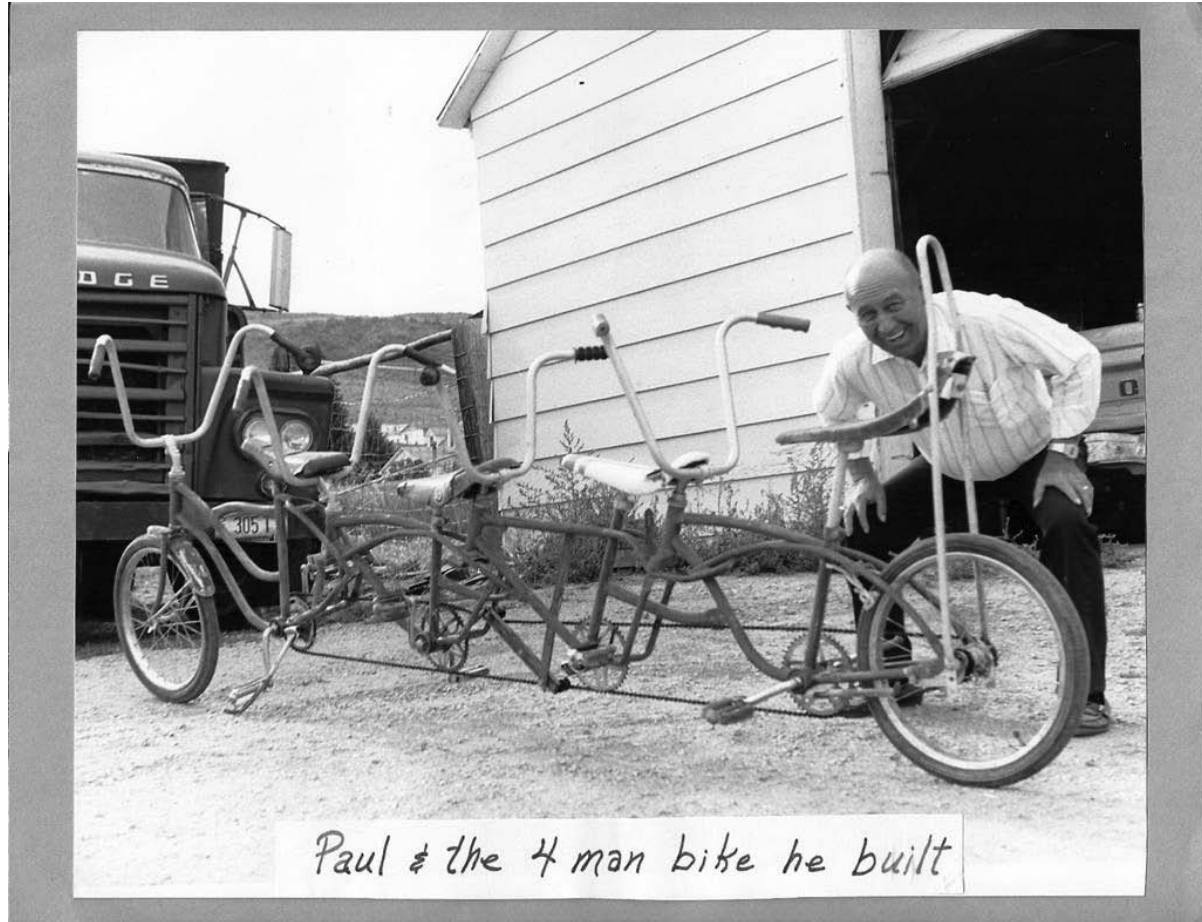
After we graduated from high school, some of the boys from Bern went to college. I filled out an application for BYU, and sent it in. Well, in a few days it came back for lack of proper postage. I decided if they can't put on a little postage, I won't bother them, so this ended my college career.

The winter when I was seventeen we had a lot of snow and the Rail Road was looking for someone to come and shovel snow and clean switches. I went to see if I could get a job. The boss was Vern Doman. Kurt's wife's Grandpa. He asked me, "How old are you?" I said, "Seventeen." He said, "You have to be 18 to work here." "Now, how old are you?" "Seventeen," I said, one more time. Once more he said, "You have to be 18 to work here. Now, how old are you?" Finally, dumb me, I caught on. "I'm 18," I blurted out. "OK," he said. "You are hired." I shoveled snow for the section for a month or two.

I used to hunt with Uncle George during most of my life. He always seemed to have time for fishing and hunting. Father never had any time for this but would arrange for us to have time occasionally.

Uncle George taught me to fish and hunt. Over the years we spent many, many, times together. We hunted deer and elk all over Idaho and fished all over, also. He was always a good sport, good hunter and an excellent fisherman. Many times when we would go hunting elk we would be out over Sunday, that is, camping out someplace. He never would go hunt on Sunday. Sometimes, however I would have to smile when he would use about 4 or 5 fishing poles at the same time. He told me many stories when we were out together. One I will always remember is, "Two fellows went over to the railroad tracks one night to steal some coal with their teams and wagons. After they had filled their wagons with coal one said to the other, 'Let's just go up town and get a cup of coffee.' "What! Drink coffee? I wouldn't think of it." Both were suppose to be good Mormons. It was OK to steal but not to drink coffee.

On one occasion my Honey and I went up to the end of Home Canyon and camped. Elk



season opened the next day and we had two horses and were ready to go hunt. Well, the next morning it started to rain and snow as we left the camp. It was quite a bad storm. But we went anyway and rode the horses over a big hill or two, then about a mile from camp, we tied them up and walked down a steep hill towards Montpelier Creek. After we had gone a little ways we spotted a bunch of elk quite a ways away. We started shooting, eventually we had three elk down. Then we had to climb down a real steep mountain to get to them in the rain and snow and slick country. We dressed the three of them out and then I had to walk back up to get the horses.

In 1984 we went to the parade in Paris. On the way home I stopped at the cemetery in Bern to have a look what could be done to improve it. A few years before, Uncle George Kunz had got a lot of donations to improve it. He asked me if I would take on the responsibility of doing the job. I told him that I was too busy. Well, he died and this year our farm was flooded by Utah Power and Light. The whole thing was under water such as I had never seen before in my life time. I thought that I now had time to do what Uncle George had asked me to do.

I walked around and looked at the thistles and weeds looking for head stones which were all

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

hidden by weeds, etc. The next day I got some flags and went up and walked around and around placing a flag by every head stone. This took me one and a half days as they were hard to find with all the tall weeds that were there. Then I took a little tractor and disk and worked around the head stones to cut the weeds.

Soon the head stones all started to show up and I could see a lot of big rocks, etc. all over the whole cemetery. Karl, Kenneth, Earl Johnson and I spent many days picking rocks and hauling them off the cemetery. Then we spent a lot of time doing more disking and leveling and always picking up more rocks. Eventually, we had it about ready for grass so we got a lot of the people from Bern to come up one evening and pick up more rocks. Finally, we had it ready to plant. Earl Johnson and I used small grass seeders to plant it. This took two or three days as they were only about two feet wide. When this was completed we scattered saw dust all over the whole thing.

LaVarr Hansen came up from Ogden and helped put in the sprinkling system. He donated all his time and was a big help. Bert Westlake had dug the well and we had a good water supply. I took up our power generator to generate the electricity we needed to run the pump the first year to get the grass started. We just got started good doing the irrigating when we got a lot of rain and it washed a lot of the sawdust down the hill so we had to replant a lot of it and put on more sawdust. Eventually it did green up and started to look pretty good. I better add also that we had to put up a new fence all around the whole thing. Some of the men from here put up the one on the north side and then Karl, Kenneth, Bud Kunz and I put up the one on the south side. Bud was very happy to see this improvement done and he helped us a few days also.

Leon Hardcastle had gone to Utah Power and Light to see about getting electricity up there. After quite a while they said they would bring it up for about \$9,000.00 and then would charge us two or three hundred a month for four or five years. Then we would have to pay them a monthly guarantee for quite a while after that.

This was something we could not afford so I went to Salt Lake and talked to Harry Haycock who was the President of Utah Power and Light at the time. I explained our situation to him that we were a small community and did not have this kind of resources. He said he would look into the matter. In just a few days the Utah Power and Light crew from Montpelier came over and started surveying. Then in a few days they put up poles and strung the wire up and we had electricity. They did this without any charge to us and all we had to pay was just what electricity we used. Sometimes it pays to go right to the top.

This has been a good improvement for the community as well as the whole valley. We now have a cemetery that everyone can be proud of. Thanks to all who helped in any way. I would add a special thanks to Karl Kunz, Kenneth Kunz, Earl Johnson, and LaVarr Hansen, for their help as we spent about two or three months on this project. Also we give a special thanks to Uncle George who started the whole project by getting what donations he could from relatives all over the intermountain area to get it started. We all donated all of our time and efforts on this project.

Over the years, I have made a lot of things for the farm. One of the things was a pipe carrier

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

which had a motor and a reverse. I was able to carry two pipe at a time. This was before wheel lines were on the market. I should have kept trying to improve this, maybe I would have discovered how to put wheels on the pipe. We still have this cart today -- a Relic.

Shortly after this I made a pipe trailer which was different at the time. Over the years it has worked good and we still use it today.

Also, years ago I made a bale loader which was fastened to the side of a truck and it would pick up the bales automatically with a chain and chute. They were taken to the top of the truck where we could then stack them on the load. We used this for many years and it worked real well.

One day I went to fix a water leak on the sprinkler line below Alvin's. The elbow had partly unhooked and the water had blown a large hole down in the ground. This gave me an idea. So we practiced drilling wells with water pressure. I'm sure the first few were real practice sessions, but we finally got to where we could drill a well over one hundred feet deep in a little over an hour. We used the sprinkler pump and a volume gun to relieve the pressure when we didn't want to use the pressure down the hole. Over the years we drilled many wells, including 7 flow wells on our place as well as a 6 inch well over one hundred feet deep at our home. Also we drilled many for people in Montpelier, Ovid, St. Charles and drilled a few holes below Paris, but there was too much quick sand there, below Paris, so these were not successful. We also drilled the well at what is now Bishop Gunderson's home in Bern. This flow well is the shallowest in Bern, only 37 feet deep, good water and it flows. Our well at our house flows also but it's over one hundred feet deep.

One day I took four old bicycles and welded them together and made a four man bicycle which worked pretty good. The kids rode it in a lot of parades as did others who borrowed it. We still have it and it still works.

After we quit baling hay we had two balers that we never sold so I took one of them and cut everything off but the plunger and the bale chamber and



**Kelly, Shirley, Kim, Kurt, Paulene, Karl, Kenneth sitting: Paul and Marlene Kunz**

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

added a knife in a vertical position in the bale chamber and we had a Wood Splitter. It worked pretty good and we loaned it to quite a few different men in the valley to split their wood. We did not burn wood so it was just for an experiment and it worked good. We still have this also.

About 1988 or 1989 I had my top teeth pulled and a plate put in. One day, shortly after getting them, the boys and I were below Alvin's working on a sprinkler pump. I had my head down telling the boys what to do and my new teeth fell out and on the ground. The boys said I picked them up and put them back in my mouth and never missed a word as I was talking to them at the time. Anyway, they got quite a chuckle out of it. I didn't really think it was that funny at the time because I was just learning to use them.

Over the years we have borrowed a lot of money from the banks and mortgage companies. One thing I learned was that when the note was due if we were unable to pay it at the time, I would go to the lending institution and make them aware of it BEFORE the note was due. By doing this they would always work with us, and for many years we were able to borrow about anything that we asked for. I always tried to be honest in all dealings that we made in a financial matter and by so doing we had a good credit rating anywhere. I say this not to brag or anything like that, but to let you all know that it pays to be honest and if you make financial contracts fulfill them as you agreed or to the best you can so to satisfy yourself and the lending institution. This will give you peace of mind and also the lender.

*Ten years after Paul made this last entry, he suffered a massive stroke that greatly limits his abilities. I will try to add a few things that might be of interest in Paul's history and also a little that has happened during the last 17 years. Marlene Stevens Kunz.*

My father, Merlin D. Stevens, was over 102 years old when Kenneth went on his mission. He kept saying that he probably wouldn't live to see him when he came home, but he did. He lived to be over 104 years of age when he passed away March 18<sup>th</sup> 1995.

I promised Paul that if he still wanted to go South for the winter, we could come home and finish putting up the pictures, load up the Motor Home and car and head for Arizona for the rest of the winter. This turned out to be a good decision for we would have had the Motor home to worry about. I had never driven the motor home. Little did we know what trauma lie ahead of us.

In January of 2003 we drove as far as Wendover, Nevada and had planned to stay there before traveling through the Nevada Desert to visit Kim in Templeton, California. We went into the hotel and got a room.

Paul took our bags into the room and went back to the car to park it in the parking lot. I went to the room and was there a few minutes when the telephone rang and a voice at the front desk said, "Is this Mrs. Paul Kunz? You need to come to the front desk. Your husband is in trouble". I thought to myself, "What kind of trouble could he possibly be in?"

As I arrived at the front desk and told them who I was, they told me that Paul had collapsed in the lobby, just as he came into the hotel from parking the car. They had called an ambulance and already had him loaded into it. He wasn't able to communicate and they found out who he was

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

by some papers they found on him.

They told me they had called the Life Flight and asked if it was all right to send him the L.D.S. Hospital. They said that was one of the best hospitals for stroke victims. I had a cell phone and called Kenneth to tell him what had happened and asked if he would meet the helicopter because they wouldn't let me go with them in the ambulance.

One of the security guards took Paul's car keys and went to get the Buick while I went back to the room to get our luggage. I hadn't unpacked yet, so a security guard helped me out with the bags, put them in the car for me and asked me if I knew where to go. He said he would go with me if I wanted him to. I told him that I wasn't sure where the hospital was but had talked to my sons and one of them would help me get there.

Paul had a money belt around his waist and I told the medics about it and they cut it off of him and gave it to me and then the ambulance left.

I was crying, upset and confused. It was dark. I wasn't even sure that I had taken the right exit to get on the highway or if I was headed in the right direction.

During this time, I was in touch with my sons with my cell phone. I had gone a little ways when I glanced at the gas gauge. Oh My!! I had less than a ¼ tank of gas. What am I going to do?

We got to the hospital shortly after Paul had arrived and they got him settled. When they took me to see him, he was frustrated because he was unable to make us understand what he wanted. He kept grabbing my blouse with his right arm and pulling me down to him but he couldn't make us know what he needed. We later found out that he was trying to tell us that he had to pee.

Phillip came to the hospital and was with Karl, Kenneth and me when I asked the doctor if they could give him the medicine that would dissolve the blood clot but the doctor said that it had been almost three hours since he had his stroke and he was afraid that if he gave it to him, he might hemorrhage and make things worse.

When I went into the waiting room, Richard, Beulah, LaRue, Dale and Rosemarie were there. Shirley, Neil, Kelly, Anne, Paulene, Pat came a little later. Kurt was in Boston and called me on my cell phone as I was traveling home. Kim in California and Kurt in Boston caught planes and came to Salt Lake City. Teresa drove to Salt Lake and picked Kurt up at the airport. We didn't know just what would transpire. They told us the next 24 hours would be very critical. They moved Paul to ICU and the children and I spent an anxious night in the waiting room, fearing what might happen.

The next morning, the nurse said that Paul knew the year but would not respond to any other questions. He couldn't move anything on his left side. They told us that the next 48 to 72 hours will tell whether he will improve more or get worse.

Paul was in ICU until February 2<sup>nd</sup>. While there he asked, "Whose arm is laying on my stomach? It is heavy." We told him that it was his, that he had a stroke. He said, "I thought so". The neurological doctor told me that this was the most massive stroke she had seen.



## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

One day, as I was getting off the elevator, who should I see coming down the hall toward me? It was President Monson. He was serving as a counselor to President Hinckley at that time. His wife was in a hospital room two doors down from our room. No one was to know that she was in the hospital but somehow I was aware of it. As I saw him nearing me, I thought to myself. "Dare I ask him to give Paul a blessing?" Paul had been administered to and given priesthood blessings several times by family members while he had been in the hospital. I am sure that is why we were able to cope with the problems we were going through. I could see that President Monson was hurriedly walking toward the elevator and my courage left me. After all, I wasn't even suppose to know that his wife was two rooms down.

I smiled at him as he passed and said, "Hello." After he got on the elevator, I could of kicked myself for not at least asking him if sometime he would find time to bless Paul. I just didn't have the courage to stop him. I have thought about this several times with regret. What a missed opportunity!!!!

The day before the Jazzy was ready for us to pick it up, I took ill. It was discovered that I had internal bleeding caused by a ruptured Spleen. It was shortly after we moved into Karl's basement apartment that I had fallen off Karl's stairs onto the tile floor of their basement entrance way. I was carrying something and my knees gave away with me. I lost my balance and landed really hard on my back. For months, my whole back side was black and blue.

In late August, I was outside pulling a few weeds in Kenneth's flower beds. One of them had a deep root and I pulled extra hard to remove it. I felt a twinge in my side but thought nothing of it. That night I had difficulty breathing and I thought I had gas pains that it might have been something that I ate. In the middle of the night, I went upstairs to wake Karl and ask him to give me a blessing because I was in so much pain. He gave me a beautiful blessing which gave me relief for a little while, but I kept getting weaker. Karl and Kenneth insisted on taking me to the doctor and he sent me to the hospital where they removed my spleen that had been bleeding.

I might relate, here, an experience that Karl and Kenneth said they had as they were waiting in the hall for them to do a cat scan on me. They said they heard a nurse yell, "Stat, Stat, She has stopped breathing!!" They wondered what was going on when the nurse said that; they saw the nurses hurriedly pushing a gurney with a white haired lady on it. To their shock, they realized it was their mother. What a frightening time that was for them!

I don't remember any of this. The only thing I remember is there were people standing over me ready to resuscitate me. I heard someone say, "We don't need to do that now, she has started breathing again.

I must have finished rupturing my spleen when I was pulling weeds. The children took over Paul's care until I was well enough to do it myself. We are so blessed to have such loving and devoted children.

We stayed at Karl's until the last of May, 2009. Jan had finished her reconstructive surgery

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

and seemed to be getting along just fine. We had been in Orem for over 3 years this time, when we had only planned on being there a few months. The children had been such a blessing for us during all the difficulties I experienced with my health, but I felt it was time to come home.

The children were reluctant to have us come back to Bern. They worried about us being in our home, alone. I was anxious to get back home and take care of the things there that I had neglected for so long. Paul was anxious to get back to Bern, also.

We loved being so close to our family there and had made wonderful friends in the Lakeview 3<sup>rd</sup> Ward. I really had mixed emotions in leaving, but it was time to relieve them of the responsibility of us. They agreed to let us try being at home for the summer.

Kurt was working in Wyoming and would come stay with us every two weeks while he was off work. Shirley and Kelly kept good track of us and we got along just fine in our home and the children became reconciled to us being back in Bern. It is wonderful to have such wonderful caring children. They are the best in the world!

I was still having to puree all of Paul's food and coax him to eat and drink. He was gradually having difficulty in swallowing and would throw up easily. It got to the point that I was giving him water by the teaspoon in order to get any liquid into him.

Finally, in September of 2009, I took him in to the doctor because he was getting so dehydrated and thin. Dr. Wolff put him on an IV and called in Dr. Clark for consultation. They did some tests on him and discovered that he had an eroded esophagus, hiatal hernia, and that the base of his stomach was almost closed. They decided that he needed a feeding tube placed in his stomach. Paul told them he was ready for one to be put in again.

He had one in his stomach for six months after his stroke until he was able to pass his swallow tests, so he knew what that would be like.

Kelly drove us to Pocatello where Dr. Cook placed the feeding tube into his stomach. Paul put some weight back on and has been getting along just fine. No more throwing up. No more fighting with him to get him to eat. He is tolerating it well.

He enjoys going to church to see his old friends. Paul still needs help to walk and can't move his left hand. He is off of the oxygen, except at night when he sleeps. His memory is really good and he is talking now in complete sentences. He has even displayed a little sense of humor. He likes to tap me on the shoulder or in the ribs or pat my face and when I look at him, he laughs. This always brightens my day. We are so blessed to have each other!

In November of 2009, Kaulene returned from her mission to Canada. It was at this time that the children all came home to attend her report on November 29, 2009.

Kenneth and Kandice made arrangement to bless their new baby boy, Keaton Paul, our 40<sup>th</sup> grandchild, at the church here in Bern later that day so that Paul could be a part of the blessing of his name sake. My, what fun it was to have the house buzzing with family, again.

We have been able to stay in our home during the winter months and got along just fine. We

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

enjoy being able to see all our old friends. It has been over seven years since Paul has had his stroke. We both have been through a lot, as have our children, but it has made us a more loving and caring family. We have the most thoughtful and caring children and grandchildren. They are truly “Jewels in our Crown.” We are so thankful for their help, concern and never ending love. The Lord had been so good to us and we have many blessings.

Paul and I have had a good life. My husband has been a good provider, a very hard worker with great principles and integrity. His children tell him, many times, how thankful they are that he has taught them the value of work, for the lessons and principles of life that he has taught them.

We have had lots of very interesting experiences, some fun, happy ones, some scary, some sad and some very trying. They have all been “learning experiences”. We are so blessed to have such great children, a loving extended family and wonderful friends. Our faith has been the ‘glue’ that has held it all together for us.

I am so thankful for our testimonies of the truthfulness of the gospel and the comfort it gives us. I am so grateful that our children have a solid testimony of the gospel and are active in the church. This will always make problems easier to cope with, bring comfort when needed and bring much happiness.

Even though things are different than we had planned in our later years, we have each other and our love grows stronger every day. We have so much to be thankful for. The Lord has been so good to us!



**Five Little Kunz Children: Shirley, Kelly, Paulene, Kurt, Kim**

Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz



***back:*** Gary Kunz, Wendell Kunz, Wayne Kunz, Arlo Kunz, Harold Kunz, Ronald Buhler, Charles Kunz, David Schmid ***front:*** Mrs. Heaps, Max Stoor, Marlene Kunz, Virginia Kunz, Shirley Alleman, Owen Kunz, Ivins Schmid, Montain Kunz, Paul Kunz. Bern, Idaho School Photo

## Kelly Paul Kunz

### Kelly Paul Kunz 1953

Sarah Anne Kunz 1976  
Joshua O'Connor Nye 2006 (twins)  
Peyton James Nye 2006  
David Kelly Kunz 1977  
Kiley Mashele Kunz 2002 - 2002  
Andrew James Kunz 2004  
Kortnie Faith Kunz 2005  
Kaitlyn Jean Kunz 2009  
Heidi Jo Kunz 1978  
Nathan Benjamin Bodrero 2006  
Jared Owen Bodrero 2008  
Emily Anne Bodrero 2010  
Heather Kunz 1981  
Ethan Kelly Hobbs 2006  
Taten James Hobbs 2007  
Faith Maquel Hobbs 2009  
Paul Henry Kunz 1982  
Avery Amber Kunz 2008  
Oliver Paul Kunz 2010  
Jacob Eli Kunz 1989

### Anne Mae Thiel 1955

Bruce James Nye 1969  
Jami Lyn Deters 1980  
Benjamin Keith Bodrero 1981  
James Donald Hobbs 1981  
Amber Christine Phipps 1982

I was born at the Bear Lake Memorial Hospital in June 1953. I have been told that when I was born I was very blue and not breathing. There was fear that I would not live through the night. At that time, Uncle Able, grandfather Parley's brother, lived across the street from the hospital. My father, Paul, ran across the street and returned with Uncle Able to give me a priesthood blessing and a name. There was a kind and dedicated nurse that sat up all night pumping my chest and forcing me to breathe. By morning I had begun breathing on my own. Thus, my possibly short life had been extended by priesthood power and the skill and dedication of a unique nurse. For this I am particularly grateful as I reflect on the memories of my experiences with Grandpa Parley and Grandma Hilda and the life lessons learned from those experiences.

Having grown up in a home through the block from Grandpa and Grandma's house, all of my younger years are filled with memories of my associations with Grandma and Grandpa Kunz. There were so many learning experiences with Grandpa and Grandma that it would take a

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

book to attempt to describe them, but I will share a few memories here. Since Grandpa Parley and my father worked together in a ranching and farming operation, memories of working beside Grandpa Parley are some of my earliest.

One of my earliest was helping to feed the cattle in the winter when I was 4 or 5 years old. I



**back:** Joshua Nye, Bruce Nye, Paul H Kunz, Avery Kunz, Amber Kunz, David Kunz, Ethan Hobbs, James Hobbs **middle:** Peyton Nye, Sarah Nye, Kortnie Kunz, Andrew Kunz, Jami Kunz, Taten Hobbs, Heather Hobbs **front:** Jacob Kunz, Anne Kunz, Kelly Kunz, Heidi Bodrero, Nathan Bodrero, Ben Bodrero, Jared Bodrero

would go with Dad and Grandpa to the feedlot often and they would have me steer the truck while Grandpa and Dad would throw hay to the cattle. One day we were feeding in a blizzard and had taken two trucks to a winter lot about a mile from the road. Dad was driving one, and Grandpa was driving the other. I was sent to close the gate and before I made it back to the trucks both pulled out and left me. I felt terribly bad, but

was able to run and latch onto the truck bumper of the truck Grandpa was driving. I hung on with all the strength that I had and let the truck drag me toward the road, but about halfway there my strength failed and I fell into the blowing snow. For some reason, Grandpa stopped the truck and found me lying in the snow. It turned out that Dad thought I was in with Grandpa, and Grandpa thought I was in with Dad. As bad as I felt about being left behind, I understood that Grandpa felt even worse at the thought of leaving me. I have always felt great love from Grandpa Parley, and Grandma Hilda was the same.

In the spring we would work together *doctoring* calves, [giving shots, castrating, and dehorning] and Grandpa would always do the cutting while we held the calves down. In his older years, when his hands and fingers would no longer work well, Grandpa would still do the cutting, but because of stiffness in his hands he would pull the testicles with his teeth and then spit them out on the ground. Grandpa taught me perseverance and ingenuity when life gets difficult.

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

Springtime would also bring fencing. As I would help Grandpa fence the cow pasture, it was inevitable that staples would be dropped on the ground and often hard to find. Grandpa would always tell me to look until I found them and pick them up. Time after time he would say, "It is easier to pick up a staple than it is to make one". Grandpa taught me to conserve and not be wasteful.

Summer would bring the annual cattle drive where we would mount the horses and drive the cattle to the forest ranges beyond Georgetown, Idaho. Grandpa had an excellent horse that he called Midget. He had trained her to walk very fast without breaking into a trot, and he took great pride in the fact that she could out-walk any horse around. When we would ride with him, he would often smile and challenge us to keep up with him without trotting our horse. Grandpa loved his animals and took joy in them. Grandpa taught me to take pleasure in the simpler experiences of life.

Grandpa and Grandma's house always seemed peaceful and welcoming. Grandpa and Grandma could often be found reading spiritual books to the quiet tick tock of the old coo-coo clock, and at such times one could not help but notice the sacred feeling in their home. Grandpa and Grandma taught me the power of study and reverence.

Grandma Hilda almost always had fresh bread when we visited, and Grandma was always busy sewing and making gifts for her grandchildren. She deeply loved all of her posterity and would love visits and playing games with her loved ones. She enjoyed life and enjoyed people. Grandma taught me to be industrious and to serve and enjoy life.

I almost never saw Grandpa or Grandma get upset, even when it seemed to me that they had good cause. They taught me that one should hold their tongue and be patient with others.



**Kelly and Anne Kunz**

Grandpa Parley and  
Grandma Hilda

always set a good example for me and were available for access to their wisdom and loving insight up to their dying day. They taught me the value of enduring to the end.



## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

As I got older, I went to Rick's College. I took a couple of years to serve in the Gulf States Mission, and then returned to college where I met my wife, Anne. We were married in 1975. We have had six children, three boys, and three girls. I have worked in many fields of endeavor including farming, construction, electronics, oil and gas exploration, education, engineering and design, and contract services. Through it all, Grandpa and Grandma Kunz's examples and advice have had influence not only on my life, but on the lives of my wife and children as well.

Now I find that, for better or worse, time marches on. I have learned that if the lessons of Grandpa Parley and Grandma Hilda have been applied, time seems to move on for the better. If their teachings are not applied, life is not as good as it could be.

My wife Anne and I now have 14 grandchildren of our own. They are all young now, but time will march on for them also. I hope, in some small way, to follow the example of Grandpa and Grandma and influence their lives in a positive manner. They too should have access to the valuable lessons and examples of Grandpa Parley and Grandma Hilda.

## Shirley Loye Kunz

### Shirley Loye Kunz 1955

Jason Neil Harris 1976  
Eliza Myrle Harris 1999  
Emma Lynne Harris 2001  
Issac Jason Harris 2003  
Benjamin Martin Harris 2006  
Angela Dawn Harris 1978  
Makayla Wach 2002  
Brian Wach 2004  
Nathan Paul Wach 2009  
Jessica Lyn Harris 1979  
Natalie Rose Harris 1981  
Gracie Ann Larson 2009  
Tyler Grant Harris 1983  
Devin Paul Harris 1985  
Connor Devin Harris 2008  
Brittany Maud Harris 1986  
Brooklyn Faith Neal 2008  
Valerie Marlene Harris 1989  
Tiffany Loye Harris 1995  
Makenzie Stella Harris 1999

### Neil Rey Harris 1953

Shandra Lynne Petersen 1979  
Anthony Glen Wach 1974  
Daniel Ray Turner 1983  
Christopher Bradley Larson 1979 div  
Haylie McClain 1987  
Rakae Roberts 1984  
Brock Michael Neal 1986  
Kendon Delbert Seamons 1988

My parents, Paul and Marlene Kunz, had seven children, five boys and two girls. I'm the second child, and as the oldest daughter I was named after my mother, Marlene Shirley Stevens. My name, Shirley Loye Kunz, is a constant reminder of my angel mother and I feel honored to bear her middle name. I was born in 1955. I remember mom telling me that when I was born her first words were, "The Lord sure is good to me!" I have always been proud to have mom and dad as my parents and have always wanted to bring honor to their name. I truly am blessed to be in their family.

Some of my earliest memories revolve around spending time each night with my mother, as she would put my hair in ringlets. I would sit on the floor while she patiently worked, dipping the rat tail comb in a glass of water, wetting a strand of my long blonde hair, then

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

wrapping it around her finger. My job was to hand her the bobby pin so she could secure the ringlet into place. She called me her little Shirley Temple doll and always made me feel special.

Another fun memory occurred when I was about three years old. I remember being curled up inside Don Sorenson's Santa sack at the ward Christmas party, as he carried me over his shoulder. The moment he put the sack on the floor, I hopped out and began singing, "Are My Ears on Straight?" I can vividly remember doing the actions and feeling my long ringlets bounce against my shoulders.

Music has always been a big part of my life, beginning with tinkering on Grandma Steven's piano each time we'd visit. She would put a record on the old phonograph and I'd listen to the music and play along, being careful to match each tone along the way. My favorite was "Bimbo Bimbo whacha goin' da do-e-o." I must have been about three years old. My mom nurtured this early interest by starting me in piano lessons with Ramona Johnson, and later with Lois Lee Hulme. I had many wonderful memories with both of them and will always be grateful to my mom, who sacrificed a lot to insure I received lessons. When she'd take me to town for lessons, we would often get a hamburger at Arctic Circle, as that was our special time together.

At age eleven, I was the Sunday school organist, and spent hours at the church practicing the organ as well as the piano. My mom was the chorister so we'd usually go together and practice our songs for the week. I loved practicing the piano and it has played a very important role in my life. So much so, in fact, that when we had a small house fire the first things I chose to "rescue" were my piano books. I later went back for Paulene. My family still gives me a hard time about it. Needless to say, music has always been my first love and highest priority.

I used to love to ride horses with Toni Lynn Kunz. My riding time was always conditional on first having practiced the piano, as my parents believed in work before play. We would spend hours riding out north, and racing through the alley on horses. I'd ride either Midget, (Grandpas horse) or Nibs. Nibs was faster, but Midget was my favorite, because she was more gentle. My youth is filled with great memories on those horses.

I grew up with a happy balance of work and play, and loved being the oldest daughter. I loved my brothers and I knew they loved me. I remember once, as a young child living in Burley, we were playing at a park when a little black boy began relentlessly teasing me. My brother Kelly came right to my rescue, defending me with a baseball bat ( think he may have even hit him.) I don't remember the exact details, I just remember feeling loved and protected by him. I loved my brothers, but I remember being elated when I finally got my sister, Paulene!

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

I have so many great memories with my siblings. One especially vivid memory occurred late at night, while mom and dad were gone. I guess we were a little bored, because one of the



**Makenzie, Tiffany, Valerie, Brittany, Devin, Tyler, Natalie, Jessica, Jason, Shirley, Neil Harris**

boys threw a cherry, and before we knew it, we had all joined in on the fun. Cherries were flying all over the living room, splatting perfectly on the freshly painted walls. Each cherry left an obnoxious red stain on the crisp, white walls and, needless to say, mom was not pleased when she got home. I'll never forget how we all scrubbed those cherry stains off the walls until 3 a.m. I learned at an early age that participating in foolish entertainment brought consequences.

Other childhood memories were helping mom put clothes through the old wringer washer, and being careful not to get my fingers caught. I remember rolling cream into butter, and making a game of it, as we would sit on the floor and roll a quart jar back and forth. Mom and dad always taught us to make double use of our time, and we learned the value of work and never wasting a minute. If I watched Lassie, I'd fold clothes or match socks. If I wanted to read a book, I would do so while pushing a floor polisher around the kitchen floor. I remember getting my tan as I weeded the garden in my swimsuit. To this day, I'm stuck on multitasking and find great satisfaction from getting as much done as possible. Thank you, Mom!

I was always so proud to be with my daddy! I loved being with him on the farm and

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

remember how patient he was with me, even when, as an early teen, I almost drove the tractor into the river as they were picking up bales of hay. Dad grabbed the wheel just in time! I remember when he baptized me, I felt so special because I got to do it twice. The first time my toe stuck out of the water - yet the second time I felt that same special warm spirit, all over again.

I enjoyed having grandparents so close and remember going to Grandma Kunz's often and having homemade bread and jam. I'd sit on the couch and she'd teach me to knit. She always made me feel so special and loved. I loved playing night games with the cousins in her yard,



my favorites being hide-n-seek, annie-I-over, and mother-may-I. I remember sitting on her back porch and shelling peas for hours, eating them fresh and marveling at how few actually made it to the pan. I have so many great memories with Grandma Kunz: huckleberry picking, marble games, sliding on her stairs, learning to quilt, and enjoying her laughter. I loved Grandpa's quiet way and will never forget that each time I would visit, he'd pull me aside, sit me on his lap and say, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land." Years later, after I had married, I would sit on that same lap as he would grab my hand and say, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." These scriptures have since rang loud and true to my soul. He truly was a man of God, full of great wisdom, and I listened carefully to everything he had to say. I will forever be grateful for his and Grandma's wonderful example.

Growing up in Bern was a great blessing, and fills my mind with childhood flashbacks of

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

joy: climbing the peak, making dandelion and hollyhock dolls, riding around the block on a little pipe car dad designed for us, riding on the 4-person bike, dad's "wheel" merry-go-round, chasing rabbits on snowmachines, milking cows, gathering eggs, riding bikes down to the frog pond and having frog jumping contests, swimming in the outlet, organizing round-the-block parades, and playing hopscotch. We always had something to do, and we made our own fun, enjoying the outdoors and creating lasting memories.

Life, however, wasn't all play. I had plenty of responsibilities that kept me busy too. In high school I worked at A&W as a carhop, cleaned Cliff Sizemore's shoe shop, and cleaned Uncle Irvine's office. I was the student body secretary as well as a Lakette, and stayed busy with my musical experiences through band (flute), choirs, and accompanying for Waldo Anderson for various programs and people.

I remember one time going to Grandma Stevens while I was in town for some rehearsals. She could see I was exhausted and she made me some chicken noodle soup and made me take a nap. She then called Hazel Jacobson (her sister-in-law) and told her she was involving me with too many programs and musical things and I was getting burnt out. She always tried so hard to get me to slow down, and was such a protective and loving grandmother. I did enjoy my musical events with Hazel Jacobson and she taught me a lot about making a program "happen." I was sad when she passed away.

One of my most traumatic experiences was when I was a teenager. I was washing my hair and had just lathered the shampoo, when the phone rang. I ran to answer it, while clearing the suds from my ear with a rat-tail comb. As I ran, I bumped my elbow into the wall and rammed the pointed handle into my eardrum. I remember screaming at the top of my lungs. Dad was up in the corral and raced down to see what had happened. We quickly loaded up and went to the hospital. I'll never forget how long that ride felt. Although I had done something stupid, I still felt a great love from my parents.

My mother and father taught me the power of prayer at an early age and I remember praying daily. Right before an important event, recital or experience would take place I would spend time in prayer, often mom kneeling with me. She helped me understand how much the Lord truly loved me, and His desire to help me in all that I did. He has been my "coach" throughout life, and helped me so much with all my decisions.

One of the best decisions I made was to attend Ricks college, in Rexburg Idaho. It was there, in my second year music theory class, that I met the love of my life, Neil Harris, from St Anthony, Idaho. He played not only trumpet, but the piano as well! We shared many wonderful musical moments together, playing duets. The first time I met his parents, his dad asked if I could play Clair de Lune and Malaguena. Luckily, I knew both and ended up passing the test with flying colors. He gave Neil a thumbs up. Neil and I have been very happy ever since. Our marriage was in the Logan Temple on June 20 1975, the same day as my parents' anniversary and my dad's birthday. We played Rhapsody in Blue with two pianos at our reception, a lifelong dream of mine.

We lived in Provo and Orem, where Neil studied at BYU as a music education major. When

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

funds got low, we dropped for a few months to catch up financially, and my brother Kelly offered us a summer job at an oil rig in Wyoming. We got caught into the swing of life and work, and never went back to finish our degree. We ended up moving to Montpelier, Idaho, where Louan Lowder approached us about going into partnership with her in creating what we called TALENT SPROUTS, a children's performing arts school. We taught drama, music and choreography, and later formed a similar group for teens, called Showcase. We began learning of people who wanted our material so they could duplicate Talent Sprouts in their area, so we franchised our program and grew to 50 franchises in the western states. It turned into more than we had ever imagined and we decided to move to California to expand the system fully. After many hurdles, we ended up changing direction, moving back to Montpelier and, after eight more years of Talent Sprouts, Neil is now a piano tuner/technician and I keep busy teaching fifty piano students. We love what we do and we love being in Montpelier, where we are blessed to be involved in our community and church. I'm in the Relief Society presidency and serve as the ward organist, and Neil is on the high council.

We have ten wonderful children, eight of whom are now out of the "nest." Our experiences with our children are treasured memories and now our experiences continue with ten beautiful grandchildren.

Jason married Shandra Peterson, from Olney, Maryland. He served a mission in the Philippines and is now living in Washington DC area, where he works at Walter Reed Hospital as a neurologist. Shandra went to school in sign language, and now enjoys being a stay-at-home mom. They have four children, Eliza, Emma, Isaac and Benjamin. They will soon be moving to Hawaii, where he will continue his career with the military as a neurologist.

Angie married Tony Wach, from Crestwood, Kentucky. She served a mission in the Washington DC area and he served in Brazil. Tony owns his own dental practice in Kentucky, where they reside, and Angie stays busy as a stay-at-home mother. They have three children, Makayla, Brian, and Nathan.

Jessica married Daniel Turner, from Ogden Utah. She served a mission in Columbus, Ohio and he served in Phoenix Arizona. She received her bachelor's degree in music therapy and teaches music therapy in Salt Lake City, while Dan teaches seminary and is finishing up his degree.

Natalie married Christopher Larson, a software engineer from Logan, Utah. They have one daughter together, Gracie, and have since divorced, after nearly eight years of marriage. She is a realtor and now living in West Valley, Utah, where she enjoys being a stay at home mom.

Tyler married Haylie McClain, from Canada. He served a mission in Mexico City and received a bachelor's degree in business, and Haylie is a cosmetologist. They are now living in Houston, Texas, where he has a job as a business manager.

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

Devin married RaKae Roberts, from Paris, Idaho. He served a mission in Brazil and received a bachelor's degree in business finance, and RaKae got her degree in social work. He recently began working at Con Agra as a production supervisor and RaKae enjoys being a stay-at-home mom to their son, Connor.

Brittany married Brock Neal, from Louisville, Kentucky. He served a mission in Argentina and is finishing up school as a business major, while keeping busy working for GE Electric. Brittany will graduate as a registered nurse in 2010. They have one daughter, Brooklyn.

Valerie recently married Kendon Seamons, from Malad, Idaho. He served a mission in Connecticut and they now live in Rexburg, Idaho, where they are both continuing their education. Kendon is getting his bachelor's in business, and Valerie is getting hers in the communications field.

Tiffany and Makenzie are our youngest and live at home, where they are busy with karate, dancing, violin, piano, and sports. They keep us young, so they say. We love still having children in our home.

I am so proud of the heritage I have been blessed with. Life brings with it wonderful blessings, as well as challenges that try our faith. I'm grateful for the gospel to help us through life's challenges! With two handicapped grandchildren, Angie's little Brian and Brittany's little Brooklyn, we have learned to rely on the Lord and our faith has been strengthened as we have witnessed many miracles. I'm amazed at my children's strength as they deal with their various trials. We truly have been blessed to have the gospel as a foundation for our lives, and I will forever be grateful for the "roots" we have been given by our parents and grandparents. I'm blessed to live so near to mom and dad, especially since daddy's stroke, and to be able to feel of their love and learn from their example. I'm thankful that I, too, can say, as Nephi of old, "I have been born of goodly parents." I pray that our lives can reflect the values we have been taught and that, together, we can all "return with honor" to our Father in Heaven and loved ones who are waiting for us.



**Marlene, leading, Shirley playing organ**



# Kim Ray Kunz

## Kim Ray Kunz 1957

## Melodie Dawn Toomey 1960

Shandell Larene Kunz 1980    Brigham David Platt 1981  
Austin David Platt 2004  
Konner Ray Platt 2008  
Brandon Paul Kunz 1982    Elizabeth Duffy 1983  
Taevin Kim Kunz 2007  
Danny Duffy Kunz 2009  
Ryan Kim Kunz 1983    Jen Danielle Gomm 1987  
  
Justin Don Kunz 1988  
Kevin Ray Kunz 1992

## Personal History of Kim Ray Kunz

It was April 24, 1957 when I made my appearance at the Bear Lake Memorial Hospital in Montpelier, Idaho. My parents told me that the evening before my arrival, there was a good old Bear Lake Blizzard that was putting drifts across the Bern Road that made the trip to Montpelier a “White Knuckle Event”. After a safe arrival and a long night, my parents, Paul R. Kunz and Marlene S. Stevens Kunz welcomed me, their 3<sup>rd</sup> child, into the world.

I grew up in Bern, Idaho and attended school there until in the 2nd grade when the schools were consolidated and we went to Montpelier for the remainder of grade school, middle school and high school. I was the Senior Class President, played football, wrestled and golfed on the High School teams and graduated in 1975.

I learned to work because of my parents commitment to run the farm and keep us out of trouble. I really have appreciated that wonderful experience and have tried to teach my children what I learned about the rewards of hard work. This investment of my father’s patience and time has not only affected his children but grandchildren and great grandchildren and their ability to work and support their families. I will always be eternally grateful because of what my good parents have taught me.

After graduating from Bear Lake High School, I attended Ricks College in Rexburg until I received my call to the California Oakland Mission, where I served first under President Dale

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

L. Russon, and for the last few months of my mission as Secretary to President Lindsay R. Curtis who had served a mission some forty-two years earlier in Switzerland, where the original Kunz families were converted to the gospel. I loved my mission and had much success there. I still have contact with many wonderful people that joined the church while I served there.

Another blessing from my mission was meeting my future wife. I was transferred to the town of Danville, California where a family in the ward had converted the basement of their home to an apartment for the missionaries. The bishop told them that their lives would be blessed for providing a place for the missionaries to live. For 5 years they housed the missionaries and the last set of missionaries to live there was me and Elder Brimhall. I remember meeting Melodie as a young 16 year old girl. She thought of me as just another “missionary brother” since she had grown up with the missionaries. They were preparing to move to Tahoe and I even bought some Bongo drums from her “garage sale” to help her earn money for BYU.

Ironically, I met her 2 years later at a BYU fireside being held at the Marriott Center. She tells the story like this. “There were 2 cute boys standing outside of the doors of the Marriott Center. They were “scoping” girls out and then writing their names and phone numbers down on missionary referral cards. Kim came up to me (and having recognized me from his mission) said, “Hey! Don’t I know you from somewhere?” To which she replied, “That’s a bad line..... Can’t you think of a better one?” To which I responded... “No, I lived at your house! I’m Elder Kunz! I bought Bongo drums from you!”

We were married 8 months later on June 7, 1979 in the Salt Lake Temple. My wife’s family received many blessings from housing the missionaries, but they say that I was the greatest blessing of all. HA!! We have five children, one daughter and four sons. We also have four grandsons which are the joy of our lives.

Our oldest child, Shandell Larene, was born September 15, 1980. She served a mission to Norway, speaks fluent Norwegian and blessed the lives of many people there. She married Brigham David Platt. They have two sons, Austin David and Konner Ray. Shandell finished her schooling and works as a Registered Nurse at Twin Cities Hospital. Brigham is a manager for a food service company. They live in Templeton, California and are great examples of living the gospel.

Brandon Paul was born April 9, 1982. He served his mission in Indianapolis, Indiana, Spanish Speaking. He married Elizabeth Duffy and they have two sons, Taevin Kim and Danny Duffy. Brandon graduated from B.Y U. with a Bachelor’s in Business and then went to the University of Arizona and received a Masters in Business. They currently live in Austin, Texas and are Ward Missionaries.

Ryan Kim was born May 9, 1983. He served a Mission to Ireland and speaks fluent Irish.

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

(Don't laugh, their English is not the same as ours!) The last 2 months of his mission he served with his cousin Paul and they both wore the same name tags. (Elder Kunz and Elder Kunz) People thought it was funny that they both had the same first and last names. He married Jen Gomm and they currently live in Lehi, Utah. Ryan is a regional manager of a communications services company and also runs his own retail Internet sales business.



*(This family picture was taken at Ryan and Jen's wedding and from left to right : Taevin our grandson, Brandon, Elizabeth our daughter-in-law, Kevin, Ryan, Jen our daughter-in-law, Melodie, Kim, Shandell, Konner our grandson, with Brigham Platt our son-in-law, Austin, our grandson and Justin. We have one more grandson, Brandon and Elizabeth's second son, Danny who is not in this picture.)*

Justin Don was born January 18, 1988. He served in the Buenos Aires South, Argentina Mission. He was a great missionary and is currently going to BYU and majoring in Science. He is waiting for the love of his life to make her appearance. He did not say that, but his mother did!

Kevin Ray is our leap year son, born February 29, 1992. He is a senior at Templeton High School. He is active in sports, football and is on the welding team. He is an Eagle Scout, like all the other boys, and has just been accepted to attend BYU Idaho in the Fall and plans on serving a mission when he turns 19.

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz



(Photo above from left to right: Kevin, Brandon, Shandell, Justin and Ryan)

Our family has lived in California for the last 30 years. We are blessed to be living in the Mission Field and have had many opportunities to grow and to serve the Lord. I have served as Scout Master, Elder's Quorum President, Gospel Doctrine Teacher, High Councilor, Bishop of the Paso Robles 2<sup>nd</sup> Ward and am presently serving as First Counselor in the Stake Presidency, since January of 2005, for the San Luis Obispo California Stake. I love the gospel and hope and pray that I will be able to serve all the rest of my life in this great effort. I have a strong testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and have loved the many wonderful experiences and blessings that have come to our family as a result of living it. The church means so much to our family!

I have worked in the Financial Services Industry for over 31 years and have developed and sold several businesses, products and patents that I have developed. For 10 years my wife and I owned and operated a care home for the Elderly that we sold in 2006. That was a very interesting experience that taught us patience and compassion for the elderly.



San Luis Obispo Stake Presidency with Elder David A. Bednar at my right

My wife has served faithfully as a wonderful mother and then as Primary President, multiple times in the Young Women and Relief Society Presidencies as well as Stake Young Women's Presidency, Activities, Teacher, Blazer scout leader and just about everything else. She has written and directed the "Sing Noel" Choir and Christmas Programs with more than 100 voices

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

for the last 17 years and currently sings with the San Luis Obispo Vocal Arts Ensemble. I am very proud of her. She is a favorite speaker for girls camp and women's conferences as well.

Our family loves to camp, go boating, waterski, wakeboard, tube, snow ski, snow board, golf, play games and just be together.

If I can pass along any words of advice to my family or others that may read this it would be these two thoughts;

- 1) "Seek first the kingdom of God and all else will work for your good."
- 2) "Things always seem to work themselves out in the end. If things have not yet worked out, then maybe it's not the end yet."

Enjoy your family and take time to enjoy the special moments and beauty of life.

I Love you all!!

## **Kurt Stevens Kunz**

### **Kurt Stevens Kunz 1959**

### **Teresa Jean Doman 1961 div**

Kara Teres Kunz 1982

Robert Vlao Scovil 1979

Jamin Kurtis Kunz 1983

Buntita (Ta) Garasindhu 1985

Serenity Benjelat Kunz 2008

Kaulene Kunz 1987

Korin Marlene Kunz 1991

Kailey Verlene Kunz 1995

### **Kurt Stevens Kunz 1959**

### **Ulla BettyMarianne Solar 1958**

Kaj Helmer Holm 1952

Ulla BettyMarianne Solar 1958

Ulla Camilla Solar 1979

Kaj Jimmy Solar 1982

April 1, 2010

Personal History Summary of Kurt Stevens Kunz

I was born August 21, 1959 to Paul and Marlene Kunz. Although I cannot remember the event, I believe that as I grow older, I have a deeper respect for the struggles my parents endured to bring me into this world, feed and clothe me, and teach me what life is about.

Summer time, especially harvest time is especially stressful and hectic on a farm. All one's work for an entire year comes down to getting the year's crop in before mother nature takes it away from you with an early frost, or a sudden hail storm, or even an early snow, all of which are common in the Bear Lake Valley of Idaho. I imagine the stress of a young couple who already had three children and bills to pay, the crops still in the field and a new one on the way.

It would have been enough of a test for my parents, but for some reason, more stress was to come their way. After birth, it was determined that I had a bone infection in my right arm, and was to spend the next six weeks of my early days in a hospital in Salt Lake City, some 3 or 4 hours drive (in those days) from my parents home in Bern. Yet my father took the time to take my mother to visit me many times.

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

On the surface this story seems bland. But for me, it gives incredible insight to the type of people I call my parents. It was not the only time they have given the most they could for someone else's welfare. In my lifetime, I have witnessed countless acts of kindness without great fan-fair, where my parents gave of themselves to others. This is what they chose and still choose to this day. I will always be grateful for their example.

After serving in the Guatemala Quetzaltenango Mission I married Teresa Jean Doman (April 8, 1961) in 1981. In the years to follow we had the opportunity to see five wonderful children come into the world, some while I finished my Engineering degree at the University of Utah, and some while we struggled to keep a company we had co-founded afloat. I will always be grateful to Teresa for being a wonderful mother to our children. Unfortunately, we struggled for several years and finally after 24 years of marriage in 2005 we chose to divorce.

Our first daughter and oldest is Kara Teres Kunz (April 28, 1982). She especially loves softball. In her senior year of high school she lead the Bear Lake Girls team to a state



championship pitching 44 innings with 7 appearances and 6 wins (all state records that still stand). She married Robert Vlado Scovil (January 18, 1979). They both graduated from Idaho State University. Kara majored in Business Marketing and Bob majored in Business Finance. They live in Pocatello, Idaho.



## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz



Our only son, Jamin Kurtis (November 11, 1983) married Buntita Garasindhu (Ta) born August 18, 1985 in Thailand. They met and fell in love while attending Idaho State University. They have a daughter Serenity Benjelat (June 21, 2008). Jamin has always showed such a great structural and artistic aptitude and he is following his dream studying architecture at the University of Utah while working at a Salt Lake City architecture firm.





Ta (left – Jamin’s wife) is pictured with Kaulene May 5, 1987, (right) was named valedictorian of the 2005 graduating class of Bear Lake High School. She served in the Canada Toronto West mission and will graduate from BYU Idaho this year (2010) majoring in English. Korin Marlene (3<sup>rd</sup> from left) was born June 14, 1991. She graduated from Bear Lake High School in 2009. That same year she participated in the Miss Bear Lake Pageant. She is currently attending LDS Business College in Salt Lake City, Utah. Kailey Verlène was born July 25, 1995 (2<sup>nd</sup> from left) and has never stopped dancing. She is currently attending Bear Lake High School. Kailey, Korin and Kaulene have each been a member of the Bear Lake Lakettes.



In December of 2005 I married Ulla Betty Marianne Solar, (June 13, 1958,) from Karlskoga Sweden. She was born to Robert Leopold Solar (August 27, 1931) in Klosterneuburg, a little town just outside of Vienna, Austria and his wife Barbro Inger Marianne Jansson (February 14, 1936) in Karlskoga, Sweden. Ulla and Kaj Helmer Holm (March 10, 1952) in Vaasa Finland had two children,



Ulla Camilla Solar (May 8, 1979 – Karlskoga, Sweden) and Kaj Jimmy Solar (March 1, 1982 – Karlskoga, Sweden). Jimmy works at a saw mill in Karlskoga. He is always talking about the chance to come to Los Angeles.



Camilla and Martin Gustavsson (March 7, 1977 - Karlskoga) have twin girls Mira Tilde (October 2, 2008) and Vera Malwa (October 1, 2008) who were born just 55 minutes apart in Örebro, Sweden. Needless to say the twins keep them very busy. They too, live in Karlskoga, Sweden.

I could write a book about the life experiences I have had and chronicle all my good and bad choices, but I am not sure this is the right venue for such details. There are three things my life experiences have taught me, and I would like my family to know. They are:

1) I love our family. All are precious to me. The family tree reaches to all parts of the world. I hope for the day when all can know each other well. There are lots of good hearts in this branch. 2) We are who we are because of the choices we make and 3) There is a way to judge

between good and evil. Anything or anyone who tries to take away our choice is doing it upon the foundation of evil, no matter how well intentioned.



Live life with a smile, and choose well.

## Paulene Kunz Manning

**Paulene Kunz 1960**

**James Patrick Manning 1962**

James Patrick III Manning 1987

Jayne Paulene Manning 1989

Marli Jean Manning 1991

Denali K Manning 1992

Madison D Manning 1995

Rylee Manning 1997

April 1, 2010

Personal History of Paulene Kunz Manning

Montpelier, Idaho. Thanksgiving Day, November 24, 1960. My date of birth to wonderful parents; Daddy being Paul Roy and my forever angelic mother, Marlene. My four older siblings, Kelly, Shirley, Kim, and Kurt were quick to forgive their newest little sister for the change from turkey dinner to hamburgers. I was the fifth child, and eight years later, two little brothers, Karl and Kenneth entered our nest and completed our family perfectly.

I grew up in the foothills of Bern, where the Peak, the cemetery, the alley, and the little dirt path to Grandma and Grandpa Kunz's house were sacred landmarks marking a childhood of peace and adventure.

I loved to ride horses through that alley. Nibs, our little black Shetland pony, and Midget, Grandpa's horse, were my two choices. Truth be known, I always wanted to ride Midget. Her injured leg sure made for a strange rhythmic gate, a painful trot that always evolved into the smoothest lope any country girl would enjoy. One of my favorite riding buddies was Jenifer, Uncle Phil and Aunt Joyce's daughter. I loved it when she and Jay, Jackie and Janice Johnson, and even cousin Lamont Hansen would come to visit. I have wonderful memories of my cousins.

I especially loved hanging out with cousin Arline Galloway. I really liked it when Aunt Fern would invite me in to dip a thick slice of "homemade" bread into a warm cup of hot cocoa. We would often go ask Reed Kunz if we could access his land to climb the Peak. Sometimes we would meander over to Dean's arena to watch the local boys try their skill at riding. We would often bike up that steep gravel road to the cemetery, then pray all the way down. The old abandoned school was also a source of adventure as we would sneak in, and in a strange way, enjoy the unique stench of that building as we hid, played, and explored the hall and rooms that dad roamed as a young schoolboy himself.

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

My schooling began at A.J. Winters School and was completed at Bear Lake High School. I was involved in cheerleading and drill team. Dad always made sure I had a vehicle to drive to all my activities, and somehow I always made sure I wrecked every one of them. Sorry 'bout that, Dad.



**Paulene and Denali Manning Ready for the Prom**

I went on to Ricks College in 1979, studying to be a teacher, my dream from the time I was a young second-grade girl. Our children giggle when they see this big-haired 80's coed rockin' out in the college band, Legacy. Yes, their mother. I loved my classes and all the extracurricular activities there. After graduating with my Associates Degree, I moved on to BYU to finish my degree in elementary education. I even got to work with Uncle Dale at BYU Food Services. He always cheered up my day and made everyone around him feel special.

It was at BYU that my roommate introduced me to her brother, Patrick. We went out one time before I left to serve a mission in Raleigh, North Carolina. Serving a mission was a

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

priceless experience for me, and will forever bless my life. I returned, got engaged, then un-engaged from my mission president's son, and found my true love, James Patrick Manning, once again. We married in the Logan Temple December 21, 1985 and began a wonderful life together. It seemed we either moved, or had a child, or both every year.

In 1994 we again found our way back to Bern, this time purchasing Grandma and Grandpa Kunz's home from Aunt Jan. We felt like we lived in a shrine. We have many special feelings and memories of living there, and raising our children in the same abode where Grandma Hilda and Grandpa Parley raised my father and twelve aunts and uncles. Now we are in Malta, Idaho. April 1, 2010. Here we are, 22 moves and six wonderful children later: JP, Jayme, Marli, Denali, Madison, and Rylee. I am in my 14<sup>th</sup> year of teaching school, and Patrick is our High School Administrator and Bishop.

I have been blessed with a wonderful life full of love, opportunity, and the blessing of amazing ancestors who sacrificed and paved the way. I am so grateful for the many lessons taught in and out of the Bern Ward Chapel, weaving their threads of beauty into the tapestry of my life. I am thankful for my knowledge of a Heavenly Father that knows and loves "Paul Kunz's girl" from Bern, Idaho, and for a Savior that set the example and paid the price for me as I learn and grow in this earthly life. I'm thankful for living prophets, inspired scripture, and forever family.

May I close with a special thanks to Uncle Phillip for all that he does to bind us together. It truly is a privilege to be a Kunz!



*Manning Family: Maddison, Jayme, Patrick, JP, Paulene, Rylee, DeNali, Marli*

## Karl DeVerl Kunz

**Karl DeVerl Kunz 1969**

**Janalee Fields 1972**

Karlee Paige Kunz 1994  
Maycee Maud Kunz 1997  
Landon Karl Kunz 2001  
Janson Wayne Kunz 2003

I was born January 11, 1969 to Paul and Marlene Kunz at Bear Lake Memorial Hospital. I was the 6th of 7 children. Mom and Dad always said Kenneth and I were the second crop of children as there is an 8 year gap between my next oldest sibling, Paulene, and me. My first childhood memory is walking behind the car when my dad was backing out of the garage and I ended up under the car. I can still see the gas tank and I remember looking at my foot as the car was backing up onto it. Dad stopped the car just as it split my shoe. I don't remember what happened after that but I know Dad was pretty worried. The incident didn't hurt me but it scared Mom and Dad and it sure burned a memory in my mind.

When I was in primary, I was asked once to give a talk. I remembered that I was suppose to speak the next week when they announced that I would be speaking. I was scared to death. I went up and said something, crying the whole way through because of my fear and unpreparedness. I'll never forget, Steve Kunz came up to me afterword and said how it took a man to do what I did. I'm not sure if he meant it took a man to stand there and cry or to stand up and speak even though I wasn't prepared. Either way his compliment was sincere, and I have never forgotten it.

My brother Kurt baptized me when I was eight. I remember he stepped on my foot so it wouldn't come up during the baptism. I thought it was cool to be baptized by my brother. I was confirmed the next Sunday.

When I was about 14 years old, Jay Martindale and I decided to go duck hunting after school. We took Dads tractor, the Allis Chalmers, down to the farm. We had to park the tractor at the outlet crossing because of all the water. The river was high that year and there were a lot of sloughs. We walked to a slough where we thought would be a good spot to watch for ducks. We were sitting back to back watching for ducks, when Jay's gun went off. I turned around and he was lying there screaming. He had shot his leg just above the knee with his 12-gauge shotgun. I started to pick him up to carry him out and he was screaming from the pain. I



## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

realized I had to run out and get help. We had hip waders on because of all the water. I ended up kicking them off and running in my stockings to the tractor. When I got to the house in

Bern, Mom had seen me driving the tractor fast and she came out to see what was going on. Merlin Jensen, a nurse at the hospital, was next door visiting her folk's home. I explained what had happened and she and I went to help Jay. We drove her car as far as we could, then we had to run the rest of the way. I remember pulling her along and she just couldn't keep up. We finally got to Jay, and she started to tend to him. Grandpa Kunz was in the hospital with a stroke and Dad was there with him. Dad heard the call come in over the police radio that there had been an accident down on his ranch. He led the ambulance to where we were and we finally got Jay out. It was a horrible experience. They operated on him and he made a full recovery. He still walks with a limp though.



Karl, Janalee, Karlee, front: Janson, Landon, Maycee -- Six Kunz people

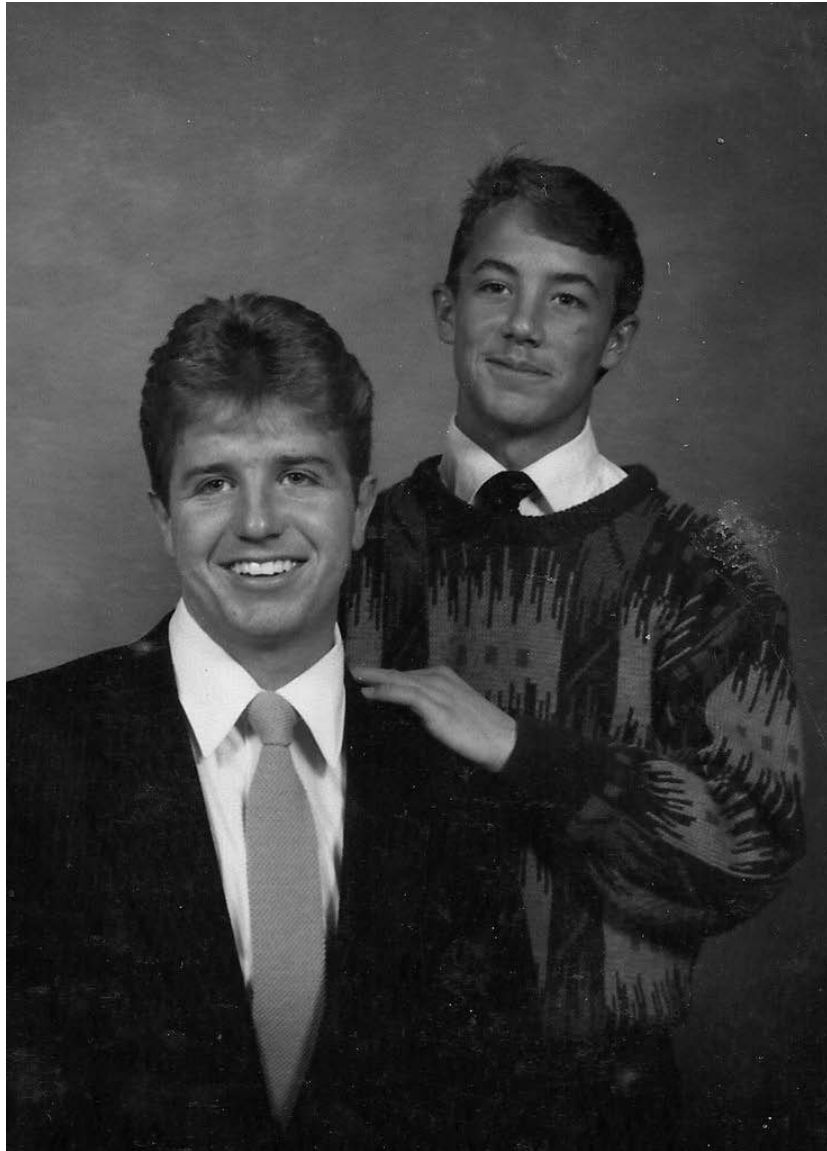
## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

When I was 15, Mom and Dad went on a cruise. While they were gone, I sat down with a calculator and started figuring out how much money I could earn if I went to work at the grocery store. I put on a tie and went and applied at Safeway. They hired me and when Mom and Dad got home I was gainfully employed. I worked through high school from 4:00 to 8:00 every morning before school and the weekends. Mom always got up with me at 3:00 a.m. to make sure I had breakfast before work. I don't know how she did it, but she did. I look back at that with awe.

I graduated from Bear Lake High School in 1987 and attended Ricks College for a year before serving an LDS mission in the New York, NY mission. I was in New York from April 1988 to May 1990. When I got home from my mission I went back up to Ricks and finished there. I met my wife there and married Janalee Field on May 1, 1992. We attended Idaho State University after Ricks and we both graduated from there. My degree was in Finance, and Jan's was in Human Exceptionality, or basically Special Education. We purchased a small wood pellet mill in Orem, Utah in December of 1995, and we have been running it since then.

In May of 2006 my wife was diagnosed with breast cancer. After many treatments, surgeries, and much prayer, she made a full recovery. We are grateful for all the fine medical help and the many displays of kindness that so many showed.

We have 4 children: Karlee Paige born August 30, 1994 in Pocatello, Idaho. She is 15. Maycee Maud was born October 22, 1997 in Provo, Utah. She is 12. Landon Karl was born on March 31, 2001 in Orem, Utah. He is 9. Then last but not least, Janson Wayne was born June 5, 2003 in Orem, Utah, and he is 6. We currently live in Orem and love it there.



**Karl and Kenneth Kunz**

## **Kenneth Jay Kunz**

**Kenneth Jay Kunz 1972**

**Kandice Udy 1976**

Kaden Kenneth Kunz 2002

Kallie LaRue Kunz 2004

Kenyon Les Kunz 2007

Keaton Paul Kunz 2009

### **Kenneth Kunz's history**

I was born in the small town of Montpelier, Idaho on the 9<sup>th</sup> of November 1972 to the best parents ever, Paul and Marlene Kunz. I was raised in one of the greatest places, Bern, ID. Being the baby of the family, most of my years growing up were spent with Karl and my parents. The rest of my brothers and sisters were out of the house or on their way out when I was born.

I went to AJ Winters School for my first 6 years of school where I got the nick name of Kunzy. As I got a little older, I entered middle school and developed the name of Kenny where I was called that for three more years where I must have matured a lot because I thought that I had out grown the name of Kenny and decided it was now time to be called Ken or Kenneth after all I was in high school and knew everything. I loved high school where we had baseball, basketball, golf, wrestling, and football that we could all participate in and had a great time doing it. I was raised on a farm where the summers were dreaded as a boy because it meant time to work and the winters were welcome because it was time to play in the snow. I loved to snow ski and did it as often as I could.

After high school I had the opportunity to attend Ricks College for a semester and room with my older brother, Karl, I learned a lot from him. After that semester at Ricks I got my mission call to the England Birmingham Mission. That was an awesome experience in my life. When I returned from my mission I was given the opportunity to go and visit with my sister Paulene and her family in Alaska. It was an eye opening experience for me and I loved it. I flew into Anchorage on a commercial airplane, and then boarded 2 more planes that got progressively smaller. The last plane was a 2 seater and the pilot happened to be Pat and Paulene's only other member in the church where they lived there in Alaska. I was blessed to be in Pat and Paulene's presence here and learn from them and their children.

After my Alaska trip, I jumped back to school at Ricks and had the opportunity to run for office there. I was able to be elected to be the Programs Vice President for the college. There

## Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz

were many great experiences while serving in that office, including getting to meet the prophet President Gordon B Hinckley and his counselors and many of the brethren. We were able to sit across from them and ask them many questions and have them tell us many spiritual experiences and stories about their life. What a blessing that has been in my life and I reflect on it often.

Rick college was very good to me, not only did I get a good education, a great experience at being involved with the school activities and programs, meeting the prophet, but that is also where I met my wonderful wife Kandice Udy. I hauled out the garbage for a lot of the girls there to make money and that is how we met. I guess she had a little pity on me and I took advantage of it.

We married August 17, 1996. We then moved to Provo Utah where I worked for my brother Karl at the pellet mill that he had just recently purchased, and Kandice went to BYU to earn her bachelor's degree in Math Education.

After 4 years we built a home in Orem Utah next to my brother, Karl, where we share everything from toys to our lawns. On October 8, 2002, we had our first boy Kaden Kenneth.

Two years later on December 29, 2004 we had a girl and named her Kallie LaRue. Two years after on June 5, 2007 had another boy and named him Kenyon Les and then again 2 years later on July 9, 2009 had 1 more boy and named him Keaton Paul. All of our kids middle names are after family members that mean a lot to us. Kaden's named after me (need I say more.), Kallie's was named after Kandice's grandmother



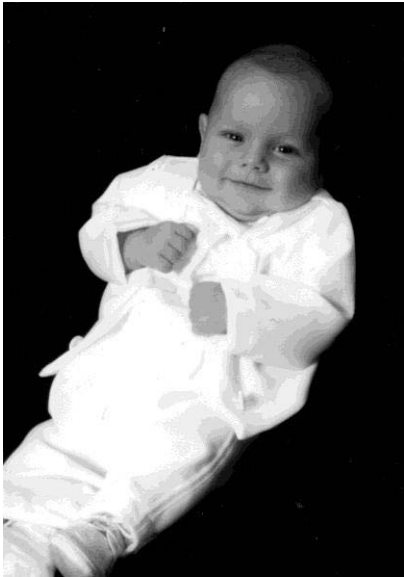
**Kenneth, Kandice, Kenyon, Kallie, Kaden**

LaRue Green and my aunt LaRue, Kenyon's named after Kandice's dad Les Udy, and Keaton's named after my dad, Paul Kunz. We currently still live in Orem next to Karl and our kids love it here. They love to play with their cousins daily and don't know how they survive when their cousins are not around.



**Kallie, Kandice holding Keaton, Kenneth, Kaden , Kenyon**

Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz



**Keaton Paul Kunz**



**Halloween for Kunz Family**

Chapter 9 Paul Roy Kunz





Chapter Ten

## Owen Lee Kunz

### **Owen Lee Kunz 1934-1994**

Robyne Kunz 1958  
James Robert Stephenson 1978  
Marintha Ann Stephenson 1980  
Taylor Kailey Rising 2003  
Caryn Rising 2005  
Andrea Marie Stephenson 1984  
Lisa Stephenson 1985  
Morgan Stephenson 1991  
Julie Ann Kunz 1961  
Tiffany B Snooks 1981  
Trevor Mark Snooks 1987

### **Ruby Krussel 1937 div**

Myron Stephenson 1955  
Benjamin P Rising 1979  
Jason Gromse  
Mark Snooks 1969 div

### **Owen Lee Kunz 1934-1994 (Janice Shott 1948**

### **Janice Mae Shott 1948 Eddie West)**

\* Steven Souren Shott 1970 Heidi Hooley 1969 div  
Steven Shott 1988 Shadow Casaboom  
Anika Taylor Casaboom 2007  
Kole Michael Shott 2008  
Owen Shott 1989  
Steven Souren Shott 1988 Elizabeth Schmidt 1977  
\*Steven is son of Janice and Eddie, but raised by Owen  
and Jan

Owen was born June 30, 1934 in Bern, Bear Lake County, Idaho to Hilda Stoor and Parley Kunz. As a small baby, just a few months old, he had a small growth on the back of his neck. It was about the size of a walnut, Naomi remembers. The doctor came from Montpelier and lanced it. It drained a lot but we are not sure what it was.

News-Examiner March 9,  
OWEN LEE KUNZ 1994

Owen Lee Kunz, 59, died March 6, 1994 in Bear Lake Memorial Hospital of a sudden illness. He was born June 30, 1934 in Bern, to Parley Peter and Hilda Irene Stoor Kunz.

He received his early education at elementary school in Bern and graduated from Montpelier High School in 1952. He attended Utah State University for one year. He later married Janice Mae Shott in Salmon on Nov. 17, 1974. They made their home in Bern where he spent much of his time gardening. He was employed by Bear Lake Motor. He was a member of the LDS Church.



He is survived by his wife, Jan of Bern; one son, Steven, Salt Lake City; two daughters from a previous marriage to Ruby Krussel: Mrs. Myron (Robyn) Stephenson, Richmond, Ut.; Mrs. Mark (Julie) Snooks, Soda Springs; nine grandchildren; five brothers, Dale J. Kunz, Orem, Ut.; Paul R. Kunz, Bern; Phillip R. Kunz, Provo, Ut.; Richard R. Kunz, Reynoldsburg, Oh.; and Arthur S. Kunz, Chubbuck; six brothers, Mrs. R.I. (Fern) Galloway, Bern; Mrs. Jay P. (LaRue) Spencer, Ogden; Mrs. Donovan (Carol) Howell, Fish Haven; Mrs. LaVarr (LaVaun) Hansen, Ogden; Naomi Kunz, Otis Orchard, Wa., and Mrs. Leonard (Eva Mae) Johnson, Lewiston Id.

He was preceded in death by his parents and one sister, Mrs. GeNiel Smith.

Funeral services will be held Thursday at 2 p.m. in the Bern LDS chapel where friends may call that day from noon until 1:45 p.m. Burial will be in the Bern Cemetery under the direction of Matthews Mortuary of Montpelier.

We did a lot together while we were young boys in Bern, Owen and Phillip. We also were pals with Gary Kunz, Max Stoor, Wendell Kunz and Ivins Schmid. Ivins lived just east of us through the block. One time Owen killed one of Uncle Rob Schmid's chickens. Owen said he just felt mean, but really did not plan to kill the chicken. No one knew about it except for Ivins, so he killed one of Parley's chickens to get even. Somehow his father found out and Ivins had to come up and apologize. Ivins was not very happy about that.

Ivins made daily trips to our house to get milk. On the 17<sup>th</sup> of March he got a lot of pinches from all of us, so why did he not just wear green? The Schmid family was good neighbors. We would borrow from them and they from us.

One night Owen, Ivins and Phillip were going to camp out in Tony's grove, where we did a lot of Boy Scout things. We set up our tent, cooked our dinner and went to bed. We talked a long time about what we wanted to do in life and then one of us noticed that it was getting a little lighter -- like morning was coming.

We got up, cooked out breakfast and started for home and then saw that the light was only the moon coming up, but we decided to walk home anyway, as we had to help with the morning chores. We got home about three in the morning. We did not have a watch with us and that made the night pretty short.

Owen loved scouting but we didn't have a leader after Donald Welker moved. He didn't do much with it, but he did love to camp.

## Chapter 10 Owen Lee Kunz

Owen got in on the candy making sessions. We made honey candy and divinity. We would pull the honey candy until it became almost white and ready to stretch out on the wax paper. We would then cut it into pieces and eat more than we should have. We had good times together.

Owen worked on the farm, along with the other boys, and did his share of milking cows, feeding the livestock and cleaning the barn and chicken coop. One spring as Paul and Owen and Phillip were cleaning the coop we got terrible hay fever and our eyes and noses were in pretty bad shape. We all three hated that job.

One day Max Stoor, Wendell Kunz, Paul Kunz, Gary Kunz and my brother, Phillip, got some water in buckets and went to the machine shed at Orlando's place in Bern. We got



**Owen Lee Kunz**

Charles Buhler to come over to look up into the sky through a stove pipe that we had rigged up. It was not a warm day and as a consequence of all of the water which was poured down the pipe and all over Charles, he got very sick with pneumonia. Phillip doesn't know what Max, Wendell and Gary got, but Paul and Owen got a spanking and they had to go apologize to Kate Buhler, Charles' mother. Phillip did not receive a spanking for that, but did apologize, and Kate was very kind and gave Phillip something to

eat.

Owen went to school in Bern where we were able to play marbles and play in the swings and teeter totter in the school yard. His Principal was Miss Stone for a few years. She was an old maid with a big dog. She lived in the schoolhouse. Owen was always scared of her dog, but she was kind.

He also went to High School in Montpelier, from which he graduated. He was more interested in shop and that kind of class than he was in more academic subjects.

Owen met and married Ruby Krusell from Montpelier in the Logan Temple February 19, 1954. Afterwards they went back to Bern to live for a while in a log cabin just north of

## Chapter 10 Owen Lee Kunz

the Bern church. The cabin was not too much to look at but, with the help of his family and Uncle George it was patched up in the inside and was warm and shelter for them. Soon after that they moved to Montpelier.



**Owen and Ruby**

Owen and Ruby had two daughters, Robyne Lee who was born 24 April 1958 and Julie Ann, born 10 May 1961. He loved his daughters and often spoke of them, even after his divorce from Ruby. He and Ruby then remarried and then divorced again. During this time he worked on the paint gang for the railroad.

Owen then met and married Jan Shott in 1973. She wrote a bit of their history together:

“Owen and I met in Salmon, Idaho, I worked at the Owl Club, and after work he came in, he said he loved me after a few times of coming to my work, so we dated for a year and a half then married Nov 17, 1973. My son Steven was three years of age at the time. Owen loved being a father to Steven and Steven knows none other as a father but Owen. He will tell you that himself. They lived in a small apartment above the Lyon's Law Firm



**Robyne, Owen, Julie**

## Chapter 10 Owen Lee Kunz

on Main Street. Later they purchased a home there and enjoyed fixing it up.

“Owen worked for Joe Nebeker with Joe’s Dairy. He loved being around people and enjoyed this job. He got along good with the people at the different businesses where he worked except one. Try as he did he could not get along with John Bills of Safeway. He owned the biggest grocery store in town. Owen took pride in his displays but could not seem to please him. Every so often his boss, Joe, would have to go in and talk to him so he would get off Owen's case.

“In Mountain Home, Idaho he worked with a plumber where he learned a little about plumbing. He did not like to crawl under the house to fix the plumbing problem. It was always damp, dark and dirty and had lots of spiders.

“After we were married we lived and worked in Salmon, Idaho for six years, then we moved to McMinnville, Oregon. I worked at a fabric shop, where we made curtains, and comforters for the Trailer Factory. Owen worked for the trailer factory in McMinnville, I thought being close to my family would make us a family and I could get to know some of my sisters and my mom better, and they would get to know Owen. They loved him too, he was always joking and laughing.

“Then we felt we needed to come back to Idaho. We came to Mountain Home Air force Base where we stayed with Denis and Darla for quite awhile, then we moved to town. Darla got Owen a job with a plumbing contractor. Darla inherited some of Owen's traits, she told the owner Owen could do anything, so he hired Owen sight unseen. Owen enjoyed the work there, but it was time for us to move on.

“We then moved to Pocatello and Owen got a job with a steel plant. He was a welder. He loved it until he had to go to a job that brought out his fear in heights. He didn't mention his fear of these heights until the job was over, then he was able to laugh and joke about it. After a year, the company went out of business. It was time for Owen to find employment, so to Bear Lake he came. Paul got Owen a job at the Helmet Factory and then just a little while after that Owen got the job as a Mechanic helper at Bear Lake Motor where he worked until his death.

“In Salmon, Owen introduced me to Naomi, she then introduced me to Bowling. Owen was a good bowler. He was winning patches and trophies quite a bit, he loved bowling.

“At Halloween time, Jan took a pair of Owens pajamas and painted big colorful balloons all over them so Steven could wear them as part of his clown costume. They were yellow with big red, blue and green balloons. They worked for Steven, but not for Owen. Jan and Darla decided to have a birthday party for Owen. They invited everyone to wear pajamas because they wanted Owen to have to wear those yellow pajamas. He did wear them and everyone had a good laugh at his expense.

“Owen loved to go hunting with Arthur. He looked forward to the hunt in the Winter. He "loved" spending time with his brother. They were not only brothers, but Arthur was

## Chapter 10 Owen Lee Kunz

Owen's Best Friend. Art came up most every weekend and spent time with Owen and me. I was grateful for that because I seldom got any weekends off from my job as a cook at the Ranch Hand Truckstop.

“Owen loved his girls, every now and again he would go to visit his grandchildren at Robyne's and he would take time and try to see his daughters at least once a month. A lot of times while I was working, he would go see them.

“Owen served in the military about 1953. He went to Maryland for training. He was discharged in 1954 and was glad to come home. He then had a hard time finding a job so he enlisted in the Reserves. This gave him a small paycheck for his meeting every month. He was given a military response at his grave side. He died early in life from an aneurism while traveling to work from Bern to Montpelier 6 March, 1994.

Naomi recalls how Owen would fret and stew about not being able to send some money to his girls. They were a source of joy to him when he got to spend time with them.

Owen was good to work with Naomi and LaVan. LaVan was not always easy to work for and Owen was patient with him. One day Owen was tired and went to sleep in an old chair in the back. A fire started so we called the fire truck. Owen had a hard time waking up, but did so.

On one occasion Owen's team won the State Bowling Tournament. He was a great bowler.

After the death of the folks, Owen and Jan moved into Parley and Hilda's home in Bern where they had a nice garden. At reunion time he often had a big sack of peas to share with the family. Arthur and Linda often came to their home and assisted them with repair of whatever was not in good shape.

Naomi said that one night when Jan and Owen were sleeping there was a lot of thunder and lightening. Owen was a bit frightened as it sounded pretty close. All of a sudden he felt a hot sharp pain in his behind and jumped out of bed and grabbed his behind yelling, "I've been hit...I've been hit!" Jan rolled over and told him get back to bed as she thought he was dreaming. Evidence later showed that the lightening hit up by the chimney on top of the house. It followed the furnace duct down to the bedroom and shot out the vent -- right where his behind was.

Owen was rather bashful, Eva said. He liked to play jokes on everyone. He was always kind though and compassionate and didn't get out of hand with his jokes.

He hated bananas with a passion as he got sick on them as a child. Irvine had brought a big stalk of them from the railroad. They were green and hanging in the cellar and Owen must have got to them too much.

Owen had small feet, about a size 4. He would buy shoes in the boy's department.



**Paul, Phillip, Owen Kunz about 1938**



*The United States of America  
honors the memory of  
Owen L. Kunz*

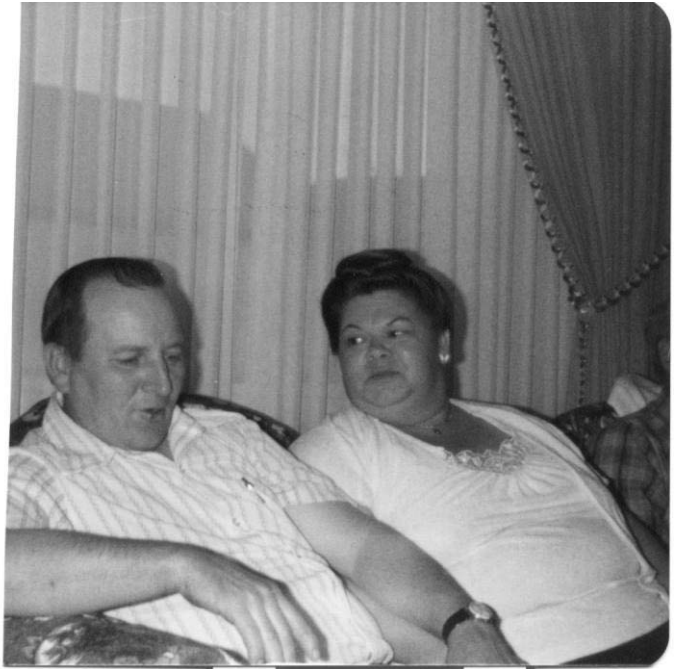
*This certificate is awarded by a grateful  
nation in recognition of devoted and  
selfless consecration to the service  
of our country in the Armed Forces  
of the United States.*

*William Clinton  
President of the United States*

**Letter from President Clinton**



Chapter 10 Owen Lee Kunz



Owen and Jan



Owen and Phillip



***Back:*** Wayne Kunz, Arlo Kunz, Ray Bienz, Charles Kunz, Bruce Kunz, Gary Kunz ***Middle:*** Geraldine Kunz, Virginia Kunz, Dianne Steckler, Shirley Alleman, Mrs Titus (Teacher), Harriet Kunz, Marlene Kunz, Connie Schmid ***Front:*** Larry Buhler, Owen Kunz, Darrell Hansen, Phillip Kunz, Larry Alleman, Ivins Schmid

## **Robyne Kunz Stephenson**

### **Robyne Kunz 1958**

### **Myron Stephenson 1955**

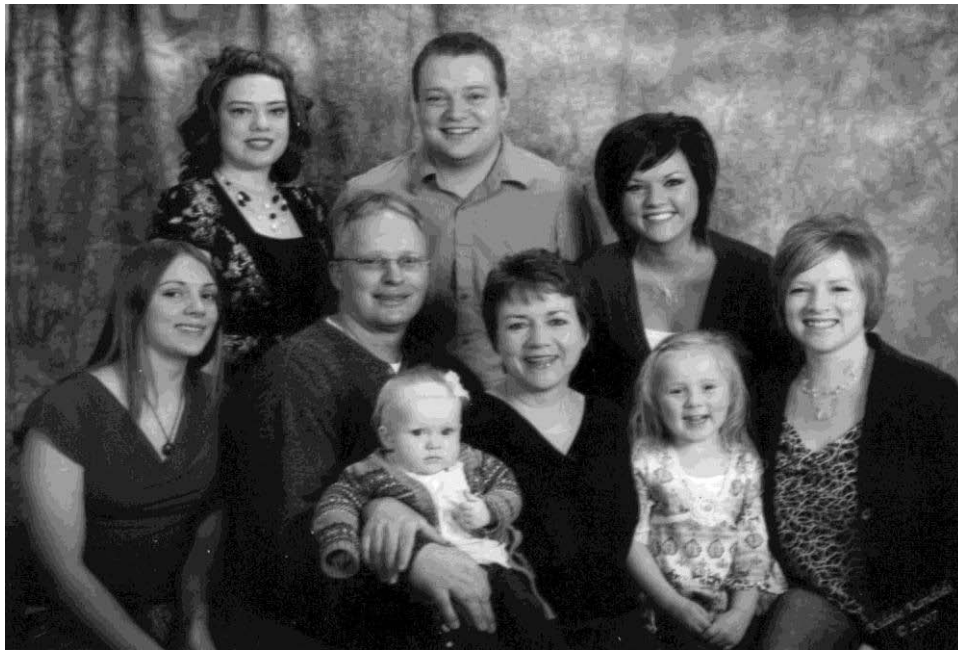
James Robert Stephenson 1978  
Marintha Ann Stephenson 1980   Benjamin P Rising 1979  
Taylor Kailey Rising 2003  
Caryn Annalee Rising 2006  
Andrea Marie Stephenson 1984   Jason Gramse  
Lisa Stephenson 1985  
Morgan Stephenson 1991

Robyne Kunz was born April 24, 1958 in Montpelier, Idaho, the oldest daughter of Owen Lee Kunz and Ruby Krussel Kunz. She graduated from Soda Springs High School and then attended Utah State University in Logan, Utah for a year.

She met and married Myron Stephenson, who was from Holden, Utah in Soda Springs, Idaho in 1977 and they were sealed in the Manti Temple September 2, 1978.

Their children are James, 32; Marintha, 30, who is married to Ben Rising; Andrea, 26; Lisa, 24, married to Jason Gramse; and Morgan, 18.

The family has lived in Richmond, Utah since 1980. Robyne has worked in the Pepperidge Plant in Richmond for twenty-four years.



*back: Andrea, James, Lisa Stephenson Gramse, front: Morgan, Myron, Caryn, Robyne, Taylor, Marantha Stephenson Rising*



**Carvn. Ben. Marintha. Tavlör Rising and Robvne Stephenson**



**Andrea Stephenson Gramse and her mother, Robyne Kunz Stephenson**



**James and his mother, Robyn Kunz Stephenson**

## **Julie Ann Kunz Snooks**

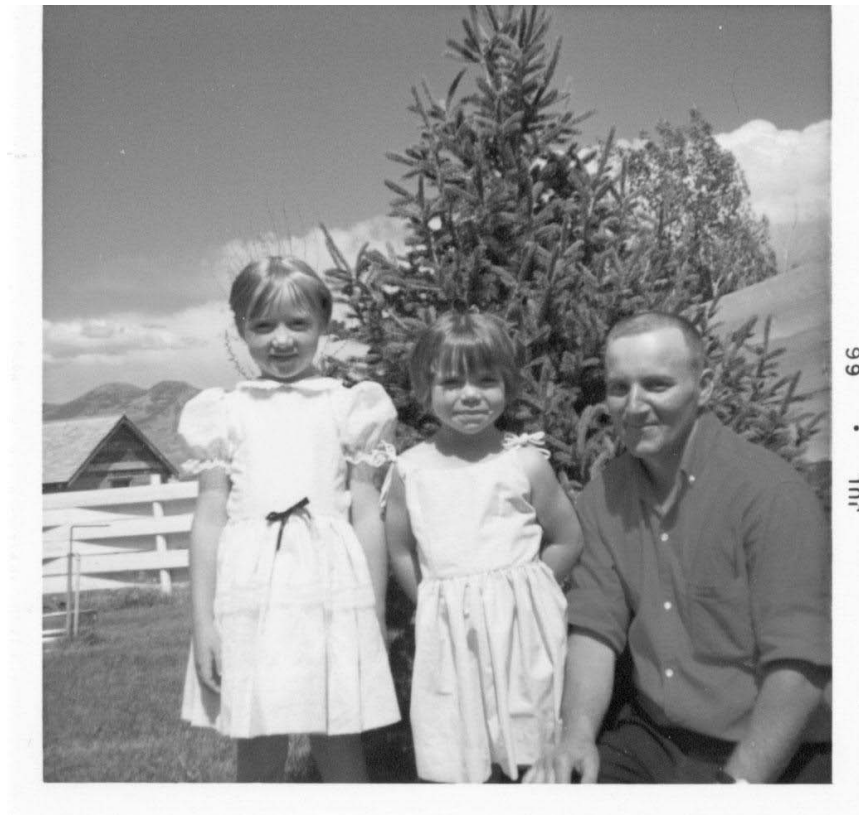
**Julie Ann Kunz 1961**

**Mark Snooks 1969 div**

Tiffany B Snooks 1981

Trevor Mark Snooks 1987

Julie is the second daughter of Owen and Ruby Krussel Kunz. She was born the May 10, 1961 in Logan, Utah. She married Mark Snooks October 11, 1980 in Logan, Utah. They had two children: Tiffany B Snooks and Trevor Mark Snooks. Julie and Mark were later divorced and she now lives in Soda Springs, Idaho.



**Robyne, Julie and Owen Kunz**

Chapter 10 Owen Lee Kunz



**Julie Kunz Snooks and Robyne Kunz Stephenson**



**Julie Kunz Snooks and Ruby Krussel Morgan**





**Trevor, Julie, Tiffany Snooks**

## Steven Shott

Janice Shott 1948	Eddie West
<b>Steven Souren Shott 1970</b>	<b>Heidi Hooley 1969</b> div
Steven Shott 1988	Shadow Casaboom
Anika Taylor Casaboom 2007	
Kole Michael Shott 2008	
Owen Glenn Shott 1989	
<b>Steven Souren Shott 1970</b>	<b>Kay Malcolm 1966</b> div
Shandrea Corbin 1984*	
James Thomas Porter 1986*	
John Francis Porter 1990*	
*Kay's children from previous marriage	
<b>Steven Souren Shott 1970</b>	<b>Elizabeth Schmidt 1977</b>
Andrew James Willis 2000**	
Joel Gabriel Willis 2002**	

\*\*Elizabeth's children from previous marriage

Steven Souren Shott was born February 14, 1970. He was raised by his mother, Jan Shott and by Owen Kunz, his step father.

Steven dropped out of school during his last year to marry and raise a family.

Steven married Heidi Hooley November 27, 1987 and together they had two boys, Steven Jr. and Owen. Steven Souren Shott Jr. was born September 6, 1988. Owen Glen Shott was born November 3, 1989. Steven and Heidi got divorced August of 1989. In the years that followed Steven met and married Kay Jean Malcolm and then divorced with no more children born to him.

Steven studied for and passed his GED.

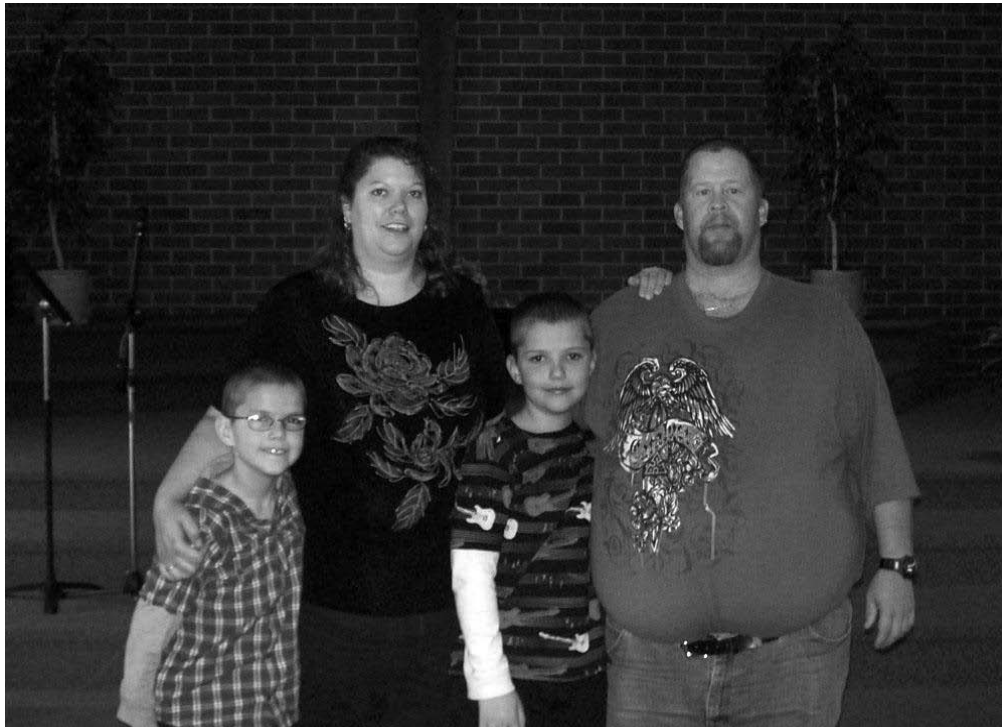
He met Elizabeth Schmidt. Steven and Elizabeth fell in love and made plans together for the future. On February 17, 2009 Steven married Elizabeth Schmidt. Elizabeth's children are Andrew James Willis born March 3, 2000 and Joel Gabriel Willis born January 17, 2002. Together they are living in Pocatello, Idaho and trying to continue life in a more positive direction.

## Chapter 10 Owen Lee Kunz

In July 2009 Steven received his CDL and is actively seeking employment in this direction.

Elizabeth and Steven recently celebrated their 1 year wedding anniversary.

Andrew and Joel love to play outside and to play video games. If the boys are not outside they are playing Playstation2 with Steven. Elizabeth loves reading and is especially interested in Science Fiction. Steven loves to fish and take long drives out in the middle of nowhere. We do a lot of things as a family. The boys are currently being homeschooled.



**Elizabeth and Steven Shott with boys: Joel and Andrew**



**William J. Kunz, Annie S. Kunz, George Kunz, Hilda Kunz, Able Kunz,  
Hazel Kunz Smith, Parley Kunz,**

## Chapter Eleven

# Phillip Ray Kunz

### Phillip Ray Kunz 1936

Jay Phillip Kunz 1961  
Jenifer Kunz 1963  
Jody Kunz 1968  
Johnathan Kenneth Kunz 1971  
Jana Kunz 1972

### Joyce Sheffield 1939

Rebecca Catherine Neumann 1964  
  
Bryan Jeffery Roberts 1969  
Amy Rich Kunz 1973  
Glen Terris Porter 1971

Phillip was born July 19, 1936 in Bern, Idaho. A Sunday birth for him was appropriate inasmuch as he was also the tenth child born to Hilda Stoor and Parley Kunz. Some have called him the tithing child.

Growing up on the farm with my brothers and sisters was very enjoyable. While there was always “work to be done” spare time yielded opportunities for play with my brothers and sisters, parents and neighbors. Many evenings were spent either in the area between the house and the barn playing games or around the kitchen table in closer contact.

My parents were always supportive of my activity, but in high school they did not always go to events in which I was a participant. I did not feel badly about that then nor do I now. They had a large family and did what was possible for each. I remember with fondness picking huckleberries with Mother and haying with Father. One year, when I was quite small, Mother drove to Salt Lake and took me along. That was a wonderful memory.

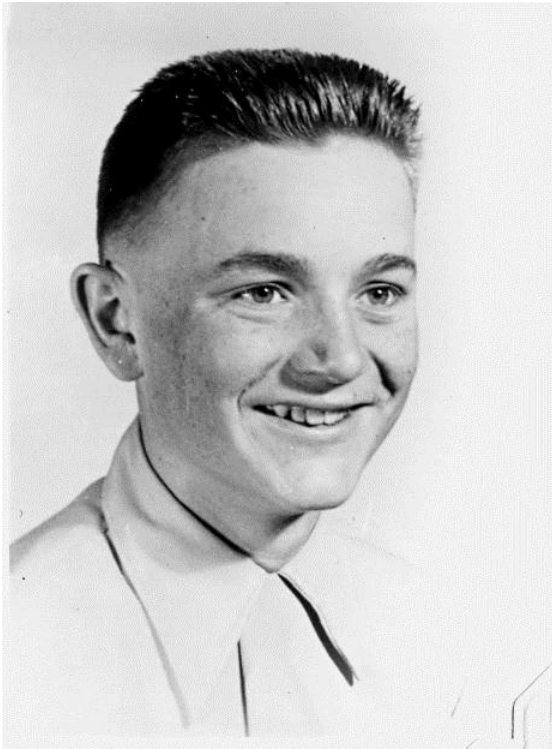
Each spring, I would help Father drive the cattle out on the reserve. Father had a reserve right to graze the cattle on government property. This was always a good time to talk with each other. I remember Paul working on this as well. Dale must have done it when I was younger, but I do not remember Owen, Richard or Arthur on the drive, as I left for the Army soon after high school graduation. We would leave the Stock Yards in Montpelier and trail the cattle on US Highway 30. Often the tourists would stop and take pictures of us with our horses and cattle. The plates on their cars indicated that most of them were from California.

The first night would be spent with the cattle in the corral up the Georgetown Canyon a little ways. From Georgetown up to the corral we would let the cattle graze at the side of the road so they would be full for the next day's drive, which would put them on the reserve.

## Chapter 11 Phillip Ray Kunz

Our family got together for reunions, special occasions and even today the brothers and sisters have time together each year, prior to the Parley and Hilda Kunz Reunion held each summer. I would judge us to be a wonderful family with concern and love for one another.

Each of my sisters and brothers has special talents and characteristics which make them stand out in some important manner. There has been heartbreak and trials for each, but such is part of the human condition and the scriptures promise blessings are obtained from such problems.



**Phillip about 1949 --7th grade**



**Phillip and Joyce Sheffield Kunz 1990 - Mission Photo**

## Chapter 11 Phillip Ray Kunz

As I progressed through the two rooms used for classes in Bern School District No. 13, I was always the smallest of the five students in the row for our particular grade. Each row represented the students for that grade, there being four grades within each room. The first grade teacher was Miss Titus. Other teachers were Stella Kunz, Rao Dunford and Mr. and Mrs. Donald Nate. I was a good student, but never as bright as Dianne Steckler, the tallest student in my class. Dianne was the daughter of my cousin, Myrtle Steckler.

After graduation from the Eighth grade in the Paris Tabernacle, I went on the 50<sup>th</sup> Boy Scout Jamboree in Valley Forge, Pennsylvania in 1950. This was a very fine opportunity for which I had saved what money I could, was given addition financial help from the folks and even some from others like Orlando and Brother Einzinger in Montpelier. The cost of the trip was \$150 for transportation and \$150 for registration and costs with the Boy Scouts of America.

We went on a chartered train to Boy's Town in Nebraska, to Chicago where we saw a professional baseball game, went to the Science Museum and to the Brookfield Zoo. We went on to Detroit, Michigan where we went through the Ford steel and auto plant, and the Greenfield Village Museum which I found most interesting.



**Phillip at Jamboree**

From there we went to Niagara Falls and then to Palmyra to see the Mormon sites. This was wonderful for me. We also went to New York City and visited many important places there such as the Empire State Building, the Statue of Liberty and Radio City where we saw the Rockettes.

The Jamboree was in Valley Forge and President Eisenhower attended and spoke to us. While I was there, the Korean War started. From the Jamboree we went to Washington D.

C. and saw the sights and saw Foster Kunz, who was Bishop of the Washington D.C. Ward. We continued down the coast and through northern Florida, to Atlanta, Georgia, Fort Worth, Texas and home. It was a splendid trip.

I did a lot of scouting, mostly on my own, but never did obtain the Eagle rank. I had many many merit badges, was a Life Scout, but did not get lifesaving and swimming merit badges until I was married. I was teaching seminary in Lyman, Wyoming and we would take the boys to Rock Springs to swim. There I passed all of the requirements for swimming and life saving merit badges, but of course I was too old to get the Eagle award. Had I been a little younger or earlier when they let men in their twenties get the Eagle I would have received it. I did the work for it but not on time I guess. I have always felt a little tough that I did not get the Eagle, but such is life.

High school was a time of growth for me, both in physical stature and in self assurance. Perhaps the most significant part of the self assurance came from the classes in vocational agriculture.

## Chapter 11 Phillip Ray Kunz

This included activity in the Future Farmers of America, in which I served, becoming President of the local chapter and of the District of Southeastern Idaho. I was also elected Sentinel at the state level, attended the National Convention in Kansas City and won the public speaking contest at both the chapter and district level. Carlos Rigby and I were the first State Farmers from the Montpelier Chapter of the FFA.

Following graduation from Montpelier in 1954, I was planning to go to the Utah State Agricultural College in Logan. They had awarded me a scholarship to study agronomy and I began to look for some additional work to make my way through school. That was not to be, however. My Bishop, DelMar Kunz, counseled me to go into the Military. I thought and prayed about this and after counseling with my parents, I did volunteer for the draft and was drafted in the Army.

I went to Fort Ord, California and Fort Bliss, Texas for basic training and then to Camp Kilmer,



**Phillip in military**

New Jersey to prepare to ship out to Germany. An end to the Korean War had not yet been declared so I was happy to go to Germany. We went by ship from New York to Bremerhaven, Germany and I ended up on the Wiesbaden Air Base in an anti-aircraft outfit. While there I had some great experiences, going to the Swiss Temple dedication, in 1955 Servicemen's Conference in Bertschesgarten and traveled to quite a number of countries. For a while I was a radar repairman and then became the company clerk. That position gave me the opportunity to hone my typing skills and also permitted me to escape many of the mundane duties of the soldiers.

After returning home from the service, I was called on a mission to the Southern States. We traveled from Salt Lake by train to Atlanta, where we were met by the Mission President,



**Phillip on Mission - 1956**



## Chapter 11 Phillip Ray Kunz

Berkeley L Bunker and his wife and Assistants. This mission was very successful for me and we saw a lot of fruit from our labors. Many people were baptized under our hands and blessings come to me still from that mission. I am so thankful for the opportunity I had in Georgia, South Carolina and Alabama with those wonderful people. I had many wonderful companions and met many wonderful members and non-members alike.

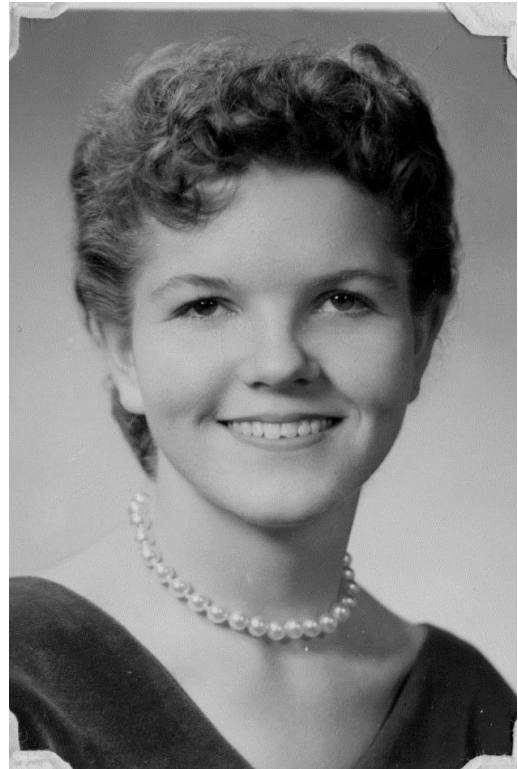
Following my service in the military and my missionary activities, I met and married Joyce Sheffield from Kaysville, Utah. She started school at Brigham Young the same year I did - 1958. She has been the joy of my life.

I went to Brigham Young University and majored in sociology. From Brigham Young, I received a Bachelor of Science degree and a Master's Degree in sociology. I had been accepted into law school in Harvard University, The University of California at Berkeley and at the University of Chicago. Those offers were wonderful but I decided on sociology instead and went to the University of Michigan, from which I received a Doctor's Degree of Philosophy in 1967. I probably would have enjoyed law as well, but at the time I really enjoyed sociology and to this day I think that I made the correct decision.

I taught at the University of Michigan, Eastern Michigan University at Ypsilanti and down town Detroit. From Michigan we, Joyce and our two small children, Jay and Jenifer, went to the University of Wyoming for a year and then had a very attractive offer to teach at Brigham Young University, where I taught until I retired in 2002.

Teaching and doing research was a joy for me and I think that I was quite successful with each of these streams of activity at Brigham Young. My biography appears in several compilations such as Who's Who In America, American Men of Science, and a number of other such compilations. This has not given me the "big head," but has been something for my parents to observe and be happy that I amounted to something for all of the food they fed me.

This profession has allowed me to present research findings in many different countries to various professional groups. It was always a pleasure to have me wife with me in some of these travels. At this time I have been in forty-eight different countries, mostly to deliver talks or reports on my research. At one time I was invited by the Unification Church to give a lecture, along with twenty other professors, in Japan, Korea and the Philippines. I spoke on the restoration of the church in this last



**Joyce Sheffield**

dispensation. These reports were also published in numerous scientific journals.

To this point I have not mentioned my wife, but this is the most important part of me and of my life. While at Brigham Young as a student I met Joyce Sheffield. I was giving a talk at Mutual on a Tuesday night in the David O. McKay Building when this lovely young girl came into the back of room, having just moved into our ward area. I knew as I first saw her that she would be my wife. We dated and I proposed -- she says seven times -- and finally she accepted and we were married in March 18, 1960 in the Salt Lake Temple by President ElRae L. Christensen.

Joyce came from Kaysville, Utah and has a strong family and gospel background. Her parents were Kenneth Heber Sheffield and Lucile Beck Sheffield. She is always happy, is positive and smiles a lot and people like to be around her. She also graduated from Brigham Young University with a degree in Elementary Education.

She has held almost every position for women in the Church at the Ward and Stake levels. Her first calling as the Primary President came just after we were married in the Manavu Ward in Provo, Utah.



Joyce and Phillip at their reception

Joyce and I have had five children. Jay married Becky Neumann,, Jenifer, Jody married Bryan Roberts, Johnathan married Amy Rich and Jana married Glen Porter. At this time we count twenty-one grandchildren, who bring us a lot of happiness. All of our children and their spouses are active and serve in the church. They all have graduated from BYU.

Our family, Jenifer, and the four wonderful people who married four of our children have all thought education was important and have been blessed to obtain three Ph.D's, one M.D., one Executive MBA, one MBA, five Master's, and twelve Bachelor Degrees. We now have one granddaughter at BYU and one grandson, who just returned from Iraq in the Military.

Missions have been significant for our children as well. Jay went to Germany, Frankfurt; Jenifer to

## Chapter 11 Phillip Ray Kunz

Uruguay, Montevideo; Johnathan to Germany, Munich and Jana to Hong Kong. Jody's husband, Bryan Roberts went to New Mexico and Jana's husband, Glen, went to Los Angeles -- Chinese speaking.

Joyce has always been supportive of my career and Church activity. We served two missions together -- one in Louisiana, as Mission President, and one to the Russia Moscow South Mission in the country of Belarus as Director of the Humanitarian Work. Both of these missions were an outstanding series of events for us and have blessed our lives immensely. In addition to these missions, I have enjoyed all of my Church callings such as President of Deacon and Teacher Quorums, Elders Quorum President, High Priest Group Leader, teacher of various classes, Bishop's Counselor, Branch President, Bishop, High Counselor, Counselor in Stake Presidency, Mission President and at this time I am a counselor in our home ward Bishopric.

I have loved to serve and hope that I might have made some contribution that will be of lasting worth to someone. Life has been wonderful for me and the Lord blessed me with the best parents, wife and children and grandchildren.



**Sister Joyce Sheffield Kunz and Elder Phillip R. Kunz in Belarus, Russia South**

## Chapter 11 Phillip Ray Kunz

One of my research projects, a study of the interaction of different social classes, was published and then provided an invitation to appear on the television program, "To Tell The Truth." Joyce and I spent a few days in New York City at the Show's expense. As it turned out, the panel was stumped and I won some money and prizes.



***back:*** Jenifer Kunz, Jody Kunz Roberts, Bryan Roberts, Glen Porter, Jana Kunz Porter, Amy Rich Kunz, Johnathan Kunz, Jay Kunz, Rebecca Neumann Kunz ***third row:*** Heidi Kunz, Mallory Roberts, Joyce Sheffield Kunz, Phillip Kunz, Rachel Kunz, Kristina Kunz ***second row:*** Paul Kunz, Parker Roberts, Coulson Kunz, Brigham Porter, Parley Kunz, Kate Porter, Jane Porter, Logan Roberts ***front:*** Alice Porter, Jameson Kunz, Adam Kunz, Clayton Roberts, Adelaide Kunz, Truman Porter, Lucy Porter

Chapter 11 Phillip Ray Kunz



**Phillip on the television program: To Tell the Truth**



**Parley and Hilda Kunz, Lucile and Kenneth Sheffield - Our Parents**



**Jody Kunz Roberts, Johnathan Kunz, Jenifer Kunz, Jay Kunz *front:* Phillip, Joyce Sheffield Kunz, Jana Kunz**

## Chapter 11 Phillip Ray Kunz



**Bern Winter at Kunz Home**



**Phillip Ran for the State Legislature and Phillip Lost**



## Chapter 11 Phillip Ray Kunz

While at Brigham Young University, early in the 1970's, I was invited by President Gordon B. Hinckley, to do some research for a committee organized to defeat a "liquor by the drink" initiative in Utah. The committee included Elder Hinckley, James E. Faust (then not a General Authority), Wendell Ashton, and two men who were not members of the Church: B. Z. Kastler of Mountain Fuel Company and James VanWagenen, with the savings and loan industry.

I did research for that committee, which assisted in the ultimate defeat of the initiative which, if passed, would have allowed liquor by the drink in Utah. That experience was most enjoyable for me as I had complete autonomy in what I did and was respected by those men on the committee.

During my early tenure at Brigham Young, I was often asked for information about the demographic characteristics of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Often those inquiries came from the Church itself. I proposed annual studies by competent researchers, which eventually led to the permanent inclusion of social scientists within the structure of the organization, who do continuous studies regarding various issues of interest to the Church.

The books I have written about the history of the Kunz and Stoor sides of our family have been very important to me and I think have made a contribution to the various branches of the family.

Perhaps the most significant activity for me has been the interaction with our children and grandchildren and the travels we have been on together. These times together have strengthened our family and blessed our lives. The foundation of all of this is the gospel of Jesus Christ and His life and atonement has been a major blessing to me. I am so grateful to our Heavenly Father for this earth, the plan of salvation and for allowing me to be here.



Chapter 11 Phillip Ray Kunz



***back:*** Rao Dunford, Virginia Kunz, Gary Kunz, Charles Kunz, Shirley Alleman, Arlo Kunz, Dianne Steckler ***front:*** Phillip Kunz, Marlene Kunz, Larry Alleman, Gerealdine Kunz, Owen Kunz, Connie Schmid, Ivins Schmid

## Jay Phillip Kunz

### **Jay Phillip Kunz 1961   Rebecca C Neumann 1964**

Matthew Jay Kunz 1987

Rachel Rebecca Kunz 1989

Kristina Kunz 1993

Heidi Elizabeth Kunz 1995

Paul Phillip Kunz 1999

Adam Kunz 2003

My name is Jay Phillip Kunz. I was born January 4, 1961 in Provo, Utah, the first-born child of Phillip Ray and Joyce Sheffield Kunz. In my early childhood, our family moved to Ann Arbor, Michigan, where Dad received his PhD in Sociology and I attended Kindergarten. It was nice that Mom was always at home, when I got home from school. She was very good at sewing clothes, including a nice suit that my boys have had the chance to wear a generation later. Some of my earliest memories are of the outdoors in Michigan – the playground with the slide and squeaky swings, the large, heavy pinecones, the musty smell of autumn, the crunchy, kaleidoscope of fallen leaves, and the beautiful, white snow. I remember watching the children's show, "The Friendly Giant," on the old black and white TV. My parents were not too happy when I cut open a feather pillow and spread the feathers all around. When all my friends were flying kites, Dad let me fly one using the line attached to his fishing pole. It flew quite high and our picture ended up in the newspaper.

A year later, when Dad had graduated and we had moved to Laramie, Wyoming, we built on our previous kite-flying success and used 5½ miles of fishing line to fly a kite to an altitude of between 22,000 and 28,000 feet, setting the world record for highest altitude for a single kite, according to the Guinness Book of World Records. I remember being afraid of the big dog as I walked to 1<sup>st</sup> Grade. I won a coloring contest and a check for \$2.00. Another highlight of my time in Wyoming included climbing out of my bedroom window, using a sheet from my bed, but being unable to climb back in. Once, Jenifer and I tried to stow away in back of the car, when my Dad and uncle were going fishing, but we got caught and dejectedly walked the one block home. The big blizzard of 1967-1968 was exciting for us as children in Laramie, because school was closed for several days. We built tunnels in the snow, while Dad got a good workout shoveling 5 feet of snow from the driveway. In the early summer, Mom went to the hospital and a few days later, she brought home our new sister, Jody, who had a lot of dark hair. Jenifer wanted to know if she was Chinese. It turns out she was not.

After our year in Wyoming, we moved back to Provo, where Dad taught Sociology at Brigham Young University. At age 8, I was baptized by my Dad, who was Bishop of the BYU 22<sup>nd</sup> Ward.

## Chapter 11 Phillip Ray Kunz

At a Ward picnic, I couldn't understand how I asked for a "medium" steak, but was given a "large" one instead. As a second grader, I had to get glasses and still remember the embarrassment of returning to school with dilated pupils and having to wear the dark cardboard glasses to class. I won a set of World Book Encyclopedia for sending in a question to "Ask Andy" in the newspaper. The question was, "How do silk worms spin silk?" Another exciting event at this time of my life was our family getting a piano. I took lessons for nearly 10 years. I appreciate Mom's patience and encouragement in helping me develop a love for music.

Our new home in the foothills of Provo provided a beautiful view of the temple and Utah Lake for many years, until neighboring houses blocked much of the view. I enjoyed going trout fishing with Dad and his Sociology colleagues at Strawberry Reservoir. What a thrill it was when my fishing pole would suddenly bend in half and I would struggle to reel in a large rainbow trout. I knew that Mom would cook a delicious meal of fresh trout that evening.

Throughout my youth, our family visited all 48 states, Mexico, and Canada. It was such an exciting time to travel with the family and be able to see so many of our Heavenly Father's beautiful creations and learn about different cultures. Often, we would travel to Bern, Idaho. I always enjoyed going to visit Grandpa and Grandma Kunz and our other relatives there. In the summer, we would get to ride the horse, Midget. In the winter, the snow was always deep. I remember going to bed upstairs and sleeping, toasty warm, under five or six quilts that Grandma had made. In the morning, I would awaken to the smell of fresh homemade bread. Nothing could beat the taste of that bread with Grandma's huckleberry jam. Grandpa and Grandma were such great examples and so patient and loving. They helped others in so many ways, including serving a full-time mission. Grandpa once told me that the most important decision I would make would be who I marry and where I get married. I tried to follow his advice.

After graduating from Timpview High School in Provo, becoming an Eagle Scout and I attending and one semester of BYU I received my mission call to the Germany Frankfurt Mission. I loved my mission, the German people and the German language. Following my mission, I traveled with Mom and Dad to Switzerland, to see the area where the Kunz family came from and actually met some relatives who still live there. We also traveled to London where my Sheffield ancestors came from. That was an experience I will never forget. I majored in German at BYU and met my eternal companion, Rebecca Neumann in the BYU German Folkdance Club.

Rebecca and I were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple August 17, 1985. Soon, we were blessed with a son, Matthew. Rebecca graduated with a Bachelor's Degree in Accounting and I received a Bachelor's Degree in German and a Master's Degree in Language Acquisition.

We then moved to Austin, Texas in 1989, where I continued my education, earning a Master's Degree in German and a PhD in Foreign Language Education. While in Austin, our three lovely

## Chapter 11 Phillip Ray Kunz

southern belles, Rachel, Kristina, and Heidi were born.

In 1997, we moved to Starkville, Mississippi, where I worked at Mississippi State University as an Assistant Professor of German and Director of the Language Media Center. In Starkville, our two sons, Paul and Adam were born.

We left Starkville in 2004, spent a wonderful year in Provo with Mom and Dad, and then moved to Seaside, California, where I currently work at the Defense Language Institute.

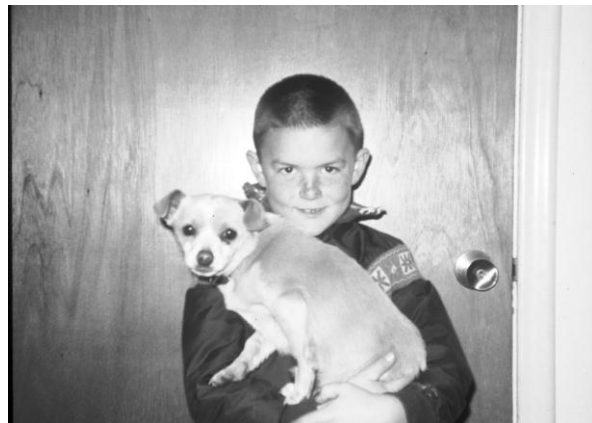
I feel blessed and proud to be a grandson of Parley and Hilda Kunz, a son of Phillip and Joyce Kunz, husband of Rebecca, and father of Matthew, Rachel, Kristina, Heidi, Paul, and Adam. I hope to be able to remember the rich heritage of my ancestors and build upon that legacy for my descendants.



**Matthew, Rachel, Jay, Rebecca, Kristina, Heidi, front: Paul, Adam Kunz**



**Jay Kunz Ph.D.**



Chapter 11 Phillip Ray Kunz



**Jay Kunz**



**Phillip and Jay Kunz**

## Jenifer Kunz 1963

Jenifer Kunz is my name. I was born to goodly parents, Phillip Ray and Joyce Sheffield Kunz, on January 13, 1963 in Evanston, Wyoming. It was -38 degrees below zero (without the wind-chill). It is still a record low today. I am the 2<sup>nd</sup> of 5 children.



Our family moved to Michigan, Ann Arbor, where we lived for four years while my dad completed his PhD in sociology at the University of Michigan. My older brother, Jay Phillip Kunz, was born on January 4, 1961. We had so much fun growing up and were the best of friends. Once I was standing up on my tricycle seat and an older neighborhood boy, Toddick, pushed me off the tricycle seat. My older brother knocked Toddick's ice cream cone out of his hand to stick up for me. What a great brother!

We moved in 1967 to Laramie, Wyoming where my awesome little sister, Jody Kunz Roberts was born on June 1, 1968. She had piles and piles of dark hair. I asked my mom if Jody was Chinese. On November 21, 1967 my Dad and Jay set the world record for kite flying. They flew the 19 cent paper kite 28,000 feet. It is still a record today, according to the Guinness Book of

World Records. My grandpa, Kenneth Heber Sheffield, died in 1968 when I was 5 years old. He was a great man.

In the summer of 1968, we moved to Provo, Utah, and lived at 1132 N. 800 W. When I was five years old, I attended kindergarten at Grandview Elementary School and half of first grade. On January 13, 1970, we moved to 3040 Navajo Lane into a new home my parents had built where I attended Edgemont Elementary School for the rest of my elementary school days.

## Chapter 11 Phillip Ray Kunz

I was baptized on January 30, 1971, by my dad, Phillip Ray Kunz, in the Jesse Knight Building on Brigham Young University campus. My dad was currently serving as Bishop of the BYU 22<sup>nd</sup> Ward in the BYU Second Stake and I was confirmed a member on January 31, 1971, also by my Dad.

My great little brother, Johnathan Kenneth Kunz, was born on February 12, 1971. He has always been my friend too. My awesome little sister, Jana Kunz Porter, came along on August 1, 1972. I attended Farrer Junior High school for 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> grade. This school is located on Center Street in Provo, Utah.

For several weeks during the summer in between 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> grade, Jay and I stayed at Grandpa and Grandma Kunz's house. We got to paint the chicken coop and the fence around their house. I am sure that Grandpa was surprised when I washed out the brush in the water trough.

I have many great memories growing up. We all had so much fun growing up together. We camped a lot in our little tent trailer and traveled all over the U.S. We worked hard, played hard, and had fun together. I came to learn and understand that the family is the most important and most influential social institution in the world. We all play the piano too.

I graduated from Timpview High School and LDS Seminary in 1981. High school was a blast. I was involved in many activities and have many dear friends. I played on the volleyball team during all four years of high school. I was the co-captain and also received the *Most Valuable Player* award when I was a senior. I was on the track team for two years too.

I attended Brigham Young University (BYU) before my LDS mission to Uruguay, Montevideo during 1984-1985. I loved my mission and the people of Uruguay.

My grandpa Kunz, Parley Peter Kunz, died in October of 1983. He was a great man. I received my mission call after he had his stroke, from which he eventually died. After his stroke, I visited him at the hospital in Montpelier, Idaho, and was finally able to be alone in the room with him. The nurse said he may not be able to hear what I was saying to him. I grabbed my grandpa's hand and told him that I had received my mission call to the Uruguay, Montevideo Mission. I felt my grandpa squeeze my hand. I know that he could hear me and knew that I had received my mission call. He died a few days later. Living abroad for 18 months in Uruguay gave me a deeper understanding that people are more similar than different.

My grandma Kunz, Hilda Irene Stoor, was a great woman. She had 13 children and was tiny. She would go down the slides at our Kunz family summer reunions all of the time. I thought this was really cool. She died when I was on my mission in Uruguay in January of 1985.

My grandma Sheffield, Lucile B. Sheffield, died in 1988. She was a great woman. She always

traveled everywhere when I was growing up and it gave me the desire to see the world.

When I returned from my mission on 1985, I attended BYU. I graduated from BYU in 1987 with a double major in Sociology and Spanish. In 1989, I received my Masters Degree in Sociology. I also received my Ph.D. in Sociology from BYU in 1994 and I began teaching at West Texas A&M University in 1993. I am a Professor of Sociology and currently serve as the Department Head at West Texas A&M University.

In 1998, I traveled with my Dad and older brother, Jay, to the west coast of Finland to see where the Stoors - my Grandma's side of the family - came from. We were able to see the areas where our relatives walked and lived. I was able to return in 2000 with my parents to explore the area in greater detail and meet some cousins. I would like to

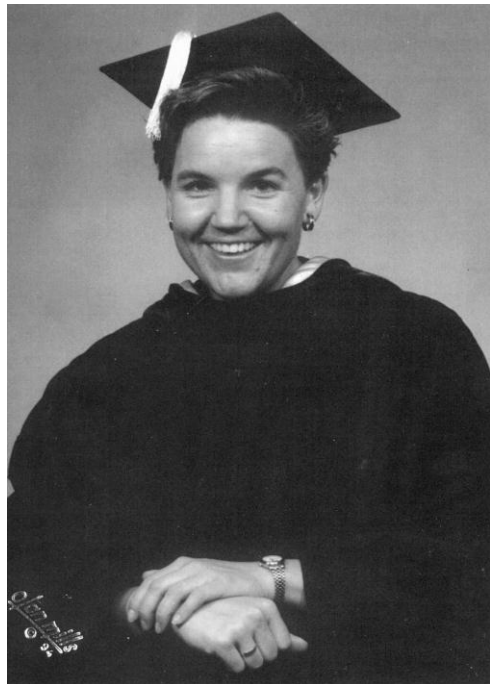


**Jenifer's mission photo -1983**

return to this area soon.

I have written three different books. The most recent book, *THINK: Marriages and Families*, was published in 2010 by Pearson Education, Inc. I have been to over 30 countries and all 50 states. Some of my favorite places include Machu Picchu, Jerusalem, the Norwegian fjords,

the Great Barrier Reef, Delicate Arch, Lake Moraine, Finland, Montevideo, Mount Timpanogos, and Mount Denali National Park in Alaska. My travels around the globe have expanded my understanding of families and people.



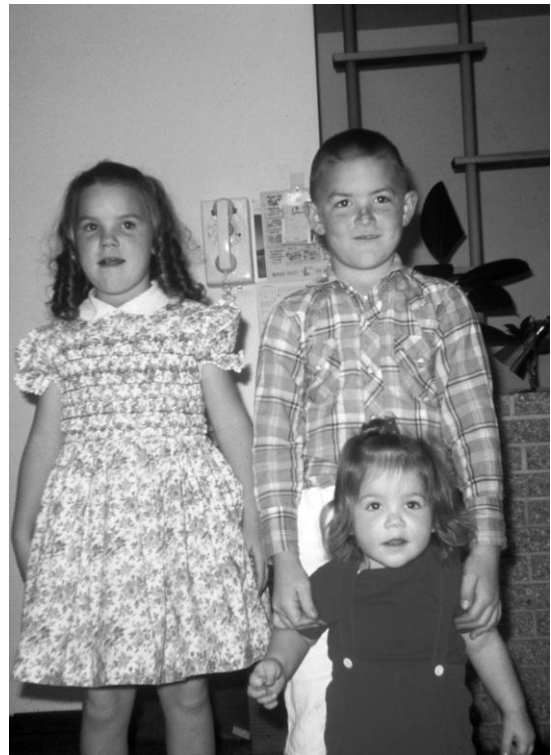
**Jenifer Kunz Ph.D. - 1994**

I am currently in the Relief Society Presidency. I play the piano. I enjoy the outdoors, miss the mountains, love the sea and snorkeling and enjoy the openness of the plains. I like to ride mountain bikes. I collect clipper ships, old books and jokes. I like to spend time with my awesome nieces and nephews. I am a favorite aunt.





**Jody, Parley and Jenifer on Midget**



**Jenifer, Jay and Jody Kunz**

## Jody Kunz Roberts

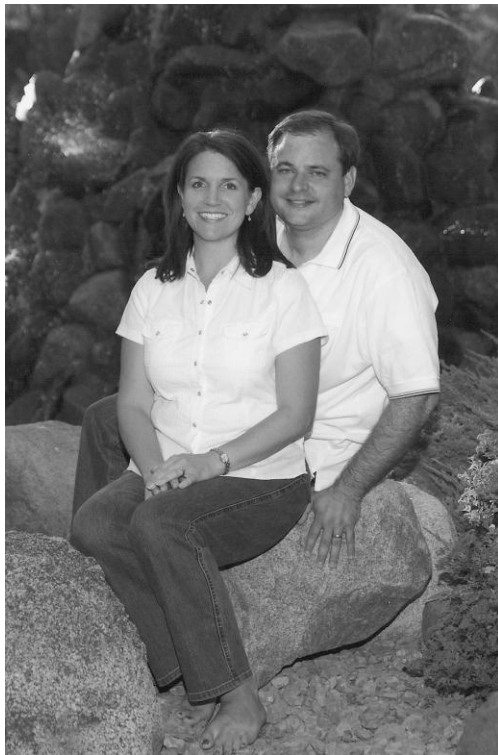
**Jody Kunz 1968   Bryan Jeffery Roberts 1969**

Mallory Roberts 1994

Logan Jeffery Roberts 1996

Parker John Roberts 1999

Clayton Thomas Roberts 2002



**Jody and Bryan Roberts**

My name is Jody Kunz Roberts. I was born to Phillip and Joyce S. Kunz on June 1, 1968 in Laramie, Wyoming. I am the 3<sup>rd</sup> of 5 children. We moved to Provo, Utah when I was three months old.

I went to Edgemont Elementary School in Provo. My favorite teacher was my 2<sup>nd</sup> grade teacher, Mrs. Smith. I was the 6<sup>th</sup> grade historian and also was in the 6<sup>th</sup> grade play “A Midsummer’s Night Dream.”

We would enter all sorts of things we made each summer in the Utah County Fair. We would enter fresh vegetables, jams, pickles, and crafts. One year I entered some flowers that I had grown. I was careful to arrange them nicely in the vase. They did the judging the first day. I won the grand prize. They had a big trophy by my flowers. I went a few days later to look at the flowers and they had all died because I had forgotten to put water in the vase. Here were my dead flowers with the grand prize sitting next to all the other live flowers that didn’t win. I will always remember to keep water in the flowers.

I went to Farrer Jr. High and Timpview High School in Provo. I was elected Junior Class Secretary and enjoyed serving my class mates. My first road trip with friends was driving to Lake Tahoe one summer to go to a student council camp. We left Provo early in the morning and while driving through the salt flats outside of Salt Lake City decided it would be fun to drive on the flats. Little did we know our car would be too heavy and sink in. We had to flag down a semi truck to pull us out.

## Chapter 11 Phillip Ray Kunz

After graduating from Timpview, I started attending BYU. I went to school for one year then took a year off to be a nanny for a family with 3 children in Chappaqua, New York. I enjoyed my time in a different part of the country. It was fun to take the train into New York City and explore all it had to offer. I especially enjoyed going to Broadway shows and going shopping.

I met my soon to be husband, Bryan Jeffery Roberts, in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Bryan had just returned home from his LDS mission to New Mexico. I was visiting my parents for the summer while they were the Mission President in Baton Rouge.

While attending BYU, I worked on the grounds crew for a summer then landed a job in the library where I worked for 3 years. I had a lot of fun at that job. I finished my BS degree in Clothing and Textiles from BYU. I started my own business doing clothing alterations. It was a great way to bring in a little extra money.

Bryan and I were married in the Atlanta Georgia LDS Temple on May 17, 1991. Never did I think I would be married in Georgia when I grew up and lived in Utah. We wanted to get married in Georgia so my father and mother could come to my wedding as they had Mission President meetings that weekend in Georgia. (My parents were still Mission President's at that time).

After graduating from BYU, I worked in the Human Resource Dept. at NuSkin International in Provo, Utah. I was able to help organize the grading and compensation structure of all the jobs at NuSkin. I especially enjoyed working with the compensation aspect of the company. I worked there for 6 years.



**Mallory, Bryan, Parker, Jody, Clayton, Logan Roberts**

In 1994, our daughter Mallory was born in Provo while my husband was finishing his Bachelor's degree in Finance. It was exciting to have our first child. What a blessing to have a baby girl.

While my husband was getting his MBA from BYU we had our second child, Logan in 1996. We were excited to have another child and this time a boy.

One year later, we moved to Topeka, Kansas where Bryan worked for Payless Shoe Source. We enjoyed our 9 years in Kansas and met some wonderful people. We were heavily involved with the PTO at our elementary school in Kansas. We enjoyed serving the children and teachers at the school. We also had 2 more children there, Parker born in 1999 and Clayton in 2002. What a blessing to have two more boys.

In 2006 we uprooted our family and moved to Lakeville, Minnesota. Bryan got a job for a

## Chapter 11 Phillip Ray Kunz

grocery wholesaler, Nash Finch. We have loved living here. The climate is wonderful. We love the summers that are on the cooler side. We have enjoyed the cold winters. We love the snow and all the winter activities that come along with it.

Our family has embraced the geo-caching craze. We love to go on the treasure hunts and usually find the “cache” at the end. This year our family won first place and got the trophy for finding all of the caches first. We also enjoy going on road trips together. We have been to most states as a family and even went to Alaska last year - 2009.

I have had the opportunity to travel the world: Peru, China, and 12 other countries. I enjoy learning about other cultures. I also enjoy reading, sewing and more importantly being a wife and mother. We are active in our LDS church. At this time I am enjoying being the Relief Society President in our Ward. It is great to serve these wonderful people.



**Jody Kunz Roberts, B.S. Brigham Young University -**



**Jody Kunz Roberts**

Chapter 11 Phillip Ray Kunz



**Jody in Logan Canyon**



**Dress Jody made for herself**



**Jody Kunz Roberts, Bryan Roberts, *front*: Logan, Parker, Clayton, Mallory**



**Jody Kunz**



## Johnathan Kenneth Kunz

**Johnathan K Kunz 1971**

**Amy Rich Kunz 1973**

Coulson Johnathan Kunz 1999

Parley Ray Kunz 200

Jameson 2001

Adelaide Kunz 2006

Ella Kunz 2008

Johnathan Kenneth Kunz: Born Feb 12, 1971

The Lord has blessed me throughout my life. There is no doubt in my mind that He lives and is aware and of what each of us need to experience in order to develop and one day return to Him and our Father in Heaven someday.

Since my childhood, I have been grateful for the family in which I was raised. My name has special meaning to me as I was named after several John's in my father's ancestry and Kenneth after my Grandfather Sheffield. My parents have always been good to me as well as my older brother and three sisters. My childhood memories are filled with experiences we had as a family including camping, visiting grandparents, family trips to virtually all of the 48 continental states including Mexico and Canada. I remember picking apples at the welfare farm, ripping up old carpet at the church to make way for new, rebuilding the engine of our '50 Chevrolet, hunting and family home evening.

My parents have been great supporters of me. I grew up knowing I could do anything I set out to do. My father taught me his belief that if others could gain certain skills, he could as well. That developed a belief in me that anything is possible. As I child, I had the desire to play the violin. My parents provided me with a violin, a teacher, and the support to keep me diligent at practicing. Little did I know I would have the opportunity to perform with a local youth orchestra in Carnegie Hall. My parents and family traveled to New York City to be there with me.

Since my childhood, my parents taught me the importance of being a leader in choosing good and not merely following the pack. While far from perfect, that helped me with my decision making as a youth. I became an Eagle Scout, graduated from Seminary and from Timpview High school in 1989.

Throughout my childhood, I had the feeling I would serve in Germany on my mission. It wasn't



## Chapter 11 Phillip Ray Kunz

until I was waiting for my call that I even began to consider that perhaps I would not be called there. I was called to serve in the Germany Munich Mission from 1990-1992 and had a wonderful experience teaching good people from Germany as well as Eastern Europe and Africa. I am forever grateful for the two years I spent in the Lord's service. It was especially meaningful to be serving my mission as my parents served a mission in Louisiana where my father had been called as mission president.

I studied European Studies and German at BYU from 1992-1996. In addition, I had the opportunity to study a semester at the BYU Jerusalem Center for Near Eastern Studies in fall of 1992. Outside of my mission, I count that experience as the highlight of my personal development.

While at BYU, I worked several summers as a counselor in the "Especially for Youth program." I found a special joy working with youth and recognized how much the Lord loves them. Additionally, I met Amy Rich, another counselor who became my wife on May 23, 1996. We were sealed that day in the Salt Lake Temple. Amy is the joy of my life.

During our first four years of marriage, Amy and I served in a freshman ward at BYU. She served as an advisor to the Relief Society presidency and I as a counselor in the bishopric. Amy finished school at BYU as a dance education major, as I taught a couple hours of seminary while working full-time for a small international company. The two of us backpacked in Western Europe for three weeks. Upon our return, the small start-up company I worked for had shut its doors. I spent several months in odd jobs while I looked for full-time employment. In retrospect, this time without work helped me to trust in the Lord and develop empathy for those who are unemployed. I began to work for Nu Skin Enterprises, based out of Provo, Utah in 1997 and am presently employed there.



**Ella, Amy, Johnathan, Adelaide front: Coulson, Parley, Jameson**

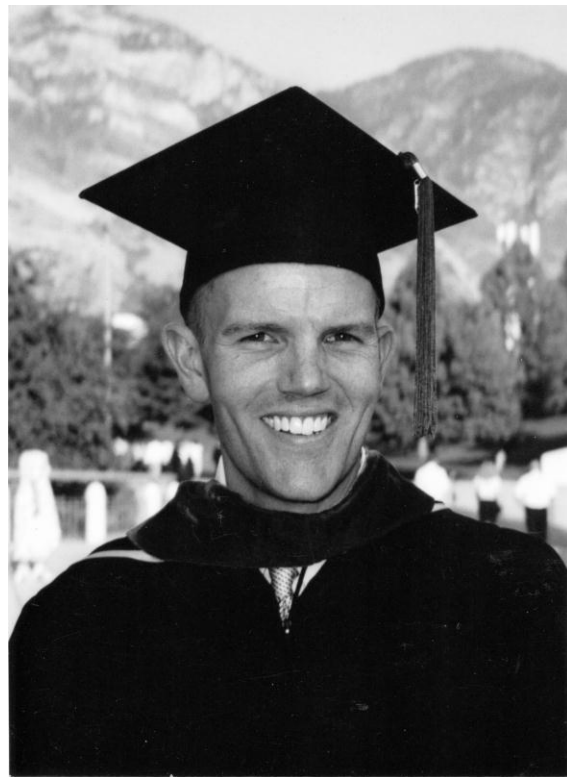
## Chapter 11 Phillip Ray Kunz

We built our first home in Pleasant Grove Utah and shortly thereafter, on June 17, 1999, Coulson Johnathan Kunz was born to us. He is named after his 4<sup>th</sup> great-grandfather Apostle Charles Coulson Rich. Shortly thereafter, I entered the executive MBA program at BYU so I could continue to work. Juggling my responsibilities with my family, work, school, and church callings was challenging but we were happy. Prior to graduation, Parley Ray Kunz was born to us on July 20, 2001. He is named after his Great Grandpa Parley Kunz and Grandpa Phillip Ray Kunz.

Jameson Rich Kunz was born on December 11, 2003. He is named after his Jameson ancestry. Within 3 months, we had moved to Taiwan in March 2004 where I was assigned as the assistant General Manager for Nu Skin. Initially, we accepted a two year assignment. Eventually it became four years. Our family had a great experience in Taiwan. We love the people there. Long work days, getting home a few minutes before the boys went to bed was the usual schedule. Taking advantage of breakfast-time and weekends made the difference. We enjoyed spending Christmas and family travel in Indonesia, Thailand, the Philippines, China and Hong Kong in addition to our summers in Utah visiting family. Our Taiwan experience was highlighted by our first daughter, Adelaide Kunz, being born there on Dec 2, 2006. She is named after her 4<sup>th</sup> great-grandmother Sarah Adelaide Wilmer Sheffield.

In 2008, our family moved back to the United States and into our current home in Lehi, Utah. We live in a great neighborhood with wonderful people and lots of children. Our last daughter, Ella Kunz was born on October 11, 2008 and named after her 3<sup>rd</sup> great-grandmothers who both shared the same name.

We are grateful to be a part of the Kunz family.

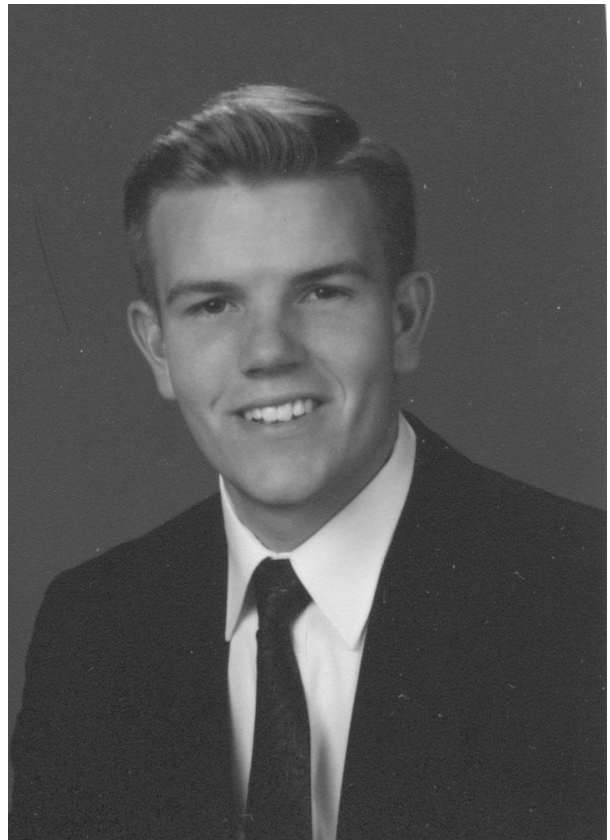


**Johnathan Kenneth Kunz, MBA**

Chapter 11 Phillip Ray Kunz



**Johnathan Kunz**



**Johnathan Kenneth Kunz**



**Johnathan and Jana Kunz**



**Johnathan Kunz**

# **Jana Kunz Porter**

**Jana Kunz 1972 Glen Terris Porter 1971**

Kate Porter 1998  
Jane Porter 2000  
Brigham Glen Porter 2001  
Truman Kunz Porter 2002  
Alice Porter 2005  
Lucy Porter 2007

My name is Jana Kunz Porter. I am the 62<sup>nd</sup> grandchild out of 63 of Parley and Hilda Kunz. I am the youngest child of Phillip and Joyce Sheffield Kunz. I was born in Provo, Utah on Aug 1, 1972. My childhood was spent in Provo, Utah where I always lived in the same house.

I had a great childhood. We had lots of family activities that I enjoyed. Summers were full of camping trips, traveling and going to our cabin. I also participated in a wide variety of sports throughout my childhood. I played baseball, basketball, and soccer. I participated in gymnastics, clogging, dancing, baton twirling, cheerleading, violin, track, and piano playing. I also was involved in sewing and cooking and really enjoyed that. In high school, I participated in student government as the Public Relations officer.

I remember going up to Bern throughout my childhood. I loved sleeping upstairs. I would always sit on a top step at night and watch the adults play Rook. Grandma was a wonderful grandma. She always made me feel so comfortable. She was a great cook. I remember giving Grandpa hugs. He was a tender grandpa. I loved going to visit them and to play with the cousins. I always hated having to leave.

When I was 15 years old, I went to Japan as an exchange student for a summer. That was a great experience. I lived with the Yamamoto family. Later, when I was studying at BYU, I returned to Japan to teach English for a summer. Afterward, I was able to go to Europe and travel to many different countries while backpacking.

During my attendance at BYU, I worked at Nu Skin International in the mail room and then as an executive assistant. Later, I became a Teacher's Assistant for a food science and nutrition professor. I also worked for the Especially for Youth Program for five years. After I graduated from BYU as a Registered Dietician, I became the Clinic Director of Women, Infants Children (WIC) in the South Eastern Area of Utah. Later, in Galveston Texas, I worked in a Adult Day Care facility in charge of the medical diets for the clients there.

## Chapter 11 Phillip Ray Kunz

The most important thing in my life is my family and the gospel of Jesus Christ. The teachings of the Savior give me direction and a clear and bright future. I know that God lives and loves and cares deeply for each one of us. I know that Jesus Christ is the Savior of the world and that he lives. I hope that each one of us can try our best to live each day the best we can. I know the plan of salvation is real and that we one day will stand and witness for our lives. I am grateful for the blessings of the temple that will allow our family to live together someday.

I graduated from Timpview High school in 1990. I then attended Brigham Young University and graduated in 1997 with a BS in Dietetics. During my time at BYU I was able to study abroad at the BYU Jerusalem Center for Near Eastern Studies and also in Nanjing, China. When I was studying at BYU, I was able to study abroad at the Jerusalem Center for Near Eastern Studies. This was a great experience. I love the Holy Land and was able to return there two other times. That has been a wonderful experience and has strong influence on my life.

I served a mission for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in the Hong Kong Mission speaking Cantonese from 1992-1993.

On March 5, 1998, I married Glen Terris Porter in the Salt Lake City Temple. Glen was born on February 21, 1971 in Mesa, Arizona. He grew up in Pinetop – Lakeside, AZ. He served an LDS mission to Arcadia, California, speaking Mandarin Chinese. We were married during his second year of medical school. He attended medical school at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C. and graduated in 2000. He completed his residency at the University of Texas Medical Branch in Galveston, TX in Otolaryngology, Head & Neck Surgery. He subsequently served in the United States Air Force on active duty for four years in Nellis Air Force Base, Nevada in Las Vegas. Glen is working as an Ear Nose Throat Doctor in American Fork, Utah. Our family currently lives in Pleasant Grove, UT.

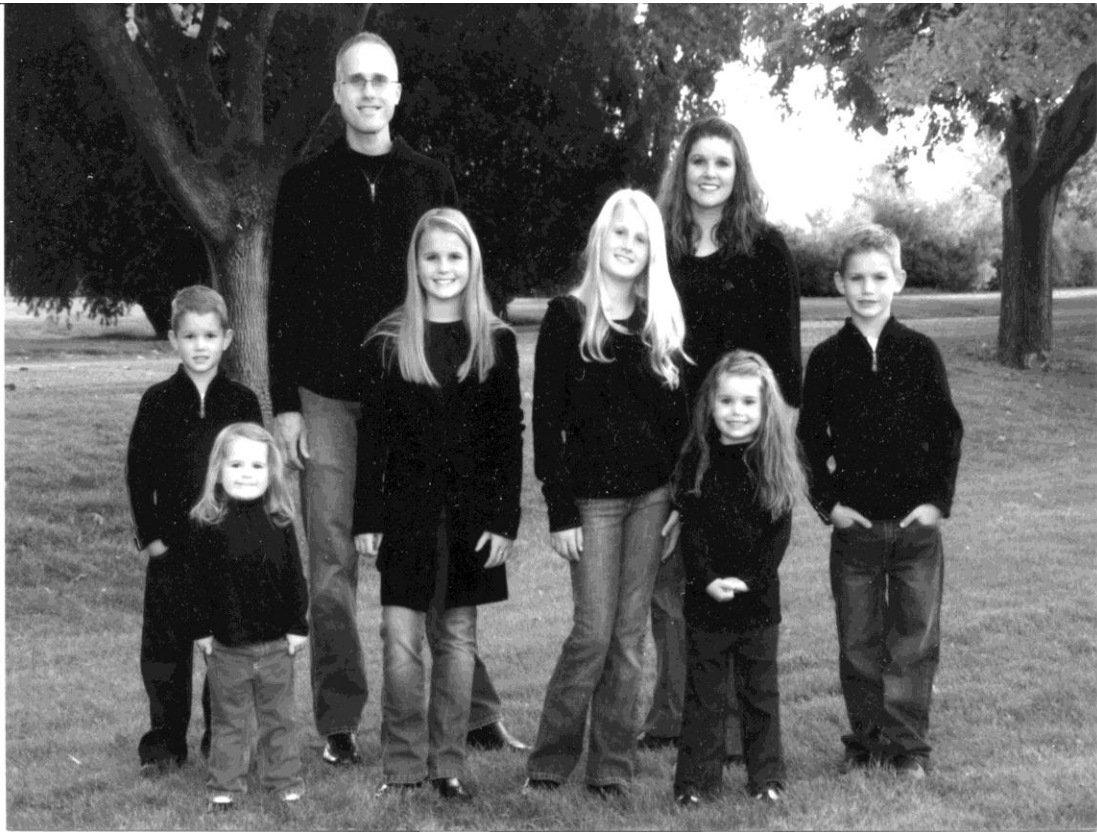
We have six beautiful children and we feel so blessed to have each one of them in our home. Kate is 11 years old and was born December 3, 1998 in Washington, D.C. She is a wonderful girl. She is so friendly and full of life and energy. She has always been good at reading and she loves to read and write stories. She also enjoys acting. She plays the piano and the harp.

Jane is 10 years old and was born January 20, 2000 in Washington, D.C. She has been a blessing to our family. She is full of love and kindness and has a tender heart. She is very talented and plays both the violin and the piano. She enjoys Art.

Brigham is 8 years old and was born July 20, 2001 in Galveston, TX. He is a wonderful young man with a great personality. He is a natural leader. Brigham is very talented with music. He is currently playing the piano. He also is a natural athlete. He enjoys football, basketball, baseball and soccer.

## Chapter 11 Phillip Ray Kunz

Truman is 7 years old and was born November 27, 2002 in Galveston, TX. He is such a kind, tender- hearted young man. He is gentle and sensitive and a lot of fun. Truman is very good at reading and also at sports. He loves to play football, basketball, baseball and soccer. He is always working with his hands and he loves fixing things with his dad. He also plays the piano.



**Porter Family: Truman, Lucy, Glen, Jane, Kate, Jana, Alice, Brigham**

Alice is 5 years old and was born March 6, 2005 in Galveston, TX. She is an adorable little girl. She is full of energy and happy. She has a cute smile and fun little giggle. Alice can be found dancing and singing wherever she goes. She is a good reader. Alice is taking dancing and tumbling and she couldn't be happier.

Lucy is 3 years old and was born March 8, 2007 at Nellis Air Force Base in Las Vegas, Nevada. She is sweet and instantly melts your heart. She has a gentle spirit and is so quick to give hugs,

## Chapter 11 Phillip Ray Kunz

kisses and say “I love you.” Lucy is very quick to learn and has seemed to catch onto letters and sounds quickly. Lucy is fun to be around. She is always happy.

Our family enjoys going on family trips together, gardening and yard work, and being active together. We like to ride bikes, run, hike and camp together. I am currently serving in our ward Primary Presidency.

We are grateful for the Savior, Jesus Christ and know that He lives. We know that the gospel has been restored on the earth today and that The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is true.

We are so thankful for the wonderful legacy that Grandpa Parley and Grandma Hilda left for us to live up too. They are wonderful examples to us of love for others and faithful service in the Kingdom. We love them so much.



**Jana Kunz**



**Jana Kunz, B.S. - BYU**





**Jana Kunz Porter**



**Phillip R. Kunz in "Sand in Their Shoes"**

Chapter Twelve

## **Eva May Kunz Berry**

**Eva May Kunz 1938**

**Charles Leonard Johnson 1935-2004**

Jackie Lin Johnson 1959   Boyd Kenneth Gruell 1958 div  
Jackie Lin Johnson 1959   Levi Oakes 1959  
Janis Lee Johnson 1960  
James Leonard Johnson 1960-1960  
Scott William Johnson 1962

**Eva May Kunz 1938**

**Garylee Berry 1938**

One of my hobbies is keeping a journal which I have done pretty faithfully for several years. I am now working on my 40th one so have a pretty detailed account of what has happened through the years. I enjoy looking through some of them occasionally and, if they serve no other purpose in the future, they can be used to start fires with and keep someone warm for a while.

I was born on Saturday, March 12, 1938 in Bern, Bear Lake County, Idaho to Parley Peter and Hilda Irene Stoor Kunz being the 11th of 13 children - 7 girls and 6 boys. I have two younger brothers so I am towards the tail end of things. When Richard and I were little tykes, father would have us practice saying all the kids names in order of their births: Fern, LaRue, Geniel, Carol, LaVaun, Dale, Naomi, Paul, Owen, Phillip, Eva, Richard and Arthur. I am sure I was loved and spoiled since there were so many ahead of me to change diapers and hold me.

I had wonderful parents who taught me to work, to strive to do what was right, and to have faith in the Lord. Membership in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was more than a Sunday requirement to go to church. We were taught to serve others and live our religion every day of the week. My parents were great examples of serving others. They were always giving and doing for neighbors and family members!

We never went on vacations when I was a kid. But we would celebrate all the holidays with family members, aunts, uncles, and cousins. We would have a couple reunions during the summer months which were always special and I have lots of good memories of them.

When I was growing up, there wasn't another girl in Bern my age so I hung out with cousins, Geraldine and Marlene Kunz and Connie Schmid. They were older than I was but they were

## Chapter 12 Eva May Kunz Berry

good to include me as much as they could. For a short time, Wanda Bills, a cousin of Gerry Kunz's, lived in Bern with them. She was my age but the rest of us were clannish and didn't include her as much as we should have. I have always felt sorry for that and wished we would have treated her better.

Marvin Schmid and Charles Buhler were my age and attended school with me over the years. Marvin was a big tease and occasionally had me in tears. He would put an "s" mark on my paperwork or pull my pigtails or do other things to make me cry. As we got a little older he got nicer! When we would get off the bus after school was out, he would invite Richard and me into his home and make us eggnogs.



**Eva Kunz**

Marvin's mother, Aunt Nellie, would usually have hot bread sitting out on the cupboard to cool off. The three of us would sometimes scarf down a loaf after we smothered the slices with butter and jam. She never complained or got after us but would just smile and let us continue on. She was such a good, kind woman. Uncle Rob was special also.

One of my favorite memories as a child was when father would let Richard and I sit on his lap at night before we would go to bed and read from Uncle Arthur's Bedtime Stories. This was such a special, close time with him and we would always ask him to read just one more! Then he'd give us a kiss and tell us to go give our mother a kiss goodnight. She was usually sitting close by crocheting or knitting or doing something with her hands. She never let them sit idle!

I attended the First through Eighth grades in Bern then four years of high school in Montpelier. I liked going to school and got good grades for the most part, when I studied

and applied myself. Of course, when I sloughed off, I got some not-so-good grades! I especially liked English, history, geography, bookkeeping, spelling, typing but math was always a little hard for me. That is a little bizarre since I ended up being a bookkeeper for most of my adult life!

Some of the places I have lived include: Idaho Falls, Pocatello, Dingle Idaho, Salt Lake City, Clarkston, Washington and Lewiston Idaho. Some of the places I have worked include being a car hop at Wee Amble Inn in Pocatello for Grandma Galloway before I got out of high school. Then after high school graduation, I worked as a secretary/bookkeeper for the Atomic Energy

## Chapter 12 Eva May Kunz Berry

Commission, Johnston Pump Company, and Homer-Koster Insurance Company in Idaho Falls.



**Eva Kunz**

counselor in both organizations along with being Relief Society President. I worked in the Spokane Temple and served a mission with Garylee in Lewiston, Idaho, for 18 months. With each calling, I have learned more about the Church and my testimony of the truths of the gospel has become even stronger. .

I loved Christmas time as a child. Those were in the days before artificial trees and the smell of a pine really was enhanced with a wood stove burning nearby! We had lots of gifts under the tree because there was a bunch of kids living there, but we usually received a couple of gifts apiece. These always included something homemade such as mittens, pajamas, a dress or whatever.

We always had hard tack candy and milk chocolate-covered orange sticks. Christmas is not the same unless we have some of these candies today. Lots of family members would come for dinners at Christmas, Thanksgiving and other holidays. Anna and Orlando, mom's sister and hubby were always included which we loved. They were always kind to us and we loved them dearly. They were like our second parents.

I was just a little kid when I would go to Aunt Anna's to help her clean chickens. I can still remember the smell -- YUK! She would put me on a stool with an apron on me and place a scalded chicken on the table in front of me to be cleaned! I would reach inside a slit made at the bottom of the breastbone to pull the entrails out then I would pluck the feathers off. . .the pin feathers were the hard ones to get. Sometimes I would need tweezers to get those. I guess I did it just to help because I do not remember getting paid for it. Maybe she would give me a quarter or fifty cents once in a while but I didn't think about getting money for my help.

In Lewiston, I have worked for Garrett Freightlines, Lewiston Pre-Mix, E.D. Harris, Inc., Bruneel Tire Shop, Lewiston Furniture, KRLC, Valdi Plumbing, Welenco, Melody Mufflers which Leonard and I owned, and the Nez Perce County Fair Board where I finally retired after about 18 years. The last was my favorite job because I had a lot of interaction with people and different events throughout the years.

Some of the callings I have had and learned from in Church include: Visiting Teacher, teacher in Primary and Relief Society, secretary,



**Eva Kunz**

## Chapter 12 Eva May Kunz Berry

I remember how the folks and Anna and Orlando used to play Rook several times a week and sometimes into the wee hours of the night! Uncle George loved to play and would join them occasionally. They would laugh and have so much fun. It was fun for me to watch them and listen to the pretended fuss over someone taking a trick with the Rook card! Father would usually be on the winning team with Anna! He always wanted to take the bid and said there were always a widow and a partner to help!

Orlando's brother, Nick, always seemed to like me and he would carry me around when I was little. I remember he bought me a doll once which I loved. He never married or had children and maybe that is why he enjoyed spoiling me. I loved having him come to visit us and the attention he always gave me.



**Eva and Leonard Johnson**

Sometimes the snow drifted badly during a Bear Lake blizzard and the roads would fill level-full with the snowdrifts alongside them. On such occasions, father would haul us to school on the hayrack pulled by a team of horses. It was a platform built up on large skis with a rail across the front only that we would cling to as father drove the team through drifts and snow banks. Sometimes we would hold on to his legs if we couldn't get to the rail. It was always cold and our cheeks would turn red and the sun was so bright on the snow, it made our eyes water!

We never wore anything but dresses or skirts to school. Pants or jeans were unheard of in those days when going to school even in the cold winter months. We would wear snow pants with long brown stockings like old fashioned underwear material underneath. The stockings were held up by a garter belt! How we hated them! In the spring when it warmed up a little, I would take them off when I got down by the lambing shed then I would put them back on when I came home from school. I guess mother must have known this somehow but she never said anything to me.

When we would wear the long snow pants to school in the cold winter months, we had to pull them off as soon as we got inside the door along with our mittens and stocking caps which were handmade by mother. How she found the time to make all the kids' clothing still amazes me!

I do not remember what the occasion was, but I remember Naomi taking me to school with her one day before I was school age. She was in the big kid's room - I guess she was a 7th or 8th grader. Recess was over and everyone had returned to class but a few kids. I had gone to the bathroom and was leaning over the water fountain getting a drink when I heard Clair Kunz, who was behind me, start laughing!

I turned around and he was pointing at my bottom and telling everyone to look! I had tucked my dress inside my underpants when I went to the bathroom and didn't realize it until then! I died of

## Chapter 12 Eva May Kunz Berry

shame and embarrassment! My face would always go a scarlet red when I was embarrassed, or a teacher asked me a question in class, or I was called on to talk. I do not know why I was always so shy and had such a poor self-image but that was so from as early as I can remember. I do remember the older boys teasing me a lot and making fun of things I did so that may have had something to do with it.

Some of my grade school teachers were Stella Kunz, Anna Kunz, Rao Dunford, Kate Anderson, Romola Solum, Mrs. Titensor and Donald Nate. All of them were really good teachers and I liked each one. I believe Anna was only a substitute when someone was sick or snowed out. Stella was the teacher who taught me phonics and to spell and read. I liked her a lot but remember when Marvin Schmid and Charles Buhler were naughty, she would give them a pinch and they would straighten up! I do not remember that she ever had to pinch me. I was too shy to ever dare get into mischief the first few grades in school!

I always loved reading, spelling and English and got good grades usually A's in them. Math, history and geography were my least favorite subjects and I didn't do as well. I remember how we always saluted the flag and had prayer every morning before class. When we saluted the flag, we were taught to hold our right hand, palm flat, over our left breast and when we said, "to the flag," we extended our right arm and hand toward the flag.

I do not remember seeing anyone do that since grade school days so wonder if extending the hand towards the flag was our teacher's idea or if it was a traditional way to salute the flag back then. Anyway, it always made me feel good to salute the flag and I have always respected and loved it and what it stands for.

Romola Solum was from Georgetown and was a very good teacher! I loved to hear her read. She expressed herself so well and enunciated every word so clearly! She was a pretty, thin lady with short auburn hair and she would always wear beautiful skirts and sweaters. One thing about her that was distracting was that she always had huge flakes of white dandruff on her shoulders! When she would sit and read to us, I'd wonder why she didn't brush it off but I was too shy to say anything or brush it off myself! Rao Dunford, also from Georgetown, was a good teacher too and I liked him. He wore false teeth and always had to put his hand over his mouth when he laughed to keep them in place. One day he laughed at something and forgot to cover his mouth!

When his teeth fell out and hit the desk, Gary Kunz laughed right out loud! Mr. Dunford flew out from behind his desk and kicked Gary's desk. His desk, seat and all, went out into the aisle! Gary was a big kid too. It must have hurt Mr. Dunford's foot but he was too mad to act like it hurt or say anything! There was no more laughter and, timid and afraid as I was, I scrunched down in my seat and pretended to read. Violence or fighting of any kind always upset and frightened me. Kate Anderson was from Afton, Wyoming, I believe. She used to stay in a little room in the school most of the time and hardly ever went home during the winter. She always was a nice teacher too and would invite us into her apartment sometimes during lunch or after school for cookies or candy.

I didn't like to stay in her room very long. She never raised the long brown blind and it was dark

## Chapter 12 Eva May Kunz Berry

and smelly in there. She was a tall, thin woman with salt and pepper grey hair that she kept covered with a hairnet all the time. Her dentures and the coffee or whatever she drank, gave her bad breath sometimes and it was hard not to turn my face when she talked close by me! It's funny some of the things we remember as kids that are so unimportant in life!

And then there was Donald Nate! He was every girl's heart throb in grade school and junior high! We daydreamed of him constantly! He was medium-tall, good build, and had beautiful, blond, wavy hair! Connie Schmid was his favorite - we all knew that. but when he would wink at any of us or say something nice, we would melt and think he loved us too! Actually all of this was only imagined by us. He never did do or say anything out of the way to any of us that I knew of.

He had a short, tiny, beautiful dark-haired wife with large brown eyes that we all envied but we liked her too. She always wore nice-smelling perfume. She would substitute for him when he couldn't come to school because of illness or whatever. He would let Connie, Geraldine, and I ride the four miles to Montpelier with him after school in his little car so we could go to the drugstore and get an Iron Port and Cherry Coke or to shop or whatever.

He was a bombardier in the Air Force and used to tell us exciting adventures he would had in the Service. He was a good teacher and I learned a lot from him. One thing he would do to keep our attention was to throw a little rubber ball at us when we would talk out of turn or stare off into space etc. It would scare us more than hurt and, as I remember, he only threw it at me once. I was too timid to get very much out of line in grade school!

At recesses and during lunch time, we would play games out in the old gym or, in the summer, we would play jacks, hop scotch, marbles, softball, run sheep run etc. Marvin Schmid could always play better at marbles and always won most of mine so I didn't like to play with him much. He could always run faster too! I never liked to lose at anything and would pout and be a sore loser sometimes, especially when someone would tease me about losing, which happened lots!

One day Marvin Schmid found a snake out in the schoolyard and chased me inside, threatening to throw it on me! Even as I ran inside the girl's restroom door, I could still hear him running towards me! Geraldine Kunz happened to be in the way and, being a little larger than the rest of us, I couldn't get around her quickly enough. I jumped up on her back, threw my arms around her neck, and my feet around her waist, but the door didn't close fast enough behind us and I felt the snake wrap around my neck!

Mr. Nate was witnessing the whole scene but I didn't know this until I got back to class and he was describing in detail, to the class, how I looked on Geraldine's back! It was never easy for me to be laughed at or ridiculed and, of course, my face went red. When I slunk down in my seat and refused to get up I got hit with the rubber ball! As I remember, Marvin was never disciplined as the teacher thought it was all so hilarious! It really wasn't funny to me at the time and I think Marvin may have to answer for that sometime.

One time, when we were about in Second Grade, I copied Marvin's answers to an arithmetic test



on multiplication. I hated math and couldn't understand it very well. I was sitting by him and asked him to let me see his answers. I could multiply okay but the test was on something they'd studied when I was absent because of illness, multiplying by zeros. I didn't know how to multiply by zeros and, apparently, neither did Marvin because we both got every answer wrong. I was mad at him for days because of it since I thought he gave me the wrong answers on purpose!

As I look back, I realize that I didn't have much confidence or feelings of self-worth and didn't develop good qualities like many of my brothers and sisters had. But I suppose most of us have done naughty things as children from time to time and even as adults! The old spook alley the older kids fixed up in a vacant classroom used to scare us younger ones to death! They did away with it before I was an older kid so I do not know what all they used for "scary" things except I learned they used spaghetti for brains, grapes for eyes, and grape juice for blood. We were always forced to put our hands in pans containing them while we were blindfolded. Then, of course, someone would always scream and squeak a door to frighten us a little more!

It used to scare the wits out of us little kids and I guess that is why they did away with it. You can imagine Eighth Graders doing this to First and Second graders - no wonder they made them quit! As I remember, it wasn't really a voluntary thing either. We were dragged through it!

I was never in a hospital for anything that I know of until my first daughter, Jackie, was born. I had no broken bones or illnesses serious enough to be hospitalized for. I remember having the hard measles and then mumps when I was in high school and how I craved something to drink that would taste right! Even water tasted terrible and I was so dry and thirsty for anything.

I do not know if I had other usual childhood diseases but I guess I might have. I did get the flu and colds every time they went around. Also I was plagued with cavities in my teeth that would get so painful I would cry and couldn't stand it. Then Father would take me to Dr. Wells Stock in town to get the tooth filled or pulled. How it used to scare me to go to the dentist!

As soon as I opened the door to his office and smelled the awful smell of all dentists' offices in those days, I would almost be sick with fright! In those days, the drills weren't as powerful and quick and, many times, I remember the drill smoking and stopping completely as he was drilling deep into a tooth. They couldn't deaden them as well as they can now so the whole episode was sheer torture! However, the fillings Dr. Stock put in my teeth were really good ones and many lasted until I was 40 years and older!

Because of my fear of dentists, I didn't go for checkups at all for many years and about lost my teeth because of gum recession and plaque buildup. It was after Jackie was married that she finally talked me into going for a checkup. She said that it really didn't hurt that much anymore to go to a dentist and I found out that she was right.

I always saw that my own kids went often and cavities were caught early. My parents had no dental insurance and, with so many kids, it was impossible to take each one in for checkups etc. Other kids in our town didn't go either so we weren't the only ones. In those days, it just wasn't considered necessary until you got a toothache. I know that the whole packs of Juicy Fruit,



**Baptism Trip to Logan Temple: Geraldine Kunz, Larry Alleman, Eva Kunz, Wanda Bills, Marvin Schmid, Dianne Steckler, Phillip Kunz**

Beemans, Blackjack, and bubble gum that we would chew, contributed lots to the whole situation!

Richard and I loved temple day when the folks would go to Logan and wouldn't be home when we got home from school. This happened once or twice a month. As soon as Richard and I put our books down, we would gather some eggs and run to Aunt Myrtle's Post Office and little

store to trade them for candy bars, gum, and licorice etc. We would take one or two dozen eggs in a little bucket and trade them all just for candy. Sometimes we would crave gum in between times so we would take a knife and scrape a wad from under the table and chew it for a while. If we didn't find any under the table, we could usually find some on the bedposts. Sometimes we would chew wheat until it became gum if the bedposts were bare.

The whole business of gum and candy took its toll! When I was about 40 and finally brave enough to get the necessary work done on my teeth, it cost over \$3,000 for gum surgery, root canals, bridgework and new fillings! Thank goodness we did have insurance to cover part of the cost then!

I remember the fun we used to have as kids sleigh-riding in the winter on the little hill above home. I was even brave enough to try skiing down it several times with my brother's skis. As we got older, we used to tie sleds, toboggans and skis to a horse or Uncle George's old Jeep and fly down the slick roads at night with only the moon sometimes for a light. Lots of times, Aunt Edyth Kunz, or some other mom would fix us hot chocolate and chili afterwards which was always so good!

It seems like we usually ended up at Aunt Edyth's because we knew she would always feed us and sometimes would sit around and joke and laugh with us. She was always so good to us. She didn't have as many kids as some of the other moms so she may have had more time to cater to us.

When I was at home, I served as a Sunday School, Primary, and Mutual Secretary and taught Primary as a substitute a few times. I could do secretarial work just fine and enjoyed it, but

## Chapter 12 Eva May Kunz Berry

teaching really made me nervous! I never liked to be in the limelight at all and could only tolerate saying an opening or closing prayer because then no one was looking at me! I do not know what made me so bashful. It is a trait that I have suffered with all my life and has been hard to overcome.

I admire Jackie because she was able to stand in front of people and give such beautiful lessons in Relief Society and Primary both. I am glad she has more confidence than I had. Janis also can easily stand and bear her testimony without much fear and tears as is the case with me.

It used to get so cold upstairs at home in the wintertime as there were no heaters up there. Many times you could blow out and see your breath in the bedroom. I used to fill a fruit jar with boiling hot water, wrap a hand towel around it and take it to bed with me to help keep my feet warm. The windows would often be thickly covered with frost on the inside. I'd like to scrape it off with my fingernails and eat it. Mom kept our windows clean.

Long icicles would form on the eaves of the house and we kids would break them off and suck on them for fun. I guess it would be a more unhealthy practice now with all the pollution etc. I do not believe any of us ever got sick from doing it but we continued the practice even though the folks would tell us not to suck on the icicles — that they were dirty.

It seems as though I have spent the better part of my life being afraid of something or other. Before the folks got an inside bathroom, I used to wake my little brother, Richard, at night and make him go to the outdoor toilet with me as I was afraid of the dark. I can see him yet, rubbing his little eyes but never complaining or refusing to go with me. He was always good-natured, laughing, and playing jokes. Sometimes he would get tired of waiting for me in the privy, and I would have to hold on to his shirt so he couldn't run off and leave me in there alone.

I was just a little tyke when I became afraid of Santa Claus. It was the tradition in Bern for Santa to go around to every home on Christmas Eve and leave everyone an apple, orange or candy. He carried the goodies in an aluminum milk-bucket and, this one night when he came to our house, he emptied his bucket. With all of us kids there, it took quite a few oranges etc. to go around to everyone.

He stuck me in the empty bucket and was going to take me home with him. I screamed and hollered and put up quite a fuss! I never got over that scare for years and would always hide when I heard the bells jingling and people would start to sing, Jolly Old Saint Nicholas, because I knew he was close by. I didn't have anything at all to do with Santa again until I was high school-age and finally over the fear that he would take me with him or embarrass me in some way.

After graduating from high school in Montpelier, my best friend, Bonnie Bacon, and I were hired to work for the Atomic Energy Commission in Idaho Falls. We worked in the steno pool taking dictation in shorthand and doing lots of typing. It was a good government job.

When we had lived there close to a year, Bonnie and I were riding around one evening with a friend, Allen Moyes, and stopped by a service station to get some gas where a friend of Allen's

## Chapter 12 Eva May Kunz Berry

worked. He introduced me to his friend, Leonard Johnson. He was tall and good looking and had a great personality. I didn't really want to date him because I thought he was too tall for me. I was 5' 3" and he was 6' 2". Nevertheless, he persisted and we continued to date.

It was a whirlwind courtship and we fell in love after dating only a couple of months. Meanwhile, Bonnie's husband, Russell, came back to the States from Japan where he had been stationed with the Navy so she left Idaho Falls to be with him. I moved back home with the folks as I couldn't afford to live in an apartment there by myself.

Leonard wrote and called often and we missed each other lots. I was only home a short time when he called and asked me to elope. I said yes, and he was there the next evening. He told Father we wanted to get married and that we planned to go to Elko and asked my father if it would be okay with him.

I know the folks were very disappointed that we weren't going through the temple, but in their wisdom they knew the situation and didn't try to change our minds.

After having a couple of miscarriages I got pregnant with Jackie. We were thrilled when she was born and so happy that she could still survive. She is a wonderful daughter and we have loved doing things together.

Janis was our next child. She only weighed 4 pounds and two ounces. She stayed in the hospital incubator for a month. When we brought her home Leonard took his wedding band off and slid it over her hand and arm to her elbow. Janis had to have surgery on both sides of her head, but survived it all and has brought much happiness to us. She is so kind and considerate to everyone.

Our third child, James Leonard was born on the twenty-sixth of December, three months early. He only weighed one pound and 9 ounces and died about the same time President Kennedy's little son died. Dr. Schricker wondered why neither parent was present when they brought Janis out of surgery. Leonard was with me on the next floor, not knowing whether we would have to bury another child.

Our last child, a son, was born to us. Scott. He has been a wonderful addition to our family although he has had handicaps of various kinds. He has blessed us and he is a happy young man.

At one time we owed over twenty different doctors and hospitals for care of our baby. To say we were broke, depressed, heartsick and worried about Janis was certainly an understatement!

After Leonard's death I met and married Garylee Berry. He is a wonderful man and we have done a lot together, including a mission for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in the Lewiston, Idaho area. We are very happy and doing well as a family.

Chapter 12 Eva May Kunz Berry



**Virginia Kunz, Marlene Kunz, Connie Schmid, Eva Kunz**



**Donald Nate who taught Richard, Eva  
and Phillip**



**Janis, Eva, Scott, Jackie Johnson**

## Jackie Lin Johnson Oakes

### Jackie Lin Johnson 1959

### Boyd Kenneth Gruell 1958 div

Michael Boyd Gruell 1980

Megan Lin Gruell 1983

Andrew Sweet

Gracie Sweet

### Jackie Lin Johnson 1959

### Levi Oakes 1959

Levi Oakes 1969

Shelly Chestnut div

Kenneth Oakes 1980

Kimberly Oakes 1982

Heidi Oakes 1984

I was born in Montpelier, Idaho on Feb. 26, 1959. Mom and Dad lived in Georgetown in a little log home that had no indoor bathroom. Dr. Rich delivered me. I was the first of 4 kids for mom and dad. Janis, Scott and James, who died two days after he was born. What a hard thing for a mother to have to go through. I admire my mother very much for the struggles and sacrifices she has endured through the years.

We eventually wound up in Lewiston, Idaho where I have lived for close to 50 yrs. It isn't bad here. I graduated in 1977 from the high school here. I took a few courses from the business college here. I decided that I wanted to settle down and raise a family. I married a guy that I went with all through high school. We were married for 8 years and had 2 kids. Mike and Megan. I was a stay at home mom until they were in junior high. To me, that was very rewarding and I felt lucky and blessed to be able to do that. I married Levi in 1986. He had 3 kids from a previous marriage. At the time, our kids were 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 years of age. It was a houseful and stressful at times but we managed and have five beautiful children.

I started out with bookkeeping jobs when I went back to work. Eventually I ended up working at the hospital. I have worked in ER, ICU, Medical/Oncology and the surgical floors. I truly loved my job, but swing shift, every other weekend and holidays finally wore me down. Levi and I didn't have a lot of time together. I learned so much, and was called upon to help the nurses with patients many times throughout the shift. I loved the medical/oncology floor the best. We had many cancer patients—I felt honored to help prepare patients that had just died, that didn't have family there—to get them ready for the mortuary or family that would come later. I had a lot of compassion for the cancer patients, young and old.

## Chapter 12 Eva May Kunz Berry

Levi has been a pipefitter all his life. He currently is running a Boise based business here in Lewiston. He is very knowledgeable and has run this business for 15 yrs or so. He has been a good father not only to his kids, but mine as well. His kids names are Ken, Kim and Heidi. He has always supported me and the kids at everything we strive to do.

At the time, Ken works for Levi. He received his journeyman license after 5 yrs of schooling. Kim is a nurse at the hospital, and Heidi teaches elementary school here. Mike is in Kodiak, Alaska looking for work. His fiancé is a nurse there. He went there in March of this year. Megan is a stay at home mom with her two kids.

Levi and I have four grandkids with one on the way in October. Being grandparents is way more cooler than being a parent!! But we also find that we don't have the energy we used to have!!!

We love to travel and we took the kids to Mexico last November and we plan on going to Alaska this summer and have another trip planned to Hawaii next winter. We have visited all the islands at least once. We like to golf and go boating, camping or ride our 4-wheelers together. Levi



**Mike Gruell, Jackie and Levi**

likes to snowmobile, I used to, but I'm not a cold weather person much anymore!!!

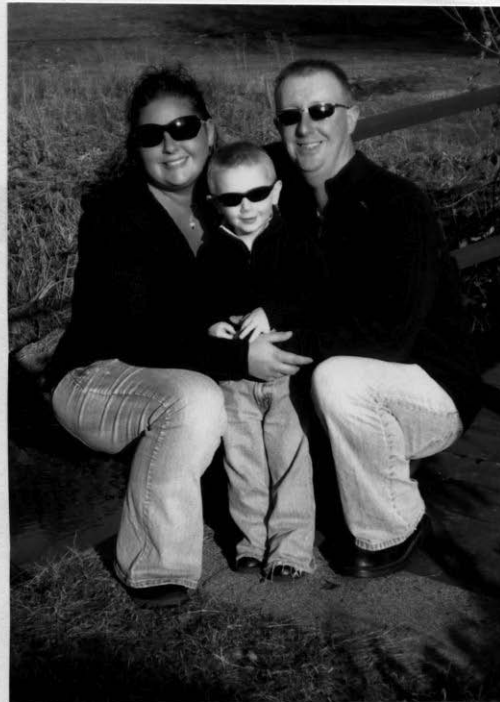
I am toying with the idea of volunteering or taking some extra classes so I can work for Hospice here. That would be my dream job. I need to get busy and do it, before I have no energy left at all. I have decided that the golden years are from 0 to 18years of age.

I have always wished that as I was growing up, our family lived closer to all the other family. I have missed my cousins, aunts/uncles, grandma's and grandpa's. I hope to be able to take Scott to the reunion this year - 2010. If I don't make it, I always think about each of you and would love to see everyone again.

I had wonderful parents who loved me very much and brought me up with values that I have to this day. I am thankful for their love for me and that they cared for me. Being part of the "Kunz" family has been a blessing and I am proud of my heritage



Aaron & Heidi Wolf



Kimberly, Blaine & Ryan Moss



MERRY CHRISTMAS

Tiffani, Kenny, and Rheanda Oakes



Chapter 12 Eva May Kunz Berry



Caleb, Andrew, Megan and Gracie Jane Sweet



Mike Gruell and Abbi Goeckner (fiance' & partner)



## **Janis Lee Johnson**

I was born the second daughter of Eva and Leonard Johnson 18 February, 1960, being two months early at Idaho Falls, Bonneville County, Idaho. I was a tiny one at four pounds and 2 ounces. I had some health problems through my life but I was able to grow up and live a happy life because of the prayers and faith of so many.

I attended all of my school years in Lewiston, Idaho and was especially good in art, writing and reading. One of my favorite teachers was Dorene Tolman who was also a member of our church. She was sweet and kind to me and helped me learn to develop beautiful penmanship. I also graduated from Lewiston High School in 1981 and from L.D.S. Seminary.

I worked for a while at Opportunities Unlimited (an organization which helps those with disabilities) helping them to become trained and find employment. I eventually moved to Moscow, Idaho, so I could become more independent and live in an apartment by myself. I love it here It's peaceful and is still close to family so I can visit often.

I worked for a while at the University of Idaho dining services from 1988 to 1991. My favorite vacation was when my family went to Disneyland. Mom used part of her inheritance and took all of us there after Grandma Kunz died.

After my dad died in 2003, I missed him so much. One of my favorite memories of him is his good nature and his ability to make people laugh. That was one of his many talents.

One year after dad died on 27 March, 2004, we were blessed to be sealed to him in the Spokane, Washington Temple. It's like a nice warm blanket around my family knowing that it was in God's plan that we be an eternal family and go on forever and ever together. Because of the Savior's Atonement and His death on the cross, it has made it all possible for us to be sealed to our loved ones.

About two years after dad died, Mom married Garylee Berry. He is a spiritual and Christ-like fine man. He has a deep love for our Heavenly Father and our Savior. I love him with a friendship kind of love. He is very good to all of us.

## James Leonard Johnson 1960 - 1960

James Leonard Johnson, the first son of Eva and Leonard Johnson, was born 26 December, 1960, in Salt Lake City, Utah. He was about three months premature and only weighed a little more than one pound. Consequently, he only survived for two days and on 28 December, was buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery.

After Leonard, his father, died his remains were removed and reinterred by Leonard's gravesite in Lewiston, Idaho. Richard and Beulah Kunz brought his little coffin and headstone to Lewiston for us. They, Jackie and I and a cemetery maintenance man saw him laid to rest again.

I felt strongly about burying him here by his family instead of being so far away all by himself. I hope I did the right thing. Leonard didn't really want his remains disturbed when we had talked about it at an earlier time.



James's gravesite in Lewiston, Idaho

## Scott William Johnson

Scott William Johnson 1962

Scott William Johnson was the second son of Eva Kunz Johnson and Leonard Johnson, born June 12, 1962 in Clarkston, Asotin, Washington. Scott has brought a lot of joy into our lives and is a very special spirit. He was born handicapped but has been able to enjoy life and so many things despite his handicap.

He spent many years participating in Special Olympics in cross-country skiing, bowling and soccer. He won several "gold" medals and awards. He has been employed by Opportunities Unlimited in Lewiston since he was a teenager and loves working there.

When Scott was 21 years of age, he went to live in Joyce's Shelter Home here in Lewiston so he could be around people with the same likes and abilities. They are very good to him and Scott loves it there. For years, they were able to have an annual trip to Disneyland, Yellowstone Park or other fun and exciting places when Scott was in better health.

Scott's favorite things to do now are to spend Sunday with his family in Church and then home for dinner afterwards. He also spends holidays and other occasions with his family at home. His second favorite thing to do is to go out for hamburgers or to the buffet!



Scott, Eva and Janis in front of Spokane Temple March, 2004

Chapter Thirteen

## Richard R Kunz

### Richard R Kunz 1939

R Dale Kunz 1967-1967  
Michelle Elise Kunz 1969  
Suzanne Lorraine Kunz 1969  
David Richard Kunz 1970-1995

### Beulah Roberts 1932

S Dale Gordon Jr. 1969  
Derek Gene Williams 1968

Richard R. Kunz was born August 28, 1939 in the Bear Lake Memorial Hospital in Montpelier, Idaho. He was the 12th child of Parley Peter Kunz and Hilda Irene Stoor. He was the first child not born at home.

After spending 3 weeks in the First Grade, I was advanced to the Second Grade because I already knew all the First Grade material. This advancement put me in the same grade as my older sister, Eva. So this relationship continued through the rest of elementary school as well as high school.

When I started high school, the Ninth Grade, I was only 4 feet 2 inches high. As I got off the bus and walked into the high school, the principal, A. J. Winters, saw me and told me I was at the wrong school. He felt I ought to be in junior high school which was a few blocks away. I finally convinced him that I was in the right place.

At the Freshman Initiation Assembly, I was given the assignment to play Leap Frog across the stage with Bob Ipsen. I really struggled to jump up onto his back and continue onward over his neck. If I had been smart, I would really have been embarrassed.



Richard R Kunz



Robert Ipsen and Richard Kunz - 1953

Relief Society.

I convinced her that we were better for each other than what she was doing. We were married in the Idaho Falls Temple on March 12, 1965. She relates that she had to buy the marriage license -

for which I am still indebted to her. She may be right but I think I have repaid it multiple times.

Soon after our marriage, we moved to Ogden to work for the Internal Revenue Service (IRS). We rented the home of LaVarr and LaVaun since they had just vacated it to move some blocks away.

One of the first large appliances we purchased was their little, old, deep freezer. I think we paid \$25 for it - probably much more than it was worth. During the thirty years we owned it, I had to replace the lid gasket once.



Susanne, Richard, David, Beulah, Michelle

## Chapter 13 Richard R Kunz

At the time we retired and moved from Ohio to Utah, we sold it to a neighbor guy for \$50.00. That was not much growth in our investment, huh?

Employment over the years took us from Salt Lake to Ogden to Michigan to Denver to England and to Ohio. Each of these locations added to our depth of understanding of the varied cultures in this world.

Ogden became the place that we really first called home. While there, we were given the chance to move to Michigan. We hesitated because I had just recently been put in the bishopric and we didn't want to just bail out.

However, after discussing this dilemma with the bishop, he advised that we ought to accept the opportunity and that the Church could use us wherever we were. We decided to accept and loaded our belongings, including the above-mentioned freezer, into a small van and left for Detroit.

Since we didn't know how long we would be back East, we didn't want to just throw our money away in rent so we felt it better to buy a trailer house.

We decided to talk to the Stake President who was also President of Michigan Bank. He agreed with our plans so I then asked him if he would loan us the money. We didn't have any! He asked us if we were active members of the Church and full tithe-payers. When we said yes to both questions, he told us to go find the home we wanted and he would finance it, which we did and he did.



**Beulah, Michelle, Richard**

While living in the trailer park in Warren, Michigan one warm Sunday evening we went to an outdoor concert. That was the time the Detroit Riots began and the entire metropolitan area was basically closed down for a few days because of all the burnings and rioting. Many of the guys from the trailer park gathered at the entrance with guns ready should the marching rioters cross the road. They didn't and all finally ended okay.

Another experience we had while living in Warren happened while coming home from church where we had accepted an assignment to go work on the church farm the next day. Since the farm was such a long distance away, we thought it would be good to go up that evening so we could

get an early start at work.

Coming home from church, we were run over by a U.S. Army tank. The tank was part of a vehicle convoy coming down the street directly behind us. We had stopped for a red light. As the caravan approached us, the lead vehicle swerved to the right and continued on through the light. So did the 2K1 vehicle - a tank. The 3rd vehicle, another tank, did not negotiate the sudden right turn so well and BANG he got us! From the center of our trunk to just in front of the rear

## Chapter 13 Richard R Kunz

passenger door, our car had been sliced off. Michelle and Suzanne were asleep in the back. It couldn't have happened that way but they were not hurt.

Along came the time to buy our first home. We found a Cape Cod-type home in Oxford, Michigan. After moving in, we found out that we were in the same ward as George Romney, who had recently completed his time as Governor. His wife, Lenore, was the Gospel Doctrine teacher. Guess that was the time we first had the chance to rub shoulders with high political people. But they were both so down-to-earth and fun to be around.

David was born while we lived in Oxford. Because he had such bad asthma problems, the doctors suggested that we move to a drier climate. We began searching and decided to move to Denver. I was able to find work at the Air Force Account and Finance Center on Lowry Air force Base. While working there, we lived in Arvada and then later, Thornton.



**Richard and Beulah Kunz**

We interrupted our work at the AFAFC to go to England for three years. I went over as the Deputy Accounting and Finance Officer on the Upper Heyford Air Base.

Because of the death of a baby, the AFO (Accounting Finance Officer) was transferred back to the States and I suddenly became the AFO. Not only did I have to take over his AFO job but, also was called to replace him as the Branch President. If I had any thought of going overseas to play, both of these new jobs kept us pretty busy.

We still had time to play! We took a one day bus trip through Europe. We visited Stonehenge, went to Wales, down to Land's End, the furthest point south in England, took a river boat ride down the Rheine, and many other interesting trips.

The final location of our employment was in the Columbus, Ohio, area. As we settled in that area, the stake president, who had just called me to be the financial clerk, advised us that we had been prayed to that area. I believe there are those that receive inspiration in handling the affairs of the Church, even if we don't understand at the time.

When we were offered an "early retirement, we decided to accept it, and sold our home to return to the West. The excitement of beginning life anew was certainly shadowed upon receiving word that David had passed away in Colorado because of an automobile accident.

We are now living in Layton, Utah. Since retirement, we have busied ourselves in several areas. Often, we find ourselves happy that we are retired. There would just not be enough time to work and do all else that fills our days.

We worked as ordinance workers in the Ogden Temple for several years. What a great



## Chapter 13 Richard R Kunz

experience that was for both of us.

Along with Dale and Rosemarie, we fulfilled an 18 month Temple Mission to Freiburg, Germany. Working with members from Germany, Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Romania, Russia, Budapest, and Ukraine, gave us many different experiences which we will cherish throughout our lives. During our off-days, we were able to travel to several of the countries in this Eastern Block.

I have spent the past few years working for the Lindquist Mortuary. This part-time work is a fulfillment of a desire that I have had for many years.

We have so enjoyed being close to the homes of our daughters and their families. As we are invited to share in the many activities they are involved in, we are able to share in their accomplishments.

Life is all about Family. Remembering great times with parents, siblings, children, grandchildren, and the entire extended attachments to the Kunz family, has enriched our lives. Thanks to you all!



**Richard R Kunz**



***Bern School - Little Room - Back: Marvin Schmid, Phillip Kunz, Larry Alleman, Geraldene Kunz, Dianne Steckler, Teacher - Estella Kunz Front: Richard Kunz, Charles Buhler, Gary Buhler, Eva Kunz, Lawrence Galloway, Connie Schmid***

## **R Dale Kunz 1967-1967**

A baby begins to grow and give his parents hope for what dreams they have for him.

He moves and kicks and shows strength and development and then suddenly there is not any movement.

What is stillborn is known to God and parents will be rewarded for their dreams and love.

## Michelle Elise Kunz

### **Michelle Elise Kunz 1969**

Simone Janece Gordon 1991

Aiden Chance Gordon 1996

Michael Scott Gordon 2002

### **S Dale Gordon Jr. 1969**

My older brother, R Dale, died during birth and after several miscarriages, I came along.

My parents were thrilled. Mom quit work and became a full-time Mom. She was into “early child development” theory. All the neighbors had older children.

Pictures of my 1st Birthday Celebration show me playing “Ring Around the Rosies”. This was my favorite activity as I knew all the words and could carry the tune.

I was very outgoing and we soon became the neighborhood playground. During quiet time, we studied word flash cards and especially enjoyed music. My nickname was “Happy” or “Sunshine”.

When Mom became pregnant with my sister, Suzanne, she was not allowed to pick me up so I learned to climb into and out of my crib and high chair by myself. Grandma Roberts left Idaho and came to stay with us for a while. The next thing I knew, I had a full-time friend. Having a new baby was fun, but I also got a new job. I had to take dirty diapers out to the waiting pail.

When Suzanne could sit up in her playpen, I would crawl in and sit by her side. When she did rattles, I did rattles; when she crawled, I crawled. As she began to walk, I would be right behind her in case she were to fall.

I was excited when we moved into our first real house. I had my own bedroom. I could get up on the built-in storage benches under the window and watch playing kids, squirrels, and stars at night.

During a bad storm, a large branch broke off the tree. The mother squirrel abandoned the babies so we brought them into the house and fed them with an eye-dropper. Guess we were not doing things just right. They all died so we buried them out in the back yard.

Then came the dark day. Mom called the Relief Society President and Dad rushed Mom into the car. I didn’t see her again for 78 days. Since she was in the intensive care unit of the hospital, I was not allowed to see her. I could just talk with her by phone.

## Chapter 13 Richard R Kunz

Dad had to work so he hired a babysitter and members of the ward also helped very much. Then the tulips came out and Mom came home. Again, Grandma Roberts along with Aunt Viola and two of Aunt Flora's daughters came to help. Two months later, David was large enough to be released from the hospital and he came to live with us.

David was very tiny and I couldn't touch him. He soon developed asthma so bad that we moved to Colorado to give him some relief.

When I started school at Secrest Elementary, I was so excited. I loved to learn. I'd get home and become the teacher to help Suzanne and David. I must have been good because they could both read and did some math before they started school.

We started taking piano lessons from Sister Deibert. I liked music and soon began lessons on the violin and cello. I also liked Girl Scouts.

At the end of 5th Grade, Dad's work department moved to Aurora, CO, so we moved to Thornton. Here, I met Michelle (Newell) Putnam. We have been friends since we were 11 and continue to stay in touch today.

In 9th grade, we moved to England for Dads work. We lived in Bicester, England. Here, I was a varsity cheerleader and also a member of the French club. Traveling in Europe was amazing and interesting.

As a Senior, I participated in the Miss Teen Pageant and placed as a runner-up. This was one of my first confidence-building experiences and has served me well throughout my life.

After High School Graduation, I went to Rexburg ID to attend the Beauty and Cosmetology School. During this training, I was awarded a number of trophies showing my excellence. However, I was not too sure that I would get my diploma because of a simple prank. The students were each given a Manikin to a Men's haircut. We were just told to give it a nice haircut. I was not well appreciated when the Instructor saw that I had given the Manikin a "Flat-top" haircut. Needless to say the haircut was awesome but the Manikin was ruined. (I took it home with me) I did graduate.

I began Cosmetology life in Utah but left there for Columbus, Ohio when my parents moved there. In Columbus, I worked as Manager of Gymboree, an international children's clothing store. My efforts paid off as I brought the store up to one of the top ten in the Company.

After my parents retired, I moved to Salt Lake where I again worked for Gymboree. My husband-to-be, Dale Gordon, came into the store to buy a present for his niece. It didn't take long until he was captured and we eloped five months later.

My family consists of:

My Husband, Scott Dale Gordon, Jr. born	12/29/1969
Simone Janece Gordon	10/17/1991
Aiden Chance Gordon	07/10/1996

Michael Scott Gordon

02/28/2002

I am amazed and fascinated with my darling family!! We currently have a production company, called Bondad Productions. Our specialty is Electronic Dance Events. It is extremely fulfilling and our kids participate in the work, as well as enjoy the music. We are also part of The Kollektive, doing rock concerts.



**Michelle, Dale, Aiden, Simone, Michael**

## **Suzanne Lorraine Kunz Williams**

**Suzanne Lorraine Kunz 1969    Derek Gene Williams 1968**

Portia Cherie Williams 1991  
Hunter Gene Williams 1994  
Colt David Williams 1996  
Priscilla Noel Williams 1998  
Marshall Edison Williams 2000  
Caleb Richard Williams 2002  
Clancy Adams Williams 2004  
Wesley Archer Williams 2009

I was born on June 26, 1969, just 22 months after my sister Michelle was born and 11 months before my brother David was born. That makes me a middle child. And it was a very pleasant place in the family to be. I always had my older sister Michelle to look over me and my younger brother to play with.

It seems that I have always had a testimony of the gospel of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Growing up I just knew how important the Church was to my parents and that automatically made it important to me. All the teachings of the Church just seemed innately right and important. That testimony has continued to grow throughout my life.

I also grew up with a love of reading that was also instilled by my parents. I remember watching my dad teach Michelle to read and thinking how much I wanted to learn to read as well. I was very excited when it was finally my turn to learn. This love of reading good books has profoundly influenced my life for the good. I wanted to be great and good like all the people I read about. I learned that the “popular thing” was often not the “best” or the “right” thing. And I learned that many things were worth fighting for.

My parents were very encouraging in my love of animals. As a child we always had a dog, and we also had 3 ducks, a parakeet, 2 hermit crabs, gerbils, hamsters, fish and bunnies (that quickly multiplied in our back yard.)

I loved living in England and traveling to Europe for many of our vacations while we were there. Experiencing another culture, reaffirmed that there wasn’t just one right way of doing things.

## Chapter 13 Richard R Kunz

The most fun time of every year is when we go to the Kunz Family Reunion and the Robert's Family Reunion. Having my dad born the 12<sup>th</sup> of 13 children and my mom born the 6<sup>th</sup> of 7 children always gave us lots of cousins to play with. Watching all the good times that the aunts and uncles and cousins had together, instilled a love for big families in me.

Growing up I was encouraged to take many lessons and tryout many talents. Some of the many lessons I took were: swimming, baton, trampoline, ballet, jazz dance, piano, violin and singing. My parents were very encouraging to anything we children wanted to learn.

I remember in England when Michelle and I decided we wanted to try out for cheerleading. My mom arranged it so that we spent the day with one of the members from the branch that was already a cheerleader. She taught us many of the cheers she knew and coached us in what we



**Hunter, Marshall, Caleb, Wesley, Suzanne, Colt, Derek, Clancy,  
Priscilla, Portia**

would need to do for tryouts. Needless to say with such a jump on the competition Michelle and I easily made it on to the team. I skipped my senior year of high school and started my college education at Ricks College (BYU-Idaho). Two years later, April 1988, I graduated with my Associates of Science with my chosen major in Psychology. Then it was on to BYU where I graduated

with a Bachelors of Science with a major in Psychology in 1990.

Life at college was definitely not all work. I had a fun time being on the Folk Dance Team at both universities, and sprinkled a heavy study of dance and literature with my study of psychology.

My adulthood has basically followed in the pattern set in my childhood.

I made a promise to myself when I was little that I would marry a returned missionary in the temple. And so when I met the love of my life, Derek Gene Williams, and at the right time, we were married in the Arizona Temple on August 25, 1990.

Children soon followed and have fulfilled the dream I had of a big, fun, loving family.



## Chapter 13 Richard R Kunz

We have traveled “The Road Not Taken” in many ways.

We homeschooled all our children from Kindergarten through high school. Learning together has been a joy to our family. Some of the fun of learning is being able to study what you want when you want. We have enjoyed discussing history and principles of good government. I have loved that I can weave the gospel and our family values through everything that we study.

Following in the pattern of Hilda Kunz who had 12 out of her 13 children at home, we had 5 of our 8 born at home as well. Having experience both home and hospital births, I much prefer the peace and tranquility of the home!

Our children continue to grow very much in the same pattern. They have a love of reading. They love dancing and acting. Portia is in her freshman year at BYU. After auditions she was invited to be on both the ballroom dance team and the folk dance team. And all the children who are old enough have performed in our local ballet company’s production of *The Nutcracker*. All that are old enough enjoy performing in community theater.

Our newest adventure is Derek starting Law School this August. Love of learning continues for a lifetime so it seems a very natural decision.

The most important thing is that the love of family and the love of the gospel, which Parley and Hilda Kunz (and so many of their forefathers) tried so hard to establish, are continuing through the generations. May it continue to do so!

## David Richard Kunz 1970-1995

Born May 29, 1970 in Madison Heights, Michigan.

What a great beginning I had! While I was still growing awaiting to be born, Mom had some complications and had to spend some 3 months lying flat in the hospital with the hope that I would wait long enough to be born until I could “make it on my own”. I did.

Still, I was not content to wait through the normal time-frame and was born 3 months early. I weighed in at 4 pounds 4 ounces and had to spend the next 30 days in the Incubation Unit of the hospital until I had put on sufficient weight so my Doctor would release me.

During a routine wellness checkup back at the Doctor Office, Mom and Dad were advised that I did not seem to be focusing on him or anything else and advised them that I was probably blind. They were told to use a flashlight at home and see if they could get me to follow it. They did but I didn't.

Because I was unable to see and follow the light, they called Bishop Jonathan Snow to come over and give me a Priesthood Blessing. Bishop Snow told my parents that we had gone through much to get me here and that we not stopping now. He gave me a Blessing. I began following the light almost immediately thereafter.

From the beginning, I continually shared my life with Asthma. I received daily medications to control this condition. The Doctor told Mom and Dad that I would certainly do better in a drier climate. As soon as Dad was able to locate a job in Colorado, we moved. From the day I arrived there, I needed no more breathing treatments.

I loved my pets. Three special ones were the goldfish on our counter. One day I decided to let them accompany me on one of my many walks. I pulled them out of the fish bowl and carefully placed them in my wagon and off we went. We weren't gone too long but when we returned, I replaced them in the bowl. They did not swim!

Another special pet was my Gerbil. I was not partial. I took him (or her) for a walk too. When I got to the fence, I set it down so I could climb over. I don't think it took me long to get to the other side but, after I did so, my Gerbil was gone.

When Dad had a chance to transfer to an Air Base in England, we decided to embark on a new and exciting experience. It was! While we were over there, we had some fun vacations.

One memorable trip was a 16-day trip through Europe. Included in that trip was a boat ride down the Danube, travel to Austria, Germany, Italy and Switzerland. While up in the Alps in Switzerland I was the only kid who could blow on the Alpine Horn and get some sound out of it.

## Chapter 13 Richard R Kunz

Another fun trip was to visit the Highlands of Scotland to the “Land of the Loch Ness Monster”. We were all standing on the shore looking out on the water to get a glimpse of “Nessie”. Dad and I started calling its name loudly to get her attention. It didn’t work. However, we continued calling for a lengthy period of time because we could see how embarrassed Mom and my sisters became.

After graduating from Thornton High School in Colorado June, 1988, I went to Ricks College (It has since become Brigham Young University – Idaho) in Rexburg, Idaho for one year while awaiting my Mission call. What a fun school and to be surrounded by LDS kids, certainly helped to strengthen my testimony and convince me that I really needed to serve a mission. While there I got my call to the Belgium Brussels Mission, which included parts of France, Belgium and Luxemburg. What a great experience I had there. I left in 1989 and returned in 1991.

After my Mission, I returned to Colorado to begin my employment. I loved socializing with family and friends. I never longed for good examples. Special memories are stored for the Eternities as I reflect on the neat times I spent with my nieces, Portia and Simone. Stamp Collecting was just one of my pastimes.

David passed away in a car accident in Parker, Colorado on June 28, 1995 at the age of 25. He fell asleep while driving early in the morning on his way to work. He was buried on July 1, 1995 in the Bern Idaho Cemetery near his brother R Dale who died as he was being born and near his Grandparents, Parley and Hilda Kunz.



**David Richard Kunz**



**It is important to work and it is important to play**



**While they ate and grew we went to school**

Chapter Fourteen

## Arthur Stoor Kunz

### Arthur Stoor Kunz 1944

Kathy Annabel Kunz 1963  
Kathy Annabel Kunz 1963  
Wayne Curtis Kunz 1964  
Wayne Curtis Kunz 1964  
Lora Lyn Kunz 1968  
Lora Lyn Kunz 1968

### Sharyn Marie Pugmire 1947 div

Mitchell Brandt Silvers 1959 div  
Daniel Mooney 1951  
Ruth Jordon 1945 div  
Sheila Black  
Robert Allen Winsor 1968 div  
Von Coffman 1957 div

### Arthur Stoor Kunz 1944

### Arthur Stoor Kunz 1944

### Sherie Gibson 1976

Austin Lee 1997  
Matthew Lee 1998  
Emma Lee 2004

### Jane Johnson 1941 div

### Linda Lucille Elmer 1952

Brandon Lee 1975

Arthur was born January 23, 1944 Montpelier, Bear Lake, Idaho, USA the 13th and last child born to Parley Peter Kunz and Hilda Irene Stoor. There were five brothers and seven sisters waiting to greet him and help care for him. I am the youngest and my birth made number thirteen, -- Our *Baker's Dozen*.

When Arthur was little he always wanted a pair of cowboy boots. Each day as our parents would come home with no boots, he would say, "No boots today," with no tears, but just accepting the fact as it was.

The water we used in our home was soft and good water. It was piped to our house from a spring over by Uncle Able's property, which was a couple of blocks or so away, from our house. In January, the water froze, it was awfully cold weather and with a big family already, mother was ready to deliver another baby. Most of the men in the community came to help dig up the pipes to thaw them out. What a job!

Father had an appendicitis attack but would not quit working until the appendix burst, then he had to. He was in the hospital almost a month and was near death for a

## Chapter 14 Arthur Stoor Kunz

while. He was either in the hospital when I was born or had just come home. Mother went to the hospital in Montpelier, and delivered me.

During this month, with all the problems and the expected birth of me, one of my older sisters made a cake and some fudge frosting. The older boys all wanted to lick the pan. Owen must have wanted his share too, and was hit on the head thru the battle of it all. He was rushed to the hospital with a large brain concussion.



Arthur S Kunz

Later on I fell down the stairs and apparently broke my collarbone.

Nobody came to assist me but the next morning I was sore and cried a lot they said.

I worked with Father on the ranch doing what I could to help. By this time Paul had purchased part of the property so I either worked for Father or helped Paul. We put up hay, milked cows, and whatever else needed done. I hand milked seven head of cows. Bus Roberts from Liberty would come and take the milk to Preston, Idaho.

It was always fun when it came time to drive the cattle to Slug Creek for

## Chapter 14 Arthur Stoor Kunz

the summer. It was east of Soda Springs and quite a long ways to go on horseback. I really did enjoy riding horses and, especially for me, to see what a great cowboy my father was. He rode well and was kind to the animals. It usually took us two days to do the drive. Mother packed us some lunches to eat along the way. We would stay around the Georgetown area the first night.

Father was always busy. He kept the fences repaired and weeds under control. He certainly was not lazy and taught me to work too. Mother was always busy cooking, sewing, making soap, mixing bread, church and things. Our family was always on the go.

We had a dog when I was little. His name was Popcorn. Father always had a good dog. I enjoyed playing with that dog. I would throw a stick and he would run and fetch it back to me. I felt bad when that dog died.

I attended grades one through eight in the school in Bern. I graduated from the eighth grade in the old tabernacle in Paris, Idaho. I remember about this same time Mother had a really sick spell and after many trips to the doctor's office and hospitals, they finally sent her back to Mayo Brothers Hospital in Minneapolis, Minnesota. She had been having stomach problems and they couldn't find the cause. The doctor's there took out about half or more of her stomach and sent her home. She could just eat a little bit of food for a long time, but she did get better.

My nephew Bobby Galloway was close to my age, so we were chummy friends. We did a lot of things together, even if it was a little mischievous once in a while.

I saved what I could earn for a bicycle. When I had enough money to buy one, Father took me over to Montpelier to buy it. I was pretty proud of that bike.

I did a little skiing, on a pair of old wide boards that the older boys had probably used. They had some leather straps on them to hold your foot down.

I started driving around the ranch and in Bern when I was twelve. After driving a few beat up old trucks I finally got a nice pickup. I worked on just about every farm in Bern, cutting, raking, and loading hay. I helped Paul a lot too. With what little I could make, I bought that truck and was happy with it.

When I was six years old, Emma Lou Schmid cut my thumbs pretty bad. She wanted the pig weed I was holding. My thumbs were slow in healing. They hurt.

I was happy to go to milk the cows on Christmas, before it got light out. I knew we could open the gifts when we were through milking. I might get a new pair of overalls, maybe a shirt and some socks and hankies. As I got older instead of overalls it would be a pair of Levis. There was candy and nuts and always a good dinner at our home or over to Aunt Anna's and Uncle Orlando's.

I remember going to scouting a few times, but didn't have a good leader so we didn't do much. We did go camping a few times.

## Chapter 14 Arthur Stoor Kunz

I suffered with eczema for quite a few years. Mother and my sisters used to rub my legs with a salve to stop the itching. When I was older I decided to stop drinking milk and see if it helped the eczema go away. It did.

I went to school at Montpelier High School. Mr. Phillips was the principle. I was in my class, right after lunch one day, I guess I had been inclined to have a nap in this class when the teacher, Mr. Peterson, came up behind me and shot me in the head right behind my ear with a gun that shoots blanks. The gun was used to start the runners for track. I was shocked and immediately Mr. Phillips took a hold of me and pulled me in the hall to the water fountain to wash the blood off. Then using his pocket knife he dug the paper

wadding out of my head. I lost 75 percent of my hearing.



I worked and enjoyed my job with the railroad. I married Sharon Marie Pugmire in Salt Lake City, Utah on 30 Jan 1965. This was one of the happiest days of my life. I loved Sharon and was looking forward to sharing my life with her.

**Arthur Kunz, Richard Kunz, LaVarr and LaVaun Hansen front: LaRena, Larry Hansen**

Sharon had a daughter, Kathy,

and a son, Wayne. Kathy and Wayne were from another marriage. They were good kids and it wasn't hard for me to love them as I would my own. So with my little family we moved into Robert H. and Martha Kunz's home in Bern.

Then we decided to buy a home in Paris, Idaho. It was a big old home, and there was lots of room and I enjoyed fixing it up, when I had time. We had a dog there that kept running away from home. The children enjoyed playing with him. One day father came to visit and I asked him what I could do with the dog to keep him home. He got up and motioned for me to follow him outside, and bring the dog. He got his pocket knife out of his pocket and just castrated him right there. "Now", he said, "he'll be glad to stay home," and he



## Chapter 14 Arthur Stoor Kunz

did. Just one of the many lessons father taught me. He always knew what and how to solve problems. He lived close to the Spirit too. I have missed him, and love him and Mother.

Lora Lyn came to join our family. She was born 28 Nov. 1968, in Montpelier, Idaho. She brought us a lot of joy and has given us a grandson, Robert and a granddaughter, Alexis, whom I love very much.

I worked with Donovan Howell, my brother- in -law in Randolph, Utah in the mines for a little while. I then took my family and moved to Cobalt, Idaho to work in the mine there. This was quite an experience. It was hard work, and we would get so dirty. Owen came up to Cobalt and lived with us for awhile. He worked in the mine too.

We moved to Pocatello and my life went thru some changes. Sharon and I divorced. I no longer work for the railroad. I am a good carpenter and enjoy fixing things up. This is how I currently make my living.

I met Jane Johnson in Salmon, Idaho on one of my visits to see Naomi. We were married 8 Nov. 1985, in Elko, Nevada. This marriage didn't last.

I met Linda Elmer in Blackfoot, Idaho. We were married in Elko Nevada in 1991. She has brought me a lot of joy and is a great companion. We are both busy and have a happy life together. Linda's daughter Sherrie and her husband, Brandon, have given us 3 grandchildren to enjoy Austin, Matthew and Emma. We love to go fishing and camping.

Kathy Mooney and her husband live in Plummer, Idaho. Her daughter, Crystal Silvers, is teaching school in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. She is a special granddaughter. Wayne and his wife live in Big Piney, Wyoming and works with the oil companies.

I had been especially close with Owen before he died. We did a lot of projects together. I've missed him a lot as I've missed Fern and Geniel too.

I know my grandfathers were good carpenters, as was my great grandfathers too. I would hope they would be proud of my work as I try to do things right. I love to restore things that have been worn or broken. I get upset seeing waste. If it can be used, it should be fixed and used up. I try really hard to give an honest day's work for a day's pay. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is about "Service". Father taught me this by example. He helped others in many ways. I've tried to be of service when I know I could be.

I served as a video technician for our stake in Chubbuck, Idaho. My job was to record conference and whatever other broadcasts the church put out.

I have a good life and am thankful for my parents and of my heritage.

Naomi remembers Arthur as a good baby that did not cry much. Arthur was only three years old when Naomi left home. Arthur helped her a lot, as he did most of the other children and our parents.

Chapter 14 Arthur Stoor Kunz



**Arthur and Linda Kunz**

## Chapter 14 Arthur Stoor Kunz

Eva says that Arthur is a deep thinker and quiet most of the time. He is always kind and thoughtful and helps everyone that he can. When Arthur was a baby mother would put his diapers out in a big aluminum tub in the front yard and run cold water over them from the garden hose. She probably did this for other children as well. Eva remembers rinsing the diapers up and down in the cold water. Arthur can fix almost anything and loves working with his hands. He made a gorgeous cedar chest for Lora.

Art and Sharyn came to visit Leonard and me (Eva) several years after they were married and, we were so tickled to have them come that we decided to show them a “Night on the Town!” First we went to the Chicken Roost Supper Club part way up the Lewiston Hill which was famous for bite-size steak. We had a great dinner there then decided we’d go dance for a while so we ended up at the Golden Spur on Main Street here in Lewiston. We had just sat down at a table and were listening to the live band play country-western music when we noticed a man walk clear across the room straight towards us.

As he got to our table, he said, “Do you know who the — — — you are sitting with”? Then he slapped Leonard across the face with his open hand with such force it knocked Leonard to the floor! With Leonard being 6’2” and 200 lbs. you know he was hit hard! Leonard came up “swinging”, “Hell yes, I know who I’m sitting with!” he said. “She happens to be my wife!” By then the man had a chance to take a good look at me and realized he’d “made a mistake” but it was too late, the fight was on and the fists were flying!

The guy kept telling Leonard he was sorry but Leonard wasn’t listening! It seems someone had called the guy at home and told him his wife was out with another man at the Golden Spur. He said I looked so much like his wife from across the room he was sure I was her and didn’t even look at me close up when he got to our table before slapping Leonard to the floor! Leonard was too embarrassed and humiliated to let it go at that and wouldn’t accept the man’s apology but was set on “getting even!”

The manager came over, broke up the fight, and kicked the whole bunch of us out! Outside the door we were talking to some people who knew the guy - Gary (something or other) and said he worked at the Firestone Store here in Lewiston. We’d never seen him before in our lives. We found out from others that I did look a lot like his wife but we had not seen her before either.

We “tucked in our tails”, went home, and licked our wounds from “Our night on the Town!” It certainly wasn’t funny at the time but we’ve had a lot of laughs over the incident since - especially at how big Art’s and Sharyn’s eyes got when the guy knocked Leonard to the floor!

Chapter 14 Arthur Stoor Kunz



**Arthur Kunz a little older**



**Arthur S Kunz**

Chapter 14 Arthur Stoor Kunz



**Arthur Kunz and Jay Kunz on Tractor**



**Arthur and Owen Kunz**

## Kathy Annabel Kunz Mooney

Kathy Annabel Kunz 1963 Mitchell Brandt Silvers 1959 div  
Crystal Dawn Silvers 1981

Kathy Anabel Kunz 1963 Daniel Mooney 1951



Crystal Dawn Silvers is the daughter of Mitch and Sue Silvers and Dan and Kathy Mooney. She is the oldest grand- daughter of Arthur and Linda Kunz and Sharyn and Scott Francesconi. Crystal lives in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho where she teaches the Advanced Learning Program students at Ramsey Elementary. She is also taking evening classes in hopes of obtaining her Master's Degree later this year. She is in the process of buying her first home, also in Coeur d'Alene, and looks forward to decorating and working in the beautiful yard. Crystal, her boyfriend Joe, and their dog Sly enjoy golfing, swimming in Lake Coeur d'Alene, and spending time with friends.

Kathy Mooney is the oldest daughter of Arthur Kunz and Sharyn Francesconi. Kathy is currently living in Worley, Idaho, a small town south of Coeur d'Alene, where she works as District Clerk for Worley Fire District. Her husband, Dan, works for Worley Highway District and is also a volunteer Officer/Firefighter-EMT with Worley Fire District. We are in the process of developing our property south of Coeur d'Alene in hopes of having our home finished early next year. Our spare time consists of working on our property and riding our Harley's as much as possible.



## Wayne Curtis Kunz

Wayne Curtis Kunz 1964	Ruth Jordon 1945 div
Wayne Curtis Kunz 1964	Sheila Black 1960
Daniel Armstrong 1976	
Paige Armstrong 2003	
Darren Armstrong 1979	Nicole Lund
Kaitlyn Armstrong 2003	
Carl Armstrong 1982	Jordan

We were married June 7<sup>th</sup> 2008 in Montpelier Idaho. After the wedding we lived in Evanston Wyoming for a short time before moving to Daniel, Wyoming.

Wayne has worked in the oil and gas field for many years and continues to do so now.

Sheila has the most difficult job possible keeping Wayne in line and cleaning up after him and taking care of our dogs Smoke and Cheyenne she does a great job most of the time.

In our spare time we enjoy the outdoors whether it is fishing, camping, four wheeling or riding the Harley. We enjoy seeing new places. We also enjoy traveling seeing and learning about different cultures and customs whether it be in the States or abroad.

When they were married Wayne inherited three great sons. Daniel Armstrong who lives in Montpelier, Idaho and works in Soda Springs, Idaho he has a daughter named Paige that lives in Casper , Wyoming. This family may be expanding in the near future.

Darren Armstrong his wife Nicole and daughter Kaitlyn live and work in Soda Springs, Idaho.

Carl Armstrong and his wife Jordan who live in Grace, Idaho. He chases construction and she is a nurse in Pocatello, Idaho.

Both sides of our family are very important to us but with everyone's busy schedule it is hard to get together and spend time with each other but we enjoy it when we do.

All in all it is a pretty quiet life a lot of work, spending time with family and friends when we can.



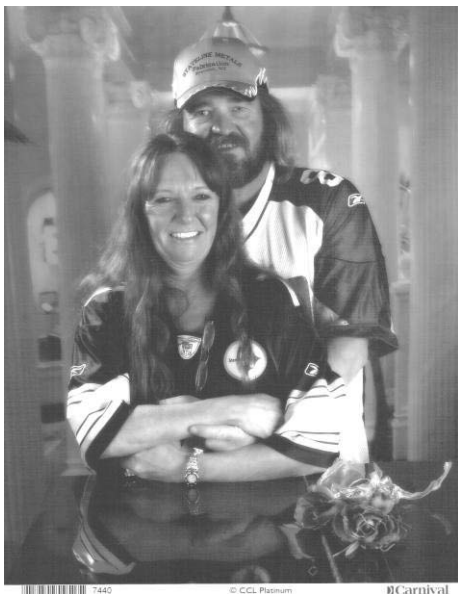
**Sharyn, Kathy, Wayne, Arthur Kunz**



Chapter 14 Arthur Stoor Kunz



**Kathy, Arthur, Wayne Kunz**



**Sheila Black Kunz and Wayne Kunz**



**Wayne and Sheila Kunz**

## **Lora Lyn Kunz Coffman**

**Lora Lyn Kunz 1968**                      **Robert Allen Winsor 1968** div  
Robert Allen Winsor III 1987  
**Lora Lyn Kunz 1968**                      **Von Coffman 1957** div  
Alexis Jordan Coffman 1993

Lora Lyn Kunz was born 28 November 1968 in Montpelier, Idaho, the daughter of Arthur S. Kunz and Sharyn Pugmire Kunz. She attended school in Montpelier and graduated from High School in Montpelier. She studied secretarial work and has worked in that area all of her life, first in radio work and now in Iasis Healthcare in West Jordan, Utah since 1997. She is doing medical billing.

Lora married Robert Winsor in 1987 and they were divorced. She then married Von Coffman in 1992 in Pocatello, Idaho. They were also divorced.

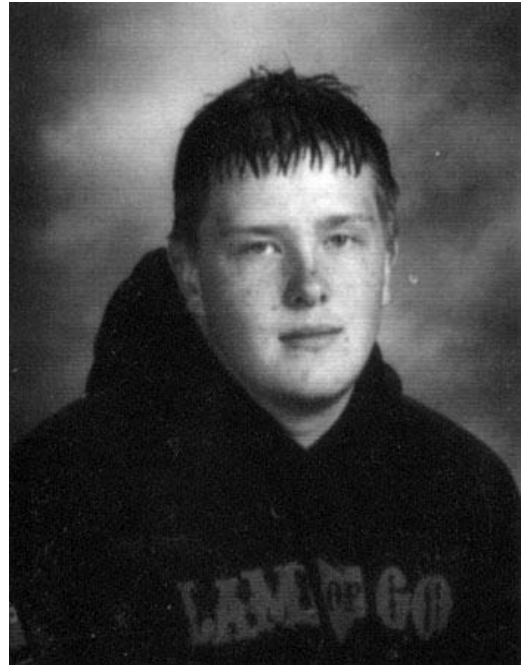
Lora has two children: Robert Allen Winsor and Alexis Jordan Coffman. Robert works for a neurologist since graduating from high school.

Alexis is 16 and finishing up her Junior year in high school. She plans to go to college in Oregon.



**Lora Kunz Coffman**

Chapter 14 Arthur Stoor Kunz



**Robert Winsor**



**Alexis Jordan Coffman**

## Chapter 14 Arthur Stoor Kunz



***back:*** Montain Kunz, Paul Kunz, Ivins Schmid, Ray Bienz, Gary Bulhler, Richard Galloway, Wendell Kunz, Larry Alleman, Roger Kunz, John Kunz, Kent Kunz, Arlo Kunz, Max Stoor, Richard Kunz ***middle:*** Irvine Galloway, Don Sorenson, Rudolph Bienz, Tony Kunz, Parley Kunz, Alma Kunz, Alvin Kunz, Ruel Kunz, Warren Kunz, Harold Kunz, Leland Kunz, Charles Kunz, Jimmy Kunz ***front:*** Delmar Kunz, Smith Kunz, Dean Kunz, Robert Schmid, Edwin Alleman, Orlando Kunz, Williams, Dale Kunz, George Kunz ***kneeling:*** Ralph Galloway, Robert Galloway, Steven Kunz, Arthur Kunz